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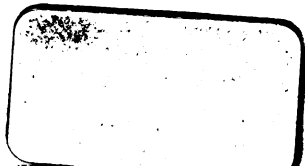
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**PETER PARLEY'S ANNUAL.**









KING EDWARD VI GRANTING THE CHARTER  
OF THE BLUE-COAT SCHOOL. Digitized by Google



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PETER  
PARLEY'S ANNUAL.

—+0:—  
A Christmas and New Year's Present  
FOR  
YOUNG PEOPLE.  
—+0:—

LONDON :  
DARTON AND CO., 58, HOLBORN HILL,  
AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

—  
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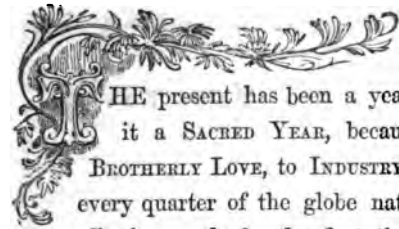
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# Preface.

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MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,



THE present has been a year of years. Peter Parley calls it a SACRED YEAR, because it has been consecrated to BROTHERLY LOVE, to INDUSTRY, and the arts of PEACE. From every quarter of the globe nations have met in the bonds of affection, and, for the first time in the history of the world, united as a common family, testifying to the Divine truth that all men are brethren; and mind has been brought to mind, and heart to heart, for purposes of good. Let not this great lesson be lost upon you my little ones; and remember that the school-room, the family circle, and even the play-ground, is a world in miniature, where we daily make exhibitions of ourselves for good or evil. Carry out in your studies and in your play hours the spirit of the times. Live in harmony and in kindness one towards another; emulate the wonders

of the year; let your efforts in learning be conspicuous, your labour of love be abundant. Let wisdom shine in all your doings, like the Koh-i-noor—a mountain of light; and let truth be for ever springing in the very midst of your ways, like a “Crystal fountain.” Thus will you obtain “golden opinions” more valuable than the ore of California. Men will caress you, and God will bless you with a peace that surpasseth all understanding; while your way in this world will be a way of joy, of happiness and light.

Such is the sincere wish of your old friend and companion,

*Peter Parley.*



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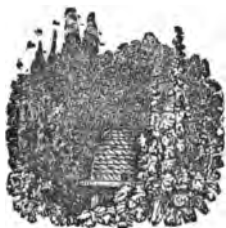
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## New Year's Day.



**"THE KING OF LIGHT—FATHER OF AGED TIME—  
HATH BROUGHT ABOUT THAT DAY WHICH IS THE PRIME  
TO THE SLOW, GLIDING MONTHS, WHEN EVERY EYE  
WEARS SYMPTOMS OF A SOBER JOLLITY."**



O said an old English poet, and so says old Peter Parley in the year 1852. New Year's Day has always been to me, my young friends, a gladsome day; for whenever it has come, I have accustomed myself to look back on the past year with **GRATITUDE**, and on the coming one with **HOPE**; and as hope and gratitude are both cheerful and pleasant companions, they have made me joyful; and I have sometimes, old as I am, capered with delight among the youngsters in the merry dance, as my old friend Sir Roger de Coverley did before me; and I have listened to the ringing out of the old year, and the ringing in of the new one, with joy, sobered by reflection, and with meditation, brightened by thankfulness to the Giver of all good.



To me also, my young friends, it has always been a great delight to hear in the streets, "A merry new year to you!" "A happy new



year to you!" and the greeting of humble labour to smiles and kind

feelings, as in former times; for although I do not like to go back to ancient mustiness, and rust, and decay, yet I do like to go back to ancient heartiness; and I should like to see the new year still ushered in by rejoicings, presents, and good wishes, with hearty welcomes and happy greetings; and in this spirit, buoyant as boyhood, I say to all my young friends and companions—"A happy new year to you! A happy, a merry, a pleasant, and a useful year to the end of it! A happy One Thousand Eight Hundred and Fifty-two to you, with ten times one thousand eight hundred and fifty-two blessings!"

Being thus in for the new year, I can't help saying a little more about it. In Mr. Steward's "Popular Superstitions," there is some account of the Candlemas Bull on New Year's Eve, as introductory to the new year. The bull is a passing cloud, which highland imagination perverts into the form of that animal, as it rises or falls, or takes particular directions of great significance to the seers; so does it prognosticate good or bad weather. The more northern nations anciently assigned portentous qualities to the winds of New Year's Eve. One of these old legends, in Brand, may be thus versified—the last line eking out the verse:—

" If New Year's Eve night wind blow *south*,  
 It betokeneth warmth and growth;  
 If *west*, much milk and fish we see;  
 If *north*, much cold and storms there be;  
 If *east*, the trees will bear much fruit;  
 If *north-east*, flee it man and brute."

Let us hope and trust, my young friends, that all the prognostics of the present season may be favourable ones, and that the wind may set in from the right quarter. Let it blow, from any quarter of the

## NEW YEAR'S DAY.

compass, so that it give us growth from the earth, milk from the kine, and fish from the sea.

As the year begins, and as it proceeds, I would have my young friends get a habit of looking abroad on Nature. There is much to see, I do assure them, in the earth, air, sea, and sky; and as by observing comes knowledge, and by knowledge comes wisdom, so, I say, learn to observe. Look after the young snowdrop and crocus; watch for the flowering of the coltsfoot, the winter hellebore, the dead nettle,



the daisy, violets, and primroses, and keep the ear awake to the first twittering of the redbreast and the thrush. Be up early in the morning. Do not lie looking at the starry crystals of the frozen pane till you freeze in bed; but up, up! out, out! and be merry—to the frozen pond—to the hard road—a good stout stick in hand, a light heart, and a lighter pair of heels, and so greet the birth of the year. But don't go about with a gun popping at sparrows, scaring ladies, and frightening horses.



THE

## MONTH OF JANUARY.

— 638 —

"Then came old January wrapped well  
In many weeds to keep the cold away ;  
Yet did he quake and quiver like to quail,  
And blows his nayles to warm them if he may,  
For they were numbed with holding all the day  
An hatchet keene with which he felled wood,  
And from the trees did lop the needlesse spray."—SPENSER.



O sayeth the old poet Spenser, and he sayeth well ;  
and in his spirit Peter Parley would have a few words  
on the months of the year as they successively offer.

I suppose it is scarcely worth while to say, that the  
word January is derived from Janus, a deity, repre-  
sented by the Romans with two faces looking in oppo-  
site directions, and typical of the past and the future. Janus was the

God of Gates and Avenues, and held a key in one hand and a rod in the other, symbolical of his opening and ruling the year.

January—although full of snows and frosts—is one of the most interesting months in the year. Nature is not dead but sleeping, and in her sleep seems dreaming of Spring. The weather during January is often beautifully clear, cold, and bright, and the beautiful effects of hoar frost are often sufficient to give animation to a landscape which would otherwise look blank and dreary. Every branch and spray is fringed with delicate crystals, sparkling in the sun's rays with the lustre of diamonds, and there is not a single blade of grass or a plant, however insignificant, but may become, thus adorned by these radiant gems, the object of our highest wonder and admiration. The very weeds which we are accustomed to pass unnoticed or to tread beneath our feet

“ Now shine

Conspicuous and in bright apparel clad,  
And fledged with icy feathers, nod superb.”

All these effects are produced by the transient morning dew of summer, and are now exhibited still more strikingly in the brilliant hoar frost, and were it not that the constant recurrence of the wondrous scene had taught us to look on it with some degree of indifference, we could not fail to be struck with feelings of admiration and delight in remembrance that—

“ Nature is but a name for an effect  
Whose cause is God.”

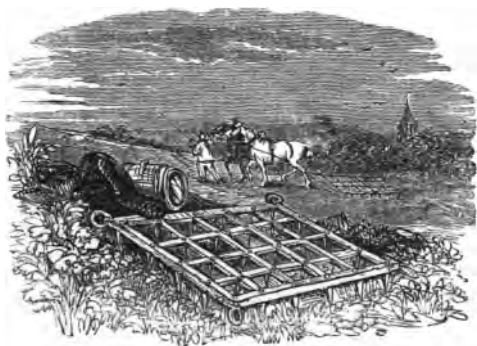
The beautiful hoar frost is but one of the effects of the absence of heat during this season of the year. As the cold increases, the surface

of lakes and rivers become fixed and converted apparently into floors of marble, and during the change this water expands—expands by cold—in direct opposition to the usual laws of nature, by which everything beside contracts by cold and expands only by heat. Here is a wonder, and one well worthy of investigation as illustrating the Divine care over all the works of Nature. It is a fact that even in this operation the old law of contraction is followed up to a certain point; but having reached a certain point, and the water having become condensed in the greatest degree of which it is susceptible by cold alone, a re-arrangement of particles takes place, by which the crystalline form the solid which is about to be produced occupies more space than the particles in the liquid form. Now supposing that water regularly contracted from its liquid to its solid state, it is quite clear that a certain bulk of ice would occupy less space than the bulk of water which formed it. Its weight would be, in short, bulk for bulk, greater than that of water, and it would consequently sink in Winter instead of forming the superficial crust of ice which covers them, and thus it would become one solid mass of ice, destroying all that life with which the waters teem; and would take a whole Summer to become liquid, since water is so imperfect a conductor of heat.

One effect of this property of water to expand during the process of congelation is to diminish the height of mountains, for the rain and melted snow remaining in their cavities and fissures during the Summer season become frozen, and seeking to occupy a greater space than before, force out masses of rock with irresistible power and send them thundering down to the valley beneath. Another and a general useful effect is the perforation of the earth to receive its destined seed,

in consequence of the crumbling to pieces of the heavy clods of the field by the expansion of the frozen moisture within them.

Now the vegetable kingdom lies snug and comfortable under the snow, the roots of herbaceous plants are safe under ground, ready at the return of warmth to throw up their young shoots. The soft and tender parts of shrubs and trees are wrapped up in hard buds, the



larger kind of which—such as those of the horse-chesnut, the sycamore, and the lime—are covered with a sort of resin, which resists the most intense cold. Sometimes, however, a tree which is less securely guarded than its fellows by those kind provisions of Nature, has its juices frozen and it then splits asunder by the formation of the ice, and perishes. By the end of the month the buds of the woodbine seem ready to expand, the winter aconite and bear's-foot are often in flower, and the snowdrop pushes up its head above the snow.

On mild days the slug, or shellless snail, is more about, to the in-

jury of the young wheat and garden plants. The bodies of these animals are covered with slime, as the whale is with blubber; this non-conducting substance enables them to withstand the cold.

The farmer is active in the frost.—His team moves over the frozen fields as easily as on the high road; he therefore carries out manure to his fields, or he lops his timber, or repairs hedges. The labourer keeps himself warm in the barn by his flail.

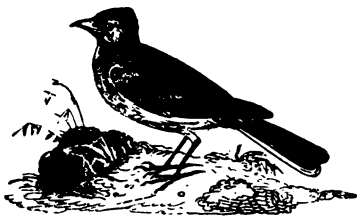
But how do the feathered tribes get on in the severe, hard-hearted frost? Doubtless, thousands of them die in severe weather of cold and hunger; but yet millions contrive to get through it. Blackbirds, thrushes, and fieldfares nestle together on banks and under hedges,



and frequent the vicinity of towns. Larks find shelter in the warm stable, and tribes of small birds courageously surround our houses, and take possession of our farm-yards, in search of food. The yellow-hammer, the chaffinch, but especially the audacious sparrow, beset



our path, and seem to claim a share in our food, while the friendly redbreast seeks and finds a welcome everywhere.



Now also the water birds find a partial supply of food in wet meadows, and along the water's edge of hurrying brooks. There sits the king-fisher, intent upon unfortunate minnows; while the birds who live on different kinds of food, the ring-dove on ivy-

berries, and others who are by no means particular, changing their food to accommodate the change of season; while some of the four-footed race among the woods fall into a death-like torpor, and sleep away their time. But the nimble squirrel may be seen now and then issuing from her hole, frisking for a short time close to the mouth of it, just when the sun shines.

In the house, in the mansion, the cottage, all is, or ought to be, joy and festivity. We are, on the first of January, in the very lap of old Father Christmas. There is above a week yet to come of rejoicing and frolic, from the first of January to old Christmas Day. And the great iced twelfth-cakes stand glorious in the shop windows, and the holly with its red berries, and the fond ivy, still stick about our houses, to maintain the recollection of the seasonable festivities. But the Twelfth-cake!—one word more about the twelfth-cake. I love to see an acre of cake spread out with old-fashioned hospitality, studded all over with glittering flowers, like ice-plants, and red and green knots of sweetmeats, and hollow yellow-cruled crowns, and kings and queens and their paraphernalia. I delight to see scores of happy

children, sitting all with bright eyes round the dainty fare, eyeing the cake and each other, with faces sunny enough to thaw the white snow. I like to see the joy and silence which is kept religiously while the large knife goes its round, and the glistening eyes that feed



beforehand on the hugh slices, dark and rich with citron and plums, and then when the characters are drawn, is it nothing to watch the peeping delight which escapes from their twinkling eyes?—one is proud as king, another stately as queen. Then there are two whisper-

ing secrets that they cannot contain:—these are Sir Gregory Goose and Sir Tunbelly Clumsy. The boys laugh out at their own misfortunes, but the little girls, almost ashamed of their prizes, sit blushing and silent. It is not until the lady of the house goes round that some of the more extravagant fictions are revealed; and then what a roar of mirth!—Ha! ha! ha! from the boys, and He! he! he! from the girls. The ceiling shakes, and the air is torn—they bound from their seats like kids, and insist on seeing Miss Simpson's card. Ah! what merry spite is proclaimed—what ostentatious pity! The little girl is almost in tears; but the large lump of allotted cake is placed seasonably in her hands, and the glass of sweet wine all round drowns the shrill urchins' laughter, and a gentler delight prevails. The twelve days of Christmas feasting are at last over; then follow the holidays, and then "Black Monday," a sad day to dunces; but let me say to all—

“When Christmas is ended,  
Bid feasting adieu;  
Go play the good scholar,  
Thy stock to renew,  
Be mindful of reading,  
In hope of a gain;  
Dame Profit shall give thee  
Reward for thy pain.”



## Something about Skating.



**ANUARY** has now come in earnest, my young friends, and with it the cold weather, ice, snow, and skating, and sliding, and snow-balling, and all the other good old English sports and pastimes. As Peter Parley always likes to be in season, he takes this opportunity of saying a few words about skating.

It is an agreeable sight to behold, in cold countries, the men and women going to and from church or market on their skates, with, perhaps, loads on their shoulders. In the cold and rugged districts of Norway and Iceland, Sweden and Lapland, the ground is so covered with enormous masses of snow, that ice-skating (such as we practise it) is but little resorted to, but snow-skates are often employed. But in Holland there is a sufficient quantity of smooth ice, and a sufficient absence of snow, to enable the inhabitants to enjoy a considerable amount of skating every winter. Women join in it as well as men, and frequently skate to market with their baskets on their

heads. It is said that, in 1809, two young women at Groningen were the first in a skating match, going thirty-eight miles in two hours.

It is not known at what period skating was first produced in England, but there are indications of its existence in the thirteenth century; for Fitzstephen, in his "History of London," says, that it was at that time customary, when the ice was sufficiently strong, for the young citizens of London to fasten the leg bones of animals under the soles of their feet, by tying them round their ancles, and then taking a pole, shod with iron, into their hands, they pushed themselves forward by striking it against the ice, and moved with a celerity equal, as Fitzstephen states, to a bird flying through the air, or an arrow from a cross-bow. This statement we must, of course, sober down a little. He then proceeds to say: "At times, two of them, thus furnished, agree to start opposite one to another, at a great distance. They meet, elevate their poles, attack and strike each other, when one or both of them fall, and not without bodily hurt; and even after they fall they are carried a great distance from each other by the rapidity of their motion, and whatever part of the head comes upon the ice, it is sure to be laid bare." This must evidently have been a violent kind of sport, and bore but a small relation to modern skating.

Fitzstephen describes another kind of diversion on the ice in these words: "Others make a seat of ice as large as a millstone, and having placed one of their companions on it, they draw him along, when it sometimes happens that, moving on slippery places, they all fall down headlong." Ibril mentions that, in his time, it was customary to use sledges, which, being extended from the centre by

means of a strong rope, those who are seated on them are moved round with great rapidity, and form a large circle.

The use of the modern skate is supposed to have been brought from Holland, and for many years skating has been exercised with much elegance in England and Scotland. Formerly, the Skating Club in Edinburgh was considered to display the most elegant specimens of skating in the country; but since the establishment of another club in London, it is probable that the southern metropolis equals the northern in this matter.

Those who wish to become proficient in skating should begin at an early period of life, and should first endeavour to throw off all fear. They will soon acquire a facility of moving on the inside edges of their skates; when they have done this, they must endeavour to acquire the movement on the outside, which is nothing more than throwing themselves upon the outer edge of the skate, and making the balance of the body tend towards that side, which will necessarily enable them to form a semicircle. In this, much assistance will be derived from placing a bag of lead shot in the pocket next to the foot employed in making the outside stroke, which will produce an artificial poise of the body, at first very useful. At the commencement of the outside stroke, the knee of the employed leg should be a little bent, and gradually brought to a rectilinear position, when the stroke is completed. When the practitioner becomes expert in forming the semicircle with both feet, he is then to join them together, and proceed progressively and alternately with both feet, which will carry him forward with a graceful movement. Care should be taken to use very little manual exertion, for the impelling motion should proceed from the mechanical impulse of the body, thrown into such a

position as to regulate the stroke. At taking the outside stroke, the body ought to be thrown forward, the unemployed leg kept on a direct line with the body, the face and eyes directly looking forward, while the unemployed foot ought to be stretched towards the ice, and the toes in a direct line with the leg. In the time of making the curve the body must be gradually and almost imperceptibly raised, and the unemployed leg brought in the same manner forward, so that at finishing the curve the body will bend a small degree backward, and the unemployed foot will be about two inches before the other, ready to embrace the ice, and form a corresponding curve. The muscular motion of the whole body must correspond with the movement of the skate, and should be regulated so as to be almost imperceptible to the spectators.

Concerning the choice and use of skates, the wood should be slightly hollowed, so as to adapt it to the ball of the foot; and as the heel of the boot must be thick enough to admit the key or screw, it is desirable to lower that part of the wood of the skate corresponding to the heel, for the more of the foot there is in contact with the skate, the more firmly will the latter be attached. As the tread of the skate should correspond as nearly possible with that of the foot, the wood of the skate should be of the same length as the boot or shoe. The irons should be of good steel, well secured in the wood, and they should pass beyond the screw or peg at the heel nearly as far as the wood itself, but the bows of the iron should not project much beyond the wood in front; for if they did so, the whole foot, more especially the hinder part, would be raised considerably from the ice, when the front or bow of the skate is brought to bare upon it; and as the skater depends upon this part for the power of the stroke, it is evident

that must be greatly diminished by the general distance of the foot from the ice. If the skate be too long, the ankle becomes fatigued; if too short, the support will be unsteady. The iron of the skate, which is usually about three quarters of an inch deep, and one quarter thick, is sometimes grooved at the bottom, and at other times plain. The intention of the former kind is to assist those whose light weight is insufficient to enable a plain skate to take a firm hold of the ice: but for persons of moderate weight it is better to use skates with a plain edge; for a flushed or grooved edge cuts too easily into the ice, and is also liable to get clogged up with loose ice or snow.

It must be borne in mind that the proper use of the skate depends much on the skate iron, for it is with this that the skater is enabled to execute the fine figures which are sometimes seen, and without care he only stands a chance of coming down *all fours*. The first attempt of the learner should be to stand forward on the ice on his skates—then to walk with them—then to shuffle on in a sort of sliding gait—and then to form a circle inwards, that is, to turn the right foot towards the left, and the left towards the right.

The best method of setting to the outside case is to form the ankle inwards, say with the right foot, and with considerable force. In the course of this, place the foot down in front of the right, and lean powerfully on the outside of the left heel. A little practice or confidence in his balance will enable the student to lift his right foot and hang it behind, while he proceeds to cut outside with the left foot. Let him then stop, and begin the inward circle with the left foot and slip down the outer edge of the right heel in the same way.

The young skater has now learned to balance himself, and can venture to strike out at once to the right on the heel of the right



foot, keeping the left suspended behind, with its toe closely pointed to the heel of the right. As he advances, the left must be brought past the inside of the right with a slight jerk; this slight jerk produces an opposing balancing motion of the body; the right foot then quickly presses, first on the outside of its heel, and then on the inside of its toe, and by placing the left foot down before it, and striking outside to the left, giving at the same time a slight push with the inside of the right toe, he passes from right to left. Having learned this much, the skater will proceed to change from left to right, and then from right to left again, without any trouble.

To skate outside edge properly, the toe of the suspended foot must be pointed close to the ice behind the other, and kept there until this foot be required, when it must be brought sharply round to the change. The skater must keep himself erect, leaning most on the heel. This mode of skating being acquired, there is an endless variety of figures and modes of movement that may be produced, some of which are known by the names of "the Dutch travelling roll," "the spread eagle," "the mercurial figure," "the backward outside edge," "the circle," "the figure of 8," "the figure of 3," "walking," "the minuet," "the pirouette," "the quadrille," "warming and screwing," &c.

The exercise of skating is a healthy and pleasant one. At the present moment (December the 8th) there does not appear much chance of frost; but as Peter Parley is sometimes weather-wise, he prognosticates that before this day month there will be both skating and sliding in plenty.—When the cold does come do not forget the houseless wanderer.



## Something about Sponge and Coral.



**W**HAT is sponge? Is it an animal or vegetable? Some say it is an animal; some declare positively, as many ignorant persons often declare, that it is a vegetable. The ancients admitted that sponges were endowed with sensation, because they seemed to avoid the hand that would touch them, and appeared to resist the efforts that were made to remove them from their submarine dwelling. They supposed sponges to hold an intermediate rank between animals and vegetables. In the present improved state of natural history, sponges are regarded as zoophytes; they occupy the lowest station in the scale of organization, and the name *porifera* has been assigned to them.

The tribes of *porifera* which form the various species of sponge, are found in great abundance on every rocky coast of the ocean from

the shores of Greenland to those of Australia. They attain a larger growth within the tropics, and are found to be of a smaller size but firmer texture as we approach the polar circles. They occur as well in places covered perpetually by the sea as in those which are left dry at every recess of the tide. They adhere to and spread over the surface of rocks and marine animals, and cling so firmly as not to be removed without laceration and injury to their bodies. Although they thrive best in sheltered cavities of rocks, they also come to maturity in situations exposed to the unbroken foam of the surge. They cover the nakedness of cliffs and boulders, they line with a variegated and downy fleece the walls of submarine cones, or hang in living stalactites from the roof.

The external appearance of sponges approaches that of plants, but the internal organization is altogether different from any known vegetable. They are composed of a soft flesh intermingled with a tissue of fibres, some solid, others tubular, and the whole interwoven into a curiously complicated net work. The solid portion, or basis of the sponge, composed partly of a horny and partly of a flinty or chalky matter, is called the axis of the zoophyte; as it seems to support the softer substance of the animal, it may be said to perform the office of the skeleton in the higher orders of animals by giving form and protection to the entire fabric.

The fleshy portion of the sponge is of so tender and gelatinous a nature and is so much injured by the slightest pressure, that the fluid parts escape and the whole soon melts away into a thin oily liquid. The soft flesh, as seen by the microscope, appears to contain a number of minute grains surrounded by transparent jelly. The surface of every part of a living sponge presents to the eye two kinds of orifices,

the larger having a rounded shape and a scaly raised margin which form projecting nipples; the smaller being far more numerous and very minute, constituting what are usually called the pores of the sponge.

It is to the superficial, liquid, gelatinous substance that naturalists so long assigned sensibility, and a contractile power, which occasioned it to shrink from the touch. The round apertures visible on the surface of sponges were also supposed to dilate and contract, so as to establish numerous currents of water, whereby the function of nutrition was supposed to be served; but modern researches clearly prove that the sponge does not possess, in any sensible degree, that power of contraction which has for so many ages been ascribed to it.

The round apertures in the surface of the living sponge seem to be destined for the discharge of a constant stream of water from the interior of the body, carrying away particles which separate from the sides of the canal. For the supply of these constant streams, a large quantity of water enters into the body of the sponge by myriads of pores, which exist in every part of the surface, and this water conveys materials necessary to the support of the animal. The pores convey the fluid into the interior, where, after filtering through the numerous channels which pervade the whole substance, it is collected into wider passages and finally discharged. The means by which the animal produces these currents and extracts nutrition from them are entirely unknown; they are, most probably, occasioned by some internal movement.

The structure of sponges is as regular and determinate and presents as systematic arrangements of parts as that of any other animal. In some species, as in the common sponges, the basis is horny and elastic,

consisting of cylindrical tubes which mutually communicate and form continuous canals throughout the whole mass. Others have a kind of skeleton, composed of a tissue of needle-shaped crystals of chalk or of flint, disposed around the internal canals of the sponge, so as to protect them from compression and from the entrance of noxious substances.

Although, in common with zoophytes in general, sponges are permanently attached to rocks and other solid bodies in the ocean, yet, in the earlier stages of their growth, they are endowed with considerable powers of locomotion. The means employed in the general economy of nature for the multiplication and diminution of each race of beings are calculated to excite our admiration and gratitude. The parent plant scatters its seeds around, where they take root in the adjacent soil, or they are borne by the winds and the waters to less populous localities. In animals which are endowed with a wide range of activity, the young are at first helpless, and require all the fostering care of the parent, unless, as in the case of some oviparous tribes, a store of nutriment is provided for the young one in the egg, where it remains until it has acquired locomotive powers to enable it to go in search of food. In sponges, the parent remains fixed to one spot, and sends forth its young to seek a proper habitation; and they having done so, remains fixed during the remainder of their existence.

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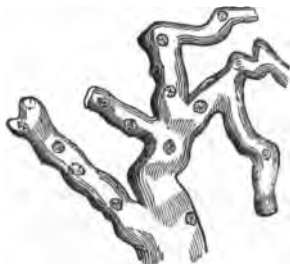
## Coral and Coral Islands.

The substance called coral appears to have been considered as a vegetable substance till about the year 1720, when it was discovered to be a living animal of the polypus tribe. The general name of *zoophytes*, or *plant-animals*, has since been applied to them, although some persons now call them *lithophytes*, or *stone-plants*. These animals, of which several species have been discovered, are furnished with minute glands, secreting a milky juice, concocted of animal gluten, calcareous earth, and other substances. This juice, when exuded from the animal, becomes fixed and concrete. Naturalists do not consider this substance merely as the habitation, but as a part of the animal itself, to which it bears the same relation as the shell of a snail or oyster does to those animals, and without which they cannot long exist. The production of this secretion is one of those processes of nature's chemistry which the skill of man has not enabled him to imitate or detect; but it is certain that by this means this diminutive insect has the power of raising high masses of rocky substances,



capable of resisting the tremendous power of the ocean, even when agitated by the highest pitch of winds and tempests.

The coral insect is found in most of the great seas, and is particularly abundant in the Mediterranean, where it produces corallines of the most beautiful forms and colours; but it is in the Pacific Ocean where these tiny workmen are effecting these mighty changes, which exceed the most stupendous works of man. That part of the Pacific

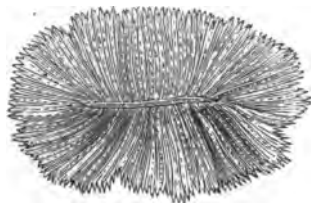


in which these operations are going on has been called the dangerous Archipelago, from the number of coral reefs and sunken islands with which it abounds; but latterly it has been called the Coral Sea. It comprehends a region of many hundred miles in extent, the whole of which is thickly studded with reefs, rocks, islands, and columns of coral continually moving nearer to each other.

The principal groups of islands of coral formation are from the New Hebrides eastward, the Friendly Islands, Norwegian Islands, and the Society Islands; and to the northward of the latter group the Marquesas. These groups are separated from each other by

channels or seas, wider than those which separate the individual islands which form the respective groups; but all these waters abound with shoals and minor islets, which indicate the existence of a common base, and show that the processes by which they will be hereafter united above the level of the sea are in constant operation.

The structure and progress of these islands towards a state of fitness for the habitation of man has been thus described:—At a vast, but unknown, depth beyond the surface of the sea, the insects attach themselves to the upper points and ridges of rocks which form the



bottom of the ocean, and many of which, in the Pacific Ocean, are supposed to be of volcanic origin. Upon these foundations the little architects labour, building up pile upon pile of their rocky habitations, until at length the work rises above the sea, and is continued to such a height as to leave it almost dry at low water, when the insect leaves off building at that part. A solid rocky base being thus formed, fragments of coral, sea-sand, and various other matters, gradually become fixed upon it; and afterwards, the seed of plants, or trunks of trees, washed from the great rivers of other countries and islands,



find here a resting-place, till at last the island is covered with vegetation in various forms. Man finally takes up his abode there, and finishes the great work which the little coral insect began.





## Wyclif and his Teachings.

— 638 —



HE very name of Wyclif awakens sentiments of gratitude and veneration in every generous heart, and brings us to think of the constellation of great men who, in times of great danger and difficulty, nobly dared to oppose the tyrannical usurpation of the Church of Rome, and who sacrificed every valuable consideration on earth to the cause of truth and liberty. Wyclif was in religion what Bacon was in science—the great detector of those arts and glosses which, under the barbarism of ages, had drawn together to obscure the mind of man.

John Wyclif, called the morning star of the Reformation, was born about the year 1324, near Richmond, in Yorkshire; of his childhood nothing is certainly known, but we learn that when only sixteen, he was admitted commoner of Queen's College, Oxford. He was afterwards removed to Merton College, where he was first Probationer, and afterwards Fellow.

Wyclif was soon regarded as a person of profound knowledge. The study of the Holy Scriptures, however, afforded him the most delight. He wrote rites and homilies on several parts of them, and



thence acquired the title of the Evangelical or Gospel Doctor. In 1360 he distinguished himself by his wise and vigorous opposition to the encroachments of the begging friars, whose orders had been introduced into England in 1221, and who had now increased to an extravagant number. In exposing "the hypocrisie, covetese, simonie,

blasphemie, and other leasings" of the mendicant fraternity, it is no wonder that Wyclif heaped upon himself a formidable accumulation of wrath ; but this was of little importance to a champion successfully engaged in one of the most momentous contests recorded on the history of the Church.

In 1361 he was advanced to the mastership of Baliol College, Oxford, and four years afterwards to the wardenship of Canterbury Hall ; but was expelled from the latter situation by a BULL FROM THE POPE, who also imposed silence upon him and on certain secular clerks who had also been ejected.

I now come to a most important event, not only as it relates to Wyclif, but to the Church of England. Pope Urban the Fifth had given notice to the King, Edward the Third, that he intended, by process, to cite him to the court, then at Avignon, to answer for his default in not performing the homage which King John acknowledged to the see of Rome for his realm of England and Ireland, and for his refusing to pay the tribute granted to that see. Such claim the King had determined to resist, and the parliament had approved the determination, when an anonymous monk had the effrontery to vindicate the Pope, and insist on the validity of the claim. In opposition to that writer, Wyclif presented himself as a zealous, able, and successful antagonist.

In 1374, Wyclif was sent by the King, with other ambassadors, to treat with the Pope, and to protest against the improper disposal of English benefices to Italians, Frenchmen, and other aliens, ignorant of our language. In the course of this treaty, Wyclif was made acquainted with the pride, covetousness, and ambition of the Pope. He wrote against the doctrine of indulgencies, and by his zealous

opposition to the Church of Rome encountered no small share of obloquy and annoyance ; and his enemies, who had long been watching for an opportunity to gratify their revenge, a citation was issued, commanding him to appear before the convocation at St. Paul's, on the 19th of February, 1377. On the appointed day, Wyclif, accompanied by his friend and patron, John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, and Henry Piercy, Earl Marshal, attended at St. Paul's, when, in consequence of a quarrel between the Bishop of London and the Earl Marshal, which led to a dreadful riot, the court broke up, without adopting any measures.

In June, 1378, the Papal delegates sat again having assembled at Lambeth, for the purpose of crushing the Reformer, when the Queen Mother, widow of the Black Prince, sent for Sir Lewes Clifford, to forbid them to proceed to any definite sentence against Wyclif. At that meeting the great man attended, and delivered an able and interesting paper, in which he assigned reasons for the statements he had made, and for which he had been cited ; but the explanations being unsatisfactory to the delegates they commanded him to desist. But soon after he published his book on the Truth of the Holy Scriptures ; and in 1379, in consequence of the fatigues and anxiety of mind he had endured, he was seized with an alarming illness, and appeared to be at the point of death. From this attack, however, he recovered, to the great joy of the Reformed Church ; and in 1380, in his sermons, lectures, and writings, exposed the Romish court and clergy ; and soon after, in conjunction with the most learned and pious scholars of the age, he translated and

## PUBLISHED THE HOLY SCRIPTURES

in the mother tongue. He was immediately furiously assailed: but with indomitable courage he defended not only the right of translation but the right of every one to read them. After various modes of persecution, a court of certain select bishops was appointed by the Pope, and his writings were condemned as heretical. He was, soon after, expelled the university, and his publications were everywhere destroyed by his wicked enemies. Thus persecuted and overcome by bigot force, he was obliged to retire to Lutterworth, where, however, he still continued his studies, and spent his time in devising plans to promote the Reformation, and to fix the Christian religion upon the broad basis of Scriptural and Evangelical truth.

Such extraordinary trials and exertions sapped the foundation of his constitution; his health gave way, but he yet preached the Word of God. Still haunted by his enemies, he was cited to appear before Pope Urban, but his health would not permit him to appear. Still preaching, he was at length struck with apoplexy in the pulpit, while performing the service in Lutterworth church. In this state he remained for two days, and was finally taken to his rest on the last day of the year, and in the sixty-first of his age.

Such, my young friends, is a short sketch of the earliest and greatest of our Reformers. May we avoid all persecution, all re- crimination, all acrimony of heart, or thought, or word, and press forward to the heavenly goal, in meekness, in charity, and in faith; nothing doubting that God, who is above all, and in all, and through all, will consummate his glory upon us, and shed abroad in our hearts

the richness of his grace, in times of the greatest disquietude and alarm, bring us to rest and peace, and

LIGHTEN OUR DARKNESS.

When the twilight gloom shall hover,  
 And the bird of night shall cover  
     With its wings the dying day ;  
 When the power of sleep is stealing  
 Soul and sense and thought and feeling,  
     Holy Father, let us pray.

Full of faith we are reclining,  
 Lulled and tranquil, unrepining,  
     As upon a parent's breast.  
 On thy constant love reposing,  
 In thy peace our eyelids closing,  
     Rocked by mercy into rest.

Guard us, Lord, while we are sleeping,  
 Hold us in thy heavenly keeping,  
     Holy may our slumbers be.  
 Thou art near our gloom to lighten,  
 Thou art near our hearts to brighten,  
     Let our dreams be still of thee.

So thy light in darkness glowing  
 Through the night will still be showing  
     Tokens of thy smile divine ;  
 And our spirits, not forsaken,  
 Shall from night and sleep awaken,  
     Singing praise that they are thine.



## Phenomena of the Months.

### FEBRUARY.

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HE Zodiacal sign of the month of February is "Pisces, the Fishes," said to symbolize the fishing of the Nile, which usually commenced at this season of the year. According to the ancient fables it represented Venus and Cupid, who, to avoid Typhon, a dreadful giant, with a hundred heads, transformed themselves into fish. This fabulous monster, it seems, threw the whole host of heathen deities into confusion. His story shortly is, that, as soon as he was born, he began to avenge the death of his brethren (the giants) who had warred against Olympus, by resuming the conflict alone. Flames of fire darted from his eyes and mouth. He uttered horrid yells, and so frightened the celestials, that Jupiter himself became a ram, Juno a cow, Mercury an ibis, Bacchus a goat, Diana a cat, Venus a fish; till at last Jupiter hurled

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a rock, and buried Typhon under Etna. The idol Dagon, with a hundred heads and arms, and a fish's tail, is affirmed to be the Sun in Pisces, and to allegorize that the earth is now teeming.

Our Saxon ancestors called February, Sprout Kele, by kele meaning the kele wurt, which we now call the calewort, the greatest pot wort (in times long past) that our ancestors used, and the broth made therewith was called kele; for, before we borrowed from the French the name of potage, and the name of herb, the one in our own language was called kele, and the other wurt; and as this kele wort (or potage herb) was the chief winter wurt for the sustenance of the husbandman, so was it the great herb that in this month began to yield wholesome young sprouts, and consequently given unto them the name of "*sprout-kele*." The kele here mentioned is the well-known *kale* of the cabbage tribe. But the Saxons likewise called this month Sol Monath, because, in the course of it, cakes were offered by the Saxon Pagans to the Sun. The Romans dedicated it to Neptune, the lord of waters. Its name is from the Februa or Feralia, sacrifices offered to the manes of the gods at this season. Ovid—I hope many of my young friends can read Ovid in Latin—Ovid, in his Fasti, says:—

“ In ancient times, purgation had the name  
Of Februa : various customs prove the same.  
The Pontiffs, from the *rex* and *flamen*, crave  
A lock of wool ; in former days they gave  
To wool the name of Februa.  
A pliant branch, cut from a lofty pine,  
Which round the temples of the priest they twine,  
Is Februa called ; which, if the priest demand,  
A branch of pine is put into his hand.

In short, with whatsoe'er our hearts we hold  
 Are purified, was Februa termed of old.  
 Lustrations are from hence ; from hence the name  
 Of this our month of February came,  
 In which the priests of Pan processions made—  
 In which the tombs were also purified  
 Of such as had no dirges when they died—  
 (For our religious fathers did maintain  
 Purgations expiated every stain  
 Of guilt and sin.) From Greece the custom came ;  
 But here, adopted by another name,  
 The Grecians held that pure lustrations could  
 Efface no impious deeds, or guilt, or blood.  
 Weak men to think that water can make clean  
 A bloody crime or any sinful stain ! " \*

February is a month that always cheers old Peter Parley's heart. It speaks of the resurrection, the glorious hope of all, but especially of the old—those who are fading like the latter end of a year, and who look forward with hope and faith. For as the little bud sprouts, and the little seed shoots up, it seems to say, God is still faithful, and that however winter and her snows, and her desolating frosts may prevail, yet the providence of God rules over all, and will, in due time and season, keep His eternal promise with us. And now the snows melt, and the green things appear ; numerous little flowers are in blossom—the birds, too, begin to sing—and, in spite of the wet and the stiffening from melting snows, and the raw, cold,

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\* I wish some of my young friends would translate this into Latin.

wet winds, sleet, and mist—the heart is cheered—cheered by the lengthened days and the longer sunshine, and by the sunshine that knows no ebb or change in the heart of man.



One of the first feasts in this month is Candlemas Day, which occurs on the second. It is the festival which is called the Purification of the Virgin. On this day, candles are solemnly blessed in the Roman Catholic churches, borne about in procession, and lighted, and hence the name Candlemas. The candle-bearing had reference to Simon's declaration in the temple, when he took Jesus in his arms, and affirmed that He was a light to lighten the Gentiles. The Pagans used lights in their worship, and Constantine and other Emperors endowed churches with land and various possessions for the maintenance of lights in the churches, and frequently presented

ecclesiastics with coffers full of candles and tapers. Pope Innocent, in a sermon on this festival, inquires, why do we, in this feast, carry candles? and then he explains the matter, by way of answer. "Because," says he, "the Gentiles dedicated the month of February to the infernal gods, and as, at the beginning of it, Pluto stole Proserpine, and her mother (Ceres) sought her in the night with lighted candles; because the holy fathers could not utterly extirpate this custom, they ordered that Christians should carry about candles in honour of the Blessed Virgin Mary; and thus," says the Pope, "what was done before to the honour of Ceres, is now done to the honour of the Virgin." It is to be noted, that from Candlemas, the use of tapers at vespers in litanies, which prevailed throughout the winter, ceased until the ensuing All Hallow mass, and hence the origin of an old English proverb:—

" On Candlemas Day,  
 Throw candle and candle-stick away ;  
   And to this I say,  
 Let the Light of Truth alone bear sway."

St. Valentine's Day is another notable day in the month of February. Lydgate, the monk, of Bury, who died in the year 1440, and is described by Warton to have been not only the poet of his monastery, but of the world in general, has a poem in praise of Queen Catherine, consort to Henry VI., wherein he says:—

" Seynte Valentine!—Of custome, yeere by yeere,  
 Men have an usaunce, in this regioun,  
 To loke and serche Cupide's kalendere,  
 And chose theyr choyse by grete affeccioun.  
 Such as ben move with Cupide's mocionn,

Takyng theyr choyse as theyr sort doth falle;  
But I love oon whiche excelleth alle."

Love is a powerful thing, my young friends, and a delightful



thing too; yea, very pleasant unto the thoughts and the heart, when it is what love should be—pure and holy, and free from worldliness. Love to parents, love to brothers and sisters, love to relations, to friends, to our playmates, to our townspeople, to our country, to our race, to all mankind, is a set of circles within circles, and the centre point of the whole should be love to God!

But, speaking of love in another way—what fun it is to see the postman, with his bundle of letters, flying round the town of Richmond with love tokens for the Smiths and Browns, the Bushnells and the Martins. But look—one and all—at that Jehu of an eight-horse waggon! His tender passion puzzles him exceedingly. He sighs and drives, drives and sighs, “whoas!” and groans, and “kimups!” and “oh dears!” to the tune the old lady is reported to have died of. St. Valentine comes, and all his pent-up sorrows find vent, as if he had suddenly taken the spigot from his soul. He buys a Valentine, with a true lover’s knot and a couple of hearts tied together, long arrows stuck through at right angles, and bleeding drops of blood. In it is inscribed—

“ Your cheeks are red, your eyes are blue,  
The pink is sweet, and so are you ;  
If you'll be mine, I'll be thine—  
I am your truest Valentine.”

This he gets, and feels a new-born ecstasy. With thick shoes and spindle shanks, he walks after his waggon, with looks that seem to meet the snow-drifts lingering still in the ditches. He comes up with his waggon—gives a smart snap to old Dobbin with his whip. Then he looks behind him to see if any one notes him, and, for a mile or two on the road, ponders on the two hearts made one as a most singular device, and with admiring devotion at the blood flowing down from the united pair. He then puts it in the greasy pocket under his frock, which holds the waggon-bill, and flogs his horses to quicken their pace towards the inn, where she, who is his heart's delight, and his soul's bright cynosure, has been lately promoted to the rank of under-kitchenmaid, *vice* her who has resigned, on being called to the happy estate of matrimony by some neighbouring carter. He gives her the mysterious letter in the yard: she receives it with a “ what be this ? ” and with a smile on the lips, and a smack from the whip on the gown. The gods have made him poetic, and from his recollection, or a play he saw at the Statute Fair, he tells her that

“ Love, like a worm in the mud, has played upon  
His Lammas cheek ”

ever since last Lammas tide, and she knows it has, and she is his Valentine; and, perhaps to prove it, she has a nice hot pancake ready to pop into his mouth, to warm him still further in the cause of St. Valentine.

As Peter Parley has a great deal of love for his young friends—particularly for little girls—he sends them a Valentine, which may be of use to them as they get older.

A VALENTINE.

No tales of love to you I send—  
 No sudden flame discover ;  
 I glory in the name of friend,  
 Disclaiming that of lover.  
 And now, while each fond sighing youth  
 Repeats the vow of love and truth,  
 Attend to this advice of mine—  
 With caution choose a Valentine.

Heed not the fop who loves himself,  
 Nor let the rake your love obtain ;  
 Choose not the miser for his pelf ;  
 The drunkard heed with cold disdain ;  
 The profligate with caution shun—  
 His race of ruin soon is run.  
 Let none of these your heart incline,  
 Nor choose from them a Valentine.

But should some generous youth appear,  
 Whose honest mind is void of art ;  
 Who shall his Maker's laws revere,  
 And serve Him with a willing heart ;  
 Who owns fair virtue for his guide,  
 Nor from His precepts turns aside :  
 To him at once your heart incline,  
 And bless him for your Valentine.

Though in this wilderness below  
You still imperfect bliss shall find,  
Yet such a friend will share each woe,  
And bid you be to Heaven resigned.  
While Faith unfolds the radiant prize,  
And Hope still points beyond the skies,  
At Life's dark storms you'll not repine,  
And bless the day of Valentine.







SOMETHING ABOUT

THE VARIOUS

## Nations who came to the Grand Exhibition.



THE VARIOUS NATIONS OF MANKIND.



**M**AN is at the head of the animated creation, and unites all the advantages of strength, beauty, and structure, which are but partially possessed by other animals. The Creator has also endowed him with the faculty of reasoning and with the power and the will to adapt all the single contrivances of other animals to his wants and luxuries. Man supports his body erect, and his face turned towards heaven displays the dignity of his nature. His soul is painted in his visage, and his majestic and resolute step announces the nobleness of his rank. His arms and hands were not given him for support, but to second every

attention of his will, and to adapt to his purpose all the gifts of nature. What animals effect by natural instinct man effects by invention and by combined power ; and by this power it is that they are found to congregate in Old England this year, for the purpose of exhibiting their skill, taste, ingenuity, and their industry in the manufacture of the arts, and the various methods of industry which add to the comforts of all.

Let my young readers never forget, that all men are brothers, that God has made of one blood all nations of the earth. Climate may vary them. Religion may make them sometimes appear different to each other ; but they are still the same. And whether they are of white skins or black skins ; or whether they be Christians, Mahomedans, or infidels, yet, still on them nature asserts her rights from time to time, and men are still the same in all ages and in all climes. God is their universal Father, in Him they live, and move, and have their being. The earth in truth is but one large family, and the time is coming when all mankind will be brought together into one fold by one shepherd.



When we look abroad upon this large family, in every part of the world, we find men in every stage of improvement. In England, France, Italy, Holland, Germany, and other European nations, in

India, China, and some other Asiatic nations, man seems to have approached the summit of his powers. But in Africa, the wild parts of America, Siberia, and the various Islands of the South Sea, the inhabitants are still in a state bordering on barbarism, and like those found in our own country by the Romans two thousand years ago.



Considering man as we now find him scattered over the earth, the Laplanders, the Esquimaux, the Samoïdes, the Greenlanders, the Nova-Zemblers, and the Kamschatkdales, are all branches of the great family inhabiting the north frigid zone.

The origin of man is clearly set forth in the Sacred Volume. How varieties of the same original stock have occurred is not so easily

accounted for. We have in various parts of the world men beautifully fair, in others perfectly black, in some places they are of a tawny yellow, in others of a reddish tint, some are of a brownish olive, and some of a swarthy or dark red. These varieties in the different human families have occasioned philosophers to make what they term a classification. They have endeavoured to show that there are five distinct races, three of which are eminently distinct. The five races or varieties of the human species are assumed to be:—1. The white or Caucasian race. 2. The yellow or Mongolian. 3. The Negro or black. 4. The American or red race. 5. The Malay race. There does not appear, however, to be any distinctive difference but in the three first varieties, the white, the black, and the yellow races; the two other varieties hold middle places between the Caucasian and the two extremes; that is the American comes in between the Caucasian and the Mongolian, and the Malay between the Caucasian and Ethiopian.

The following description will serve to define these five varieties. The name of the first variety is derived from Mount Caucasus, because in its neighbourhood—and particularly towards the south—we meet with a very beautiful family of this race—the Georgians. The Caucasians are marked by a beautiful oval face having perfect symmetry, a high and expanded forehead, nose slightly aquiline, low cheek bones, front teeth of both jaws nearly perpendicular, lips gently turned out, fair skin with reddish cheeks, hair black or brown, more or less curled, and having eyes blue or grey; but above all, the intellectual powers and moral feelings of the race are most energetic, and susceptible of the highest development and culture. It is this race that has given birth to the most civilized people,

and to those who have generally ruled over others; and from it the inhabitants of ancient and modern Germany, and the nations descended from them are derived. The Belgians, French,

Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch, Swedes, English, the Romans and Greeks, both ancient and modern belong to this race. It includes also both the former as well as the present inhabitants of western Asia, such as the Turks, Arabians, Persians, Afghans, and Hindoos of high caste; also, most of the present inhabitants of North and South America.



The second, or Mongolian variety, is distinguished by a head of a square form, with small and low forehead, narrow and oblique eyes, straight and black hair, thin beard and olive complexion. Its great seats are the empires of

China and Japan. It has been lately confirmed by historical investigations, that Lapland was originally peopled by this race, and we can trace a family of nations in one continuous chain from the river Yenesei to Lapland, and spreading in a direct line across the higher latitudes of European Russia, of which they hold a considerable portion.

This variety then includes the numerous tribes which occupy cen-

tral and northern Asia, as the Moguls and Kalmucks, the Mantchoos, and other Tartars, Tungoses and Coreans, the Samoiedes, Magyars, Cossacks and Kamtschatkdales, the Chinese and Japanese, the inhabitants of Thibet and Bootan, those of Tonquin, Cochin China, Ava Pegu, and the tribes of Esquimaux, extending over the northern parts of America, from Behring's Strait to the extremity of Greenland. If we except some learned Chinese, the whole of the Mongolian race follows the different sects of Buddhism or the worship of Fo.



The Mongolian tribes have generally been warriors; their annals contain a series of wonderful exploits, and present us with many

illustrious heroes, in comparison with which the greatest European murderers sink into insignificance. When the tribes of central Asia have been united under one leader, war and desolation have been the object of the association. Unrelenting slaughter without the distinction of age or sex, and universal destruction have marked the progress of their conquests, unattended with any changes of institutions capable of benefiting the human race, unmingled with any act of generosity, any kindness to the vanquished, or the slightest symptoms of regard to the rights or liberties of mankind. The pro-



gress of Attila, Zengis-Khan, and Tamerlane, like the deluge, the tornado, and the hurricane, involve everything in one sweeping ruin.

The Ethiopian, or black variety, called also the Negro race, is confined to the South of the Atlas mountains. The individuals have a compressed skull, flattened nose, projecting jaws, and thick lips. The

forehead is long, narrow, and slanting. The cheek bones project; the chin recedes. There is also great difference between this race and the European. The fore-arm is longer; the trunk of the body more slender; the knees seem further apart; and the feet are directed outward; while the bones of the leg are more convex in front; the calves high; the feet are flat and broad; the heel long; the hands and toes long and narrow; the hair of the head is curly, and resembles wool.

The dark coloured races exhibit in general a great acuteness of the external senses. Among the wild tribes belonging to this race, the members are trained from their earliest years to the pursuits of the chase. The astounding perfection of their sight, hearing, and smelling must be referred to their constant use of these organs. The moral and intellectual character of the Negro is said to be inferior to that of the European; but Peter Parley does not know how to admit this, as it seems to him that the race who tears the African from his native soil to make him a slave,

who brands him, scourges him, and degrades him in every possible manner, for no other earthly reason than that of having the power, sinks as low in the scale of human degradation as human nature can





go; and to talk of Negro inferiority while such a blot remains fixed like the handwriting of Satan upon a nation pretending to liberty, is one of the oddest and most ridiculous things in the history of civilized humanity.

Barbol, in his work on Guinea, says :—“The blacks have sufficient sense and understanding, their conceptions are quick and accurate, and their memories tenacious; for although they can seldom read or write they never fall into confusion or error in the greatest hurry of

business or traffic. Their experience of the knavery of Europeans has put them completely on their guard in transactions of exchange; they carefully examine all our goods piece by piece to ascertain if their quality and measure are exactly stated, and show as much sagacity and clearness in all their transactions as any European tradesman could do.”



The American variety resembles in many points the Mongolian. The forehead is low; the eyes deep; the face broad, yet, the face is not flattened, the nose and other parts being more distinct and projecting; the mouth is large and the lips rather thick; the skin of a dusky red; the hair black, straight,

and strong, the beard scanty.

This race includes all the Americans with the exception of the

Esquimaux, who, with the Greenlanders, may be said to form a transition from the American to the Mongolian variety. The frozen climates to the north of the two continents, and the impenetrable forests of America, are still inhabited by savage hunters or fishermen; and as we pass along through the extended districts of North and South America, we find a considerable variety in the various



tribes; in some parts they are of short and stunted stature, and in others of gigantic height. In some parts the common stature is not more than 4 feet 10 inches; and in others upwards of 7 feet. The Patagonians, who occupy the south-eastern part of South America, have been the most celebrated for their colossal stature, and really seem to be the tallest human beings in the world.

As regards the origin of the Americans, it is assumed that all the ancient people of America emigrated from the same quarter or had a

common origin ; they seem to have come from the eastern parts of Asia. They strongly resemble the Mongolian and other similar races, and the dialects of the Samoiedes are found through a large portion of the new world ; while the mythology of Asia may be traced with confidence from one end of this vast continent to the other. A universal tradition also prevails among the tribes that they have proceeded from the eastward.



The Malay variety has the head rather narrow ; the bones of the face large and prominent ; nose full and broad ; large mouth ; hair black ; the skin is of a brownish or tawny tint ; and the hair is more or less curled or wavy. The inhabitants of the peninsula of Malacca, of Sumatra, Java, Borneo, Celebes, and the adjacent Asiatic Islands of the Molucca, Ladrone, Phillipine, and Caroline groups ; of New Holland, Van Dieman's Land, New Guinea, New Zealand, and

the numerous islands scattered throughout the whole of the South Sea, belong to this division. It is called Malay because most of the tribes speak the Malay language, which may be traced in the various ramifications of this race from Madagascar to Eagle Island.

This variety is regarded by Blumenbach as constituting an intermediate link between the European and the Negro. But no well-marked common characters can be assigned to it, and there are included in it races of men very different in organisation and qualities. In that division of the abode of the race which may be called the Southern Asiatic or East India Islands, we find at least two very different organisations—namely, one Negro-like black, with strong curly hair; another of brown or olive colour, with longer hair. The first, regarded as the aboriginal inhabitants, occupy some islands entirely, but are found in all the larger ones, in the mountainous interior parts, whither they seem to have been driven by the encroachments of new settlers. They resemble the African Negro in their black, woolly hair, and general formation of the skull and features; they are distinguished, however, by their language, and by a copious,



bushy beard. They are wild, barbarous, and uncivilized. The second, or light-coloured race, have more oval countenances, longer hair, and finer forms altogether; they occupy the coasts of the larger islands, and some smaller ones entirely. Many of them show their Malay origin by their organisation, language, and



manners, and appear to have gradually spread from the continent over the adjacent islands. In their remaining abodes they are spread over the numerous larger and smaller islands of the South Seas, and in these several districts perpetually vary, and are found of a light-brown olive to a black colour, woolly or long hair, tall or short, handsome or ugly.

A race of very fine organisation and qualities occupies the remaining islands of the South Sea from New Zealand on the west to Easter Island. In colour and features many of them approach to the Caucasian variety, while they are surpassed by none in symmetry, size, and strength. These have made considerable advances in civil-



ization, and readily learn the European arts. The fine forms, the uncommon symmetry, the great strength and activity of many tribes in the South Sea Islands have been noticed by all who have had intercourse with them. The people of the Marquesas excel in beauty and majesty of form, in regularity of features, and in colour, all the other South Sea Islanders.

My young friends, observing this great difference between different races of mankind, will of course be likely to inquire whence the difference. This is a question very easily proposed, but very difficult

to answer. Did the Divine Creator of man make a common race from which all others descended? Or did he make a black pair and a white pair from which all the great varieties arose? Does heat of climate make white people black? Does difference of climate alter the shape of the head, the jaws, and the bones? What effect has food in causing an alteration? These and such questions are con-



tinually arising in the mind. We know that light and air, food, climate, occupation, and situation, have all a great effect upon the human species; and, although there are many difficulties on these points, yet, upon the whole, every circumstance concurs in proving that mankind are not composed of species essentially different from each other; that, on the contrary, there is but one species, which, after multiplying and spreading over the whole surface of the earth, has undergone various changes by the influence of climate, food,

modes of living, epidemic diseases, and mixture of dissimilar individuals; that at first these changes were not so conspicuous, and produced only individual varieties; that these varieties became afterwards more specific, because they were rendered more general, more strongly marked, and more permanent, by the continued action of the same causes; that they are transmitted from generation to generation as deformity or disease pass from parents to children.

“In tracing the globe,” says Smith, “from the pole to the equator, we observe a gradation in the complexion nearly in proportion to the latitude of the country. Immediately below the Arctic Circle, a high and sanguine colour prevails; from this you descend to the mixture of red and white; afterwards succeed the brown, the olive, the tawny, and at length the black as you proceed to the line.” The same distance from the sun does not, however, in every region indicate the same temperature of climate. Some secondary causes must be taken into consideration as correcting and limiting its influence. The elevation of the land, its vicinity to the sea, the nature of the soil, the state of cultivation, the course of winds, and many other circumstances enter into this view. But it is a great fact that temperate countries are for the most part inhabited by a white race; and that by far the greater number of the dark and black races dwell under burning suns. Peter Parley has seen brick-makers at Drayton brick-fields, as dark as the darkest Moors from one summer’s working in our English sunshine, which is by no means very bronzing; and when he was “up the Straits” and among the Algerines, he saw English people who had been made slaves, so dark as to vie in colour with the dark races. Therefore he still holds to the opinion, that God formed of one blood all the nations of the Earth, and that,



however they may be separated by climate, by distance, by language, by colour, by religion, or by stature, *they are still Brothers*; and that the world is one great Brotherhood, and God the universal Father. Having said this much by way of introduction, we shall hereafter say something upon a few of the most important of the nations of the Earth.





# Natural Wonders.

No. I.

## **SOMETHING ABOUT THE MAELSTROM.**



HE wonders of the waters are very great, and among the many wonders of the watery element the Maelstrom stands pre-eminent. Many of my young friends may have heard of it; but none, perhaps, of a recent visit to it, made during the summer of 1850, which I shall now detail.

This tremendous whirlpool is on the west of the coast of Norway, near the island of Moskoe; its impetuosity is regulated by the flux and reflux of the sea. At the turn of the tide its dizzy whirl seems at a stand, which continues for about a quarter of an hour, its violence gradually returning. At ebb its noise is not equalled by the most tremendous cataracts. The depth of the water is about forty fathoms.

This mighty vortex is sometimes agitated by a storm, and then its

influence will reach vessels at a distance of five or six miles. In 1645 it raged with such violence that at Moskoe the houses were so shaken as to cause the stones to fall to the ground. So great also



is the strength of the current that whales are said not to be able to extricate themselves from it. A bear once attempted to swim from Lofoden to Moakoe, with a design of preying upon some sheep

at pasture in the island; being caught by the stream, his roarings were heard a considerable time, as he vainly strove against the current, which was hurrying him to destruction. Fragments of vessels, which have been wrecked in this whirlpool, are often seen on the neighbouring coast, brought by the return of the tide, their edges literally smashed, and jagged as if with a saw, proving the bottom to be composed of sharp rocks. A friend of Peter Parley's, who possesses a fine yacht, called the "Edward Jesse," was sailing in this locality last year, gave him the following description of this phenomenon of the waters:—"When he came within a convenient distance," said he, "the breeze, which had been long sluggish, fell into a calm, and soon a low, continual hum, like that of an army of bees, which seemed to rise out of the stilled ocean, became audible to every ear. Not a word was spoken; every one held his breath, while he listened with an intensity of eagerness which betokened the awe that was fast filling his heart. 'It is the Moskoestram.' cried the boatswain: 'away, men!' shouted the mate; 'down to the hold; bring in the spare sails; clear the deck; set up a spar for a mast! away! away!' The din of preparation drowned the stern hum of the distant whirlpool; there was, however, an anxious pause when the new sail was stretched into the air, and the experienced sailors suffered themselves to be cheated with the hope that there was still breeze enough to make the good ship answer to her helm. But, alas! the heavy canvass refused to expand its folds, and not a breath of wind ruffled the dull surface of the sullen waters. They had not another hope: the sailors looked upon each other in blank dismay; and now they heard, with awful distinctness, the roar of the terrific Maelstrom, and the frowning rocks of Lofoden were but

too plainly visible on the right. It became evident to all that the ship, borne along by the tide, was fast approaching the dreadful whirlpool. The vessel continued slowly to approach, and the certainty of unavoidable death became every moment more overpowering and intense. At first, the sailors stood together in a group, gazing gloomily upon one another, but, as the roar of the whirlpool



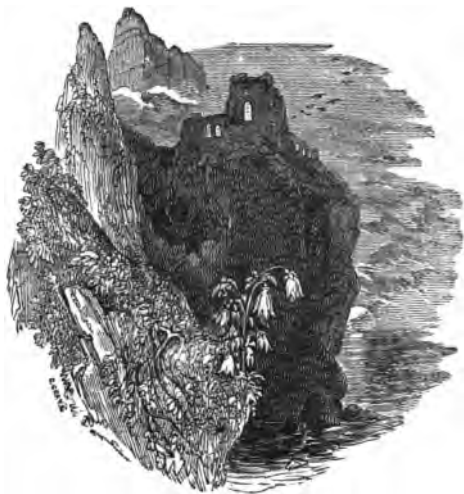
became louder and louder, and the conviction of inevitable destruction became stronger, they all dispersed to various parts of the ship. It was a beautiful day: the sun shone forth without a cloud to dim its lustre; the waves sparkled beneath his influence, and the white plumage of a thousand busy sea-birds became more dazzling with his rays. The isle of Moskoe was close at hand, and looked cheerful and inviting; but the ship was not to approach nearer to its shores, the stream which bore her along never suffering any vessel

to pause in its career. And now there arose, at some distance ahead of the vessel, a terrible and dismal bellowing or howling, as of some leviathan in its agony; and when those on deck, who still had ears for exterior sounds, looked forward to ascertain its cause, they beheld a black monster upon the surface of the sea, struggling against the irresistible stream, and with his immense tail lashing the waters into foam, as he vainly strove to escape from



destruction. They beheld him borne away by the might of his furious enemy, and they heard his last roar above the noise of the whirlpool, as he was sucked down into the never-satisfied abyss, and disappeared from their eyes, to be torn to atoms; for such is the fate of everything that reaches the depth of the Maelstrom. The ship glides along faster and faster; she begins to toss and roll uneasily in the angry rapids that now boil around her; her race is

nearly run; she hurries on to her doom with mad impetuosity; she is on the rapids; away she goes, swift as a flash of fire; she is in the whirl of the waters; round, round, round she goes! her inmates catch hold of her bulwarks, and of each other, to steady themselves; and now her bowsprit is under the waves, and a wild shriek of despair rises unto the skies—the whirlpool, with greedy jaws, has sucked her under.”





## Icelanders and other Northern Nations.



THE various nations of cold countries are highly interesting, far more so than those of warmer regions, and there is more of good to learn from them. It seems, indeed, that warm climates enervate both body and mind; that a love of liberty, home, and country are strong among northern nations, while those of the south are more or less merged in slavery and superstition. Among all the northern nations there are few more interesting than the Icelanders, who are the genuine descendents of the old Scandinavians, or Northmen. They are rather tall, of a frank, open countenance, a florid complexion, and yellow flaxen hair. The women are shorter in proportion, and more inclined to corpulency than the men.



There is, perhaps, no country in the world where the pursuits and modes of life of all the inhabitants are so little diversified as in Iceland. The whole population is employed in rearing cattle, or in the fishery, and there are but few who can properly be called townsmen. Scarcely any manufactures are carried on as a trade; every branch of industry is domestic, and confined chiefly to articles of clothing, such as wadmel, or coarse cloth, gloves, mittens, and stockings. The peasants are generally ingenious, and make such articles of furniture as their simple cottages require; some even make trinkets of silver, &c., and fabricate snuff-boxes, and a few other articles from wolves' tusks; they also forge implements of iron.

The minds of this people are peculiar: dwelling in desolate places, where there is but small vegetation, in dark miserable houses where the light of day can scarcely penetrate, amid scorched rocks of rugged lava; or enclosed between the raging sea and the beach cliffs, they become serious, quiet, humble, and little disposed to exert themselves unless impelled by necessity; but when once roused they are capable of great exertion, fatigue, and venturous exploit, and are ready to face danger in every shape. Hospitality is also among their virtues, and although they have but little to give, they give that little freely. When a visitor receives a glass of milk, or a cup of coffee at their hands, he perhaps little thinks that he is depriving a whole family of part of its meal, or diminishing the little store which had been so carefully amassed for some family festival. Patriotism is also another marked feature in their character; wild, dreary, and desolate as is their island home, yet they are decidedly attached to it, and home sickness is as common among

the Icelandic wanderers in another clime, as amongst the children of the Alps.

One of the most striking features in the Icelandic national economy is the simple manner in which religion is provided for. The clergy not only perform the stated offices of religion as zealously as the clergy of any other ecclesiastical body, but during the six days



of the week work hard at their various occupations. Some are farmers, some fishermen, like the Apostles, and some mechanics. On the Sabbath-day only do they appear in their clerical character. Nothing is more common than to find the clergyman in a coarse woollen jacket and trowsers, and skin boots, digging peat, mowing grass, assisting in hay-making or in catching fish. The clergymen are all blacksmiths, and the most skilful farriers in the island. A smithy is attached to every parsonage house, and should any of the

horses belonging to the congregation have lost a shoe, or be likely to lose one, the pastor kindles his little charcoal fire, and shoes his animal.

The houses of the Icelanders never exceed one story in height; the walls are built of drift wood, of stone, or lava, to the height of about four feet; the roof is constructed of whale ribs, which are more durable than wooden rafters, and covered in with turf; this yields its annual crop of grass, which is carefully cut during the hay-making season. From the door a long passage conducts to the principal room, where the family sit, eat, and sleep. The kitchen, dairy, and other offices, are attached to this room. In most houses glazed windows are unknown; holes in the roof, covered by a thin skin, admit light, and one hole left open affords egress to the smoke. The beds consist of open frames, filled with sea-weed or feathers, over which a few folds of wadmél, and a party-coloured counterpane are thrown. The floor is the damp earth, and the bones of the whale, or a horse's skull, furnish seats.

The food of the Icelanders is, for the most part, simple; a favourite beverage with them is sour whey mixed with water, and they seldom travel without a supply of it. Butter is, however, the chief article among the products of each little farm, and of this they eat largely. They esteem it most when, by being kept for several years, it has attained a state of rancidity which would cause us to reject it. The smell and taste of this butter is horrible, yet the Icelanders eat it with avidity, and when they cannot get it will eat tallow. I have seen children eating lumps of tallow with as much pleasure as our little ones express when sucking a piece of sugar candy.

The employments of the Icelanders are regulated by the seasons—summer and winter—and nowhere, perhaps, is the change more complete. In winter the family rise about six or seven o'clock; one is sent to look after the sheep; another to attend the cattle; some are busy making ropes of wool or horsehair; one is in the smithy making horse-shoes and other articles; spinning is performed with a spindle and distaff, and sometimes with a wheel. Some, both men and women, knit and weave, and others prepare sheep-skins for fishing dresses.



While so many are thus variously occupied, one of the party generally reads aloud, in a singing tone, some old ballad or history. As the reading proceeds, observations are made and questions asked. Many wandering historians travel, like the bards of old, from house to house, and recite their tales of the olden time. Books being few,

the custom of lending them is very common; and the only opportunity the peasants have of exchanging their library is when they meet at church, where, during the most inclement frost of the season, a few always contrive to be present. Many of the books thus lent are copied by the borrower in the most correct and beautiful manner, and it is greatly to be regretted that a people so devotedly attached to improvement should be so ill supplied with the means.

One of the earliest summer employments is fishing, and the utmost industry is required to ensure a winter's store. Fishing is carried on in open boats, with lines and hooks. When leaving the shore, the men offer up a prayer for good success, and commend themselves to the Divine protection in a simple hymn. The fish taken is cut open, prepared, and dressed. No part is wasted; the head is eaten, oil is extracted from the liver, and the bones are used for fuel, or else boiled and given to the cows for food.

About the middle of July, the operations are transferred from the coast to the interior. The grass is fully grown, and on the success of the hay harvest depends much of the subsequent prosperity of the grazier. The owner of grass land is so anxious to make hay while the sun shines, that he procures as much assistance as possible, and pays for it at the rate of thirty pounds of butter per week.

Preparing turf, collecting the sheep, which during the summer are left to run wild on the mountains, repairing houses against the winter, storing turf and wood, manuring lands, are operations that follow close upon harvest. But among the other summer employments, there is generally a journey to be made to one of the Danish stations, to barter home produce for the comforts and luxuries of more favoured lands. Every Icelander is very fond of travelling,

and looks forward to a journey with delight. The journey is performed on horseback, and the various goods conveyed in the same manner. The natives usually travel in parties, and form their horses into a line, attaching the head of one to the tail of the other. There being no inns, tents and provisions must be provided before starting. The places of rest are marked on the wild heaths by heaps of stones, the bulk of which every traveller thinks it his duty to augment. On his arrival at the vicinity of a town, the Icelander pitches his tent, and, leaving his horses and goods, proceeds thither alone, visiting all the merchants, and examining their wares.

But even here the wickedness of bad men often prevails. The poor Icelander is too frequently cheated, for the merchants take care that there shall be no lack of that seal and body-destroying agent, "brandy," a small quantity of which soon extinguishes the timid prudence of the poor fisherman. In these moments of ebullient, the produce of the winter's labour, that was to provide necessary comforts for the whole year, is too frequently squandered. But even when intoxicated, the native goodness of their hearts often displays itself; there is no fighting and quarrelling, no noise and tumult, but, catching each other by the hand, they embrace with the greatest affection.

Having said thus much of the Icelanders, I must also say a little about their country, which presents some of the wildest and grandest phenomena of nature, together with the gentler scenes, which become more beautiful by contrast. As the traveller approaches Iceland, his attention is arrested, long before the coast is seen, by certain white specks in the horizon; these are the Tokuls or snowy mountains. Sneefeld, one of these, is seen from a distance of 140 miles, and

Sneofell from 100 miles. On a nearer approach, these mountains present themselves to the eye in colossal piles of perennial snow, and when reflecting the beams of a bright sun, they shine forth with dazzling lustre, and tinge the atmosphere with a golden hue. The



rounded forms of many other mountains allow vast quantities of snow to rest on their tops and sides. The summer's sun melts the outer portion, and the water thus formed sinks far below the surface, where it is immediately converted into ice. Most of these ice mountains.

occur in chains, extending across the islands, and exert a powerful influence both on its climate and soil.

The snowy chain of Tolgus enclose the great desert of Iceland, Many of the summits of this range greatly exceed 5,000 feet in elevation, and most of these rocky masses are of volcanic origin.



The great desert already alluded to forms the scene of many superstitious terrors to the natives. Age after age, volcano after volcano, has poured its stony flood over its surface, till it has become almost one blackened scorified field. Immense masses, torn from the neighbouring mountains, and wide chasms, everywhere interrupt the



progress of the traveller, who, as in the deserts of Arabia, must carry a supply of water along with him. No bird, no beast, scarcely even a plant or humble moss, relieves the tedium of the journey, whilst the magnetic influence of the rocks renders the compass useless as a guide. Where the internal fires have been most active, hills are tossed on hills, in unspeakable confusion, of which even the tempestuous ocean furnishes but a faint image.

I have more than once made some allusion to the mountain of Hecla. It stands alone, in the midst of a valley, and is about thirty miles from the southern coast. It consists chiefly of lava and scorixæ, mixed with ashes, pumices and partially fused stones, emitted by the fiery streams of numerous eruptions. It is divided near the top into three peaks, on the side of which craters are formed. Sometimes scorixæ issue from the central peak, and the heat is so great, that in removing some of the exterior stones, those below are found too hot to be handled. Many years ago a fertile plain surrounded the volcano, but now no vegetation is to be seen. The ruined walls of numerous farmhouses tell a mournful tale of devastation.

Some very striking features in Iceland scenery are the numerous water channels, called Fiords, which find their way from the sea into the interior. They are of various widths and dimensions, and are separated from each other by lofty ridges, stretching out into the ocean, and ending in precipitous headlands. Some of them attain an elevation of nearly 4,000 feet. The perpendicular walls of rock which shut in the Fiords have their summits clothed with perpetual snow, or wrapped in dark clouds. All around is dead; no trace of life is visible. Man, and all he produces,

vanishes amid the mightier works of Nature. Woods, and the higher class of the vegetable creation, are entirely wanting; and the naked rocks are too steep for even the hardy birch or stunted willow to fix their roots. No sound is heard save the billows dashing on the craggy shore; no motion seen but the cataract rushing down the rugged cliffs.



In the midst of this sublime scenery the Icelander takes up his abode, for here he finds grassy meadows for his cattle; and the Fiords offering a favourite retreat to the cod fish enable the fisherman to pursue his vocation with safety and convenience. The Fiords also

afford another advantage; they serve, like canals, to connect the interior of the island with the coast. Merchant ships sail up them, supply the wants of the natives, and receive their produce in return.

The roads of Iceland are both difficult and dangerous; they are generally made on the ascent or descent of the lofty ridges which separate the fields; many of them are seldom free from snow, and the traveller oppressed with heat, ascending the steep side of a hill, shivers with cold on gaining the icy summit. Many of the tracts which cross these heights are better adapted to the chamois than to men and loaded horses; nevertheless, the horses find their way through the fearful ravines with remarkable sagacity, leaping from ledge to ledge, or sliding down amid the crumbling fragments.

Many of the rivers of Iceland issue from Glaciers, and are rendered white by particles of clay or pumice; some of them are of great magnitude and rapidity, and present a singular appearance on issuing from beneath the snow, and bearing with them immense masses of ice. Many rivers are too rapid to be navigable, and their rapidity often gives rise to noble waterfalls, or to successions of cascades.

In common with other islands the weather in Iceland is very fitful, seldom remaining settled for two or three days. Violent winds are more fatal to vegetation than extreme cold, because they tear off the green covering from the earth, loosen masses of rock, and hurl them into the vallies. But even these winds have their advantages; they dispel those dense fogs that hover over the land, and deprive it of the blessings of a bright sun and a blue sky. Rain and hail are frequent. Thunder is seldom heard; lightning is more common, and often fatal, especially near volcanic mountains. There

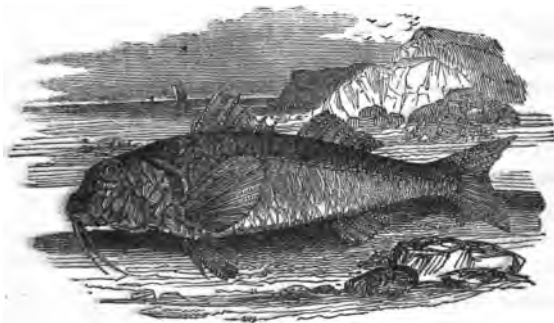
is but little cultivation of corn in Iceland. Vegetables and animals are few in number, and diminutive in growth. There are several varieties of moss lichen. The thickets of birch and willow are of stunted growth; grasses are abundant in many parts, but the great harvests of Iceland is *Berg*. In the vicinity of the hot springs many plants grow to a prodigious size.

There are two species of fox in Iceland, the white and the olive. The large white or polar bear is also an occasional visitor, floating on some icy raft from Greenland; he attacks the cattle, and commits great havoc till destroyed by the inhabitants. There are also on the island numerous families of white mice. In their excursion for berries these



little animals have often to cross rivers, over which, on their return, they are said to convey their booty by the following ingenious contrivance. The party of from six to eight select a flat piece of cowdung, in the middle of which they place the berries in a heap, and after launching it, embark upon it with their heads joined in the middle, with their tails pendent like rudders in the stream. In this manner the passage is accomplished, although the unstable bark is often wrecked, when the navigators must save themselves by swimming, and lose their whole cargo. This exercise of ingenuity has been doubted, but it has been confirmed by Henderson.

Seven or eight kinds of seals are known in Iceland; they are of great importance to the natives on account of the flesh and oil, while their skins are used for clothing, and form an article of export. These animals are easily tamed, and soon become attached to their keeper. The morse or walrus occasionally visits Iceland. On the coast are found whales, the white fish, the dolphin, the porpoise, the



fierce grampus, and the sea unicorn. The last-mentioned animal has no teeth, but instead of them a single tusk projecting in a spiral form. The length of this is often eight or ten feet. Among the birds the whistling swan is common; it is four feet long, and when the wings are extended, eight feet broad. In the long dark nights the wild whistling song of these birds is heard as they pass over the district, and is a very extraordinary music.

Such, my young friends, are a few facts concerning Iceland and the Icelanders. In another paper I will tell you something about other northern nations.



## Something about the Month of March.



“My sense is ravished when I see  
This happy season’s jubilee.  
What shall I term it? A new birth,  
The resurrection of the earth,  
Which hath been buried, we know,  
In a cold winding sheet of snow.  
The winter’s breath hath paved all o’er  
With crystal the extended floor,  
But now the earth is liveried  
In verdant suits by sunlight dyed.” \*



KEEP no more,—sayeth an old author, and Peter Parley loves old authors amazingly. “Weep no more, faire weather is returned; the sunne is reconciled to mankind, and his heat hath made winter find his legges, as benumbed as they were. The aire, not long since so condensed by frost that there was not room enough for the birds, seems now to be

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\* Daniel Cadmore’s Sacred Poems, 1658.

a great marginous space, where shrill musicians appear in the sky like little worlds, balanced by their proper centre." And so cometh in the month of March, but still with a furious bluster, as if new life was a glory to him, and he knew not how to make enough of it, and so he shouts, and capers, and holloas, and rollics, among the hills and vallies, like a madcap as he is, and as the old saying hath it—

“ He comes in like a lion,  
And goes out like a lamb.”

The first of March is a celebrated day among our noble brethren the Welsh, the remains of the old British race, of which England is justly proud. The first of March is St. David's Day, and on that day the Welsh wear the leek in their hats. Mr. Brady, in his "Clavis Calendaria," affirms that the custom of wearing the leek on St. David's Day is derived from St. David, who, according to him, caused the Britons under King Cadwaller to distinguish themselves from their enemies, by wearing leeks in their caps during a great battle, wherein they conquered the Saxons by virtue of their prayers; but this story seems to have little foundation, except the "Seven Champions of Christendom" be taken as an authority. It has been supposed, with more certainty, that wearing leeks about the time of the vernal equinox took its rise from the Druids, and that leeks were a Druidic symbol employed in the worship of the British Cendrea or Ceres. It seems very likely that the Druidical worship resembled the Phœnician. Both were addicted to oak worship; and during the funeral rites of Adonis at Byblos, leeks and onions were exhibited in pots, with other vegetables, and called the gardens of that deity. The leek was worshipped at Ascalon, whence the modern term *scallion*,

as it was called in Egypt. Leeks and onions were deposited in the sacred chests of the mysterious bath of Isis and Ceres, and are found among the hieroglyphics. Sometimes a leek is on the head of Osiris, and at other times grasped in an extended hand, and thence, perhaps, the Italian proverb—*Porro che nasce nella mano*—a leek that grows in the hand for a vesture. *Porrus*, a leek, is derived, by Bryant, from the Egyptian god *Piorus*, who is, perhaps, the same as the *Baal Peor* of the Phœnicians, and as the *Bel or Bellenis* of the Druids. So much for leeks, which seem to make a considerable ingredient in Peter Parley's literary porridge for the month of March.

But St. David; who was St. David? My young readers would like to know something about St. David of Wales. St. David, or, in Welsh, *De Wid*, was son of *Xanthus*, Prince of *Cardiganshire*, brought up a priest, became a hermit in the Isle of *Wight*, afterwards preached to the Britons, founded twelve monasteries, ate only bread and vegetables, and drank milk and water; he died in 544. According to another biographer of St. David, he was uncle to the





famous Prince Arthur, or, strictly speaking, half uncle; and it is related of him that, on his way from building the Church of Glastonbury, he went to Bath, cured an infection of the waters, and by his prayers and benedictions gave them the perpetual heat they still retain.

The Welsh do honour to their patron saint; they are a warm-hearted, thrifty, loyal and devoted race. Their country is worthy them, and they are worthy their noble country. Take the whole of the Principality, north and south, we have not a more varied, more beautiful; and more sublime country in the British possessions at home. South Wales is full of beautiful rivers, coasts, hills, and valleys; North Wales unites the stupendous and the grand with the beautiful, and Peter Parley was never more happy than when he wandered through the pass of Nant Francon, and the vale of Llanberis, and sauntered on the shore of the beautiful bay of Harlech, equal to any similar spot in England, Scotland, or Ireland. The Queen of England—God bless her, and keep her from all assaults of her enemies—ought to make a tour in Wales. She would receive such a welcome from her subjects there, as would surprise both Scotland and Ireland, however loyally they may have received her; and if she were to knock up a little mountain box in the old castle of Harlech, and spend a few weeks there occasionally, it would please the Welsh amazingly, and I am sure Her Majesty would be pleased with the Welsh. The Prince of Wales, however, would be in some danger, for the Welsh would be ready to eat him alive in pure affection.

March is a busy month with the farmer. Now is the time for barley sowing, which requires dry weather; when sown, it is very

liable to be injured by wet; two or three day's rain will do the crop much injury, and a succession of wet will spoil it altogether. It appears that those who have been the most successful cultivators of barley in days gone by, have paid particular attention to the budding of trees, and have regulated the time of sowing chiefly by



that circumstance. Thus the Norfolk farmers have a maxim handed down from father to son :

“ When the oak puts on his gosling grey  
 ’Tis time to sow barley night and day.”

And as the grey appearance given to the oak by the first opening of the buds was a sign given to the Norfolk people, so the leaves of

the birch is a sign to the Swedish farmer, that it is the right season to begin their labours; and various signs of a similar nature are attended to in every country, by the diligent observers of Nature. Keep to your old grandmother, or rather Nature, says Peter Parley, and you will find, my farming friends, a set of good old saws, of which you can make modern instances of great service to you in field occupations.

In the middle of March farmers sow oats; field-peas are sown at the same time. March is also the proper season for sowing the early crop of potatoes. The month of March is also the proper season for grafting, inarching, and budding, which every one ought to know how to perform, and therefore I shall endeavour, as well as I am able, to give my young friends a description of the way I practise it in my garden.

The operation of grafting is sometimes performed by Nature. When two branches of a tree lie in contact, the rough winds of winter often cause them to rub against each other, so that a wound is produced in one or in both, and the juices that flow from the wounded parts gradually cause an incorporation of the substances, so that the two branches become united into one. This is not to be wondered at in the branches of the same tree, or in those of the same kind, but it is a matter of some surprise to find that a tree bearing small and unpalatable fruit may be cut down, and the remaining part grafted with a scion from a species bearing large and delicious fruit, instead of the small, sour, fruit of the stock. Thus it is, then, that by grafting we preserve and multiply approved varieties of trees, which could not be propagated from seeds with any certainty of success.

In order to the full success of the operation, grafting must be performed according to the rules that experience has laid down. The first is to graft or unite only such species as have a relationship subsisting between them. The operation never succeeds unless this union of nature is attended to, and the plants belong to



the same genus. The next rule requires that the inner bark of the scion, and the inner bark of the stock, be exactly united together, in order to facilitate the free course of the sap.

The most common method of grafting is called whip or tongue

grafting. The name is given from the method of cutting the stock and the scion, sloping on one side, so as to fit each other, and then tying them together, in the manner of a whip thong, to the shaft or handle. The scion and the stock are cut obliquely, and as nearly as possible at corresponding angles. The top of the stock is then cut



off nearly horizontally, and a slit is made near the centre of the stock *downwards*, and a s'milar one in the scion *upwards*. The tongue, or wedge-like process, forming the upper part of the slope's face] of the scion, is then inserted downwards in the cleft of the stock, the inner barks being brought closely to unite on one side so as not to be displaced by tying; which ought to be done immediately with a riband, or matting, or *boss*, brought in a neat manner several

times round the stock. The next operation is to clay the whole over an inch thick all round, from about half an inch or more below the bottom of the graft, to an inch over the top of the stock, finishing the coat of clay in a kind of oval or globular form, closing it effectually, so that no light, wet nor wind may penetrate.



Tongue grafting is not very different to whip grafting, and is performed as follows:—The stock being ready, cut it off at three or four inches from the ground, and with a very sharp, straight, and narrow-bladed grafting knife, cut a thin slip of wood and bark upwards, from about two inches below the top of the shortened stock. Make this cut at one pull of the knife, inserting the edge rather horizontally, and, when it has gone through the bark and into the wood a little short of the middle, pull straight upwards. Then, at less than half way down this, cut a thin tongue, not more than three-eighths of an inch long. Proceed in the same way with the hollow part of the scion, make a sloping cut of about the same length as the cut in the stock, and make a tongue to correspond with that

in the stock. Bring the four edges of the bark, that is, the two edges of the cut in the top of the stock, and the two corresponding edges of the cut on the bottom of the scion, to meet precisely, which can never be the case, mind! unless the first cut in the stock, and that in the scion, is even as a die, and performed with a knife as sharp as a razor. The two parts thus formed, the tongues and the stock clasping one another, they must be bound up as before.

Such, my little friends who have gardens, is a pretty pastime for you in the month of March, and I would advise you to practise it, although hoops, tops, and marbles are in. I like play, but a little work and a little information is good for boys as well as men.



W. R. H. Co.



## Something about the Nuthatch.

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**H**E nuthatch is a very remarkable bird, especially for its activity in climbing, or rather in gliding about the branches of trees, in search of its peculiar food. As a British bird, it is confined to the south of England, where it remains during the whole year.

It is bold and fearless in its habits, and may frequently be seen on trees in the immediate vicinity of dwellings, as I have often seen it among the trees of my *neighbour*; trees, alas, that spoil all my wall fruit by their overhanging shadow—deprive me of light and air, and make my house damp and miserable; but I have a good neighbour who has promised to cut away as much as he can, and many thanks to him. The shade is no doubt very agreeable to the nuthatch, but not so to the martins, who are peculiarly the birds that live in pure air and pure sunshine.



But for the nuthatch. Those that rest and glide about my domain take some hole in a tree as a place of nidification, and when this cannot be found, they contrive to make one for themselves. The deserted habitations of woodpeckers are often taken possession of by these birds, and made to suit their purpose. When they form their own nests, they invariably make the entrance so small that it will not admit any larger bird. When they make one of a ready-made nest, they build up a wall of clay at the entrance, so as to suit their own dimensions. The clay is kneaded very dexterously, and, if too soft for the purpose, is strengthened and made more consistent by the admixture of small stones. If the clay barriers be broken down or injured before the process of incubation is completed the birds immediately repair it. The nest is lined with dead leaves, generally those of the oak, which are heaped together without much order. The eggs are six or seven in number, white, spotted with rust colour. The female is a very determined setter, and menaces with bill and wing any one offering to molest her, making at the same time a loud hissing noise like a serpent. If this method of defence proves ineffectual, she suffers herself to be taken captive, rather than desert her charge.

As these birds have no song, they are rarely kept in a confined state, or if so, it is only for the sake of observing their peculiar methods of working. There is a very well authenticated account of their being partially tamed in a free state. During a very severe winter, a lady amused herself by feeding a number of small birds on a terrace beneath her window. They soon became acquainted with her, and at the clapping of her hands, which was the signal made use of, would come in crowds to partake of the different kinds of

seeds which she distributed among them. She put some hempseed and cracked nuts on the window sill and on a board, particularly for her favourites the blue-tit. Two nuthatches came one day to have their share of the repast, and were so pleased that they became quite familiar, and did not even go away on the following spring to get their natural food, and to build their nest in the wood. They settled themselves in the hollow of an old tree near the house. As



soon as the two young ones which they had reared there were able to fly they brought them to the hospitable window, where there were to be nourished, and soon after disappeared entirely. It was very amusing to see these two visitors hang or climb on the wall or blinds while their benefactors put their foot on the board. These pretty creatures, as well as the tits, knew her so well, that when she drove away the sparrows which came to steal what was not intended for them, they did not fly away also, but seemed to know that what was done was only for their defence and protection. This fact is

sufficient to convince us that the nuthatch is not untameable, though when confined within a cage its efforts are so persevering and energetic to regain its liberty, that it seems impossible to divert it from its task, or by any means to reconcile it to its cage.

One of these birds, accidentally wounded by a sportsman, was placed in a small cage of plain oak wood and wire. He ate and drank freely of the food given to him, thereby proving that he was not alarmed at the state of confinement, yet the efforts he made to escape were most extraordinary. During a night that his imprisonment lasted, he carried on his work of battering down the frame of his cage, spending most of his strength on the corner pillars, which he reduced in that short space of time to the appearance of old and worm-eaten timber. By the double application of his beak, he unloosed a knot of string with which the door of his cage had been fastened, and when hindered from escaping in that direction, he would try the size of the hole left as a drinking place, and seek to extract the ends of the wire from the place where they were rooted in the wood, making use of his beak as a sort of pickaxe. His excessive exertions in this way caused his death, after a day and night of his confinement; and it is hoped that the account of his anxiety and impatience under such circumstances will deter many young readers from attempting to keep a nuthatch in a cage.





## Winter Gardens.



It will be a very great pity to pull down the Crystal Palace, in my opinion. What a fine opportunity does it present of forming for this great metropolis a Winter Garden. Winter gardens, so far as I know, exist only in Prussia. In Potsdam there is one, that of M. Vorght, very good and very highly kept, but at Berlin there are four. M. Terchmann's, in the Thiergarten; Faust and George's, both within the town walls; and Moeve's, on the Potsdam road. The original of these gardens was established by M. Bouché soon after the general peace, but the leading establishment is now M. Terchmann's. These gardens are simply large green-houses, or what would be called in England orangeries, with paved floors, a lofty ceiling, plastered like that of a room, and upright windows in front. The air is heated by stoves, which are supplied with fuel from behind. On the floor are placed here and there large orange trees, myrtles, and various New Holland plants in boxes. The

plants are mostly such as have a single stem, of at least three or four feet in height, and round the stem and over the boxes a table is



formed by properly contrived boards, so that the tree appears to be growing out of the centre of the table. These tables, which are

sometimes round and sometimes square, are for the use of guests, either to take refreshments or for pamphlets and newspapers. Sometimes on each table there is a circle of handsome odoriferous plants, such as hyacinths, narcissuses, mignonette, &c., in pots round the stem of the plant; in other cases there is no table, but the box is covered with handsome flowering plants; and in some parts of the floor one handsome tree is surrounded by several smaller trees and plants, so as to form a mass or clump of verdure and flowers, such as we see in the pleasure grounds. The flowers which are generally found in these Winter Gardens throughout the season are hyacinths, narcissuses, ranunculuses, tulips, crocuses, heaths, roses, camellias, acacias, and others of the same kinds. There are also various climbers, and sometimes even fruit trees, the latter both in flower and fruit.

The proprietors of these gardens have generally small forcing stoves for the purpose of bringing forward and keeping up their supplies. It is almost needless to say that in these gardens or orangeries there are plenty of seats and small moveable tables, and generally music; a reciter of poetry, a reader, or lecturer, or some other person or party to supply vocal or intellectual entertainment. In the evening the whole is illuminated, and on certain days of the week the music and illuminations are on a grand scale.

If you enter these gardens in the morning during the winter season, you will find old gentlemen with spectacles reading the newspapers, taking chocolate, and talking politics; after three o'clock you see ladies and gentlemen, and people of every description, sitting among the trees, talking or reading, and with various beverages before them. When the audience leaves the theatre, you will find in M. Faust's garden a great many well-dressed persons of

both sexes, who look in there before they go home to see the beauty of vegetation when brilliantly illuminated by artificial light. I saw no garden in England, Scotland, or Ireland that could compare to these Winter Gardens; but if the Crystal Palace could be appropriated to something of this kind, or a part of the materials of it could be taken for such a purpose, it would be one of the most delightful things for London, and I feel almost certain that it would pay the speculators. There is nothing Peter Parley would like better than to meet his young Christmas holiday friends in such a place; and he will promise them, should his old frame hang together so long, to dance Sir Roger de Coverley, or any other good old-fashioned dance, with them among the oranges.





## The Month of April.

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“Next came forth April, full of lusty hed,  
And wanton as a kid whose horne new buds.  
Upon a bull he rode, the same which led  
Europa floating through the Argolic fluds ;  
His horns were gilden all with golden studs—  
All garnished with garlands goodly dight  
Of all the fairest flowers and freshest buds  
Which the earth brings forth ; and wet he seemed in sight  
With waves, through which he waded for his love’s delight.”



O sayeth old Spenser, the rare old poet, one stanza of whose poetry is worth volumes of the maudlin stuff written by the modern small-beer poets. So the old poet sayeth of April, which is so called from the Latin *Aprilis*, a word derived from the word *aperire*, to open. The allusion is easily understood. April is the moist and budding month, nourished with alternate rain and sunshine. March was like an honest, blustering servant, bring-



ing home buds and flowers for his young mistress. April is she herself, issuing forth adorned with them. To these she adds, of her own rearing, columbines, jonquilles, cuckoo flowers, lilies of the valley, primroses, violets, cowslips, saxifrage, stocks, all beautiful, but each in its own way; and then come the daisies and the buttercups, silver and gold.



Should the season be fine, the delicate, sprouting green of the trees and shrubs are now interspersed with the flowers of the almond tree, of the cherry plum, of the double-flowering cherry, the bird cherry, the sweet-scented (and sweet-named) honeysuckle, hypericum, the blackthorn, or sloe, the laburnum, or gold chain, (and a beautiful specimen of which we have at Holly Lodge, said to be planted by Sir John

Moore), the apricot, peach, and nectarine; lilacs, laurustinuses, the *laurus vulgaris* (so called, more properly the *lauro-cerasus*), and lastly, the real laurel of old, or bay tree, which the Greeks associate with every species of victory—which Sophocles and Epaminondas thought of with reverence—which Caesar wore, and with which Petrarch was crowned in the capitol.

Now comes the swallow, which the Greeks used to welcome with

a popular song. The other birds of passage follow by degrees, and all the singing birds are full of life, and saturate the trees with music. The nightingale is heard in the evening, and about the middle of the month we hear the cuckoo repeating, at intervals, its too-fleeting notes, "cu-cu, cu-cu," as the old poets write it.



April is proverbial for its fickle weather. All its bright promises may be sometimes retarded, sometimes blighted, by the return of frosty winds, and the domestic cultivator of flowers should take particular care of them. Therefore, Miss Susan, take care of your flowers. Now is the time for the plants of young annuals, anemones, ranunculuses, and hyacinth roots, past flowering, to be taken up and preserved, and autumnal flowering bulbs to be taken up and transplanted. Shrubs, on very fine days, may be brought into the balconies, in order to refresh the eyes with the spring green; and now is the time for my young friends, both boys and girls, to be busily employed in arranging the tendrils of the climbing plants, so

as to add the grace of art to the charms of nature. Well done! the more the light is seen through the leaves of plants, the finer and more vivid they look. They seem to show the amber sunshine that nourished them.



April is a celebrated month for other, *green* things save those belonging to the botanical department. The first of April is long celebrated for "fool-making," just as if there were not fools enough in this foolish world. Fifty years ago, when buckles were worn in the shoes, a boy would meet a person in the street with, "Sir, if you please, your shoe is unbuckled," and the moment Old Peter Parley would look down towards his feet, the young urchin would cry,—

“ Ah, you April fool !” Twenty years ago, when buckles were wholly disused, the urchin’s cry was, “ Sir, your shoe is untied,” and if the shoe-wearer lowered his eyes, he was hailed as his buckled predecessor had been with the same,—“ Ah, you April fool !” Now, when neither buckles nor shoes are worn, the waggery of the day is, as I learned to my discomfiture last year, “ Sir, there is something out of your pocket !” “ Where ?” “ There.” “ What ?” “ Your



hand, sir !—Ah, you April fool !” Or else some lady is humbly bowed to, and gravely addressed with, “ Madam, I beg your pardon, but you have something on your face.” “ Indeed, my man ; I am very much obliged to you. What is it ?” “ Your nose, ma’am.—Ah, you April fool !”

The tricks are as various as the month of April is various. One who has yet to know the humours of the day is sent to the Zoological

Gardens to see the lions washed. This used to be performed in the Tower ditch, but now no lions are in the Tower, and the ditch is made dry ground. It seems one of the impossibilities of the day. It is not quite obsolete, however, to send a green youth to the cobbler's for a pennyworth of the best stirrup oil, or to the poulterer's for half-a-pint of pigeon's milk; to the furniture broker's for a pair of worsted bellows; or to the bookseller's for the "Life and Adventures of Eve's Grandmother."



The making of April fools is a very ancient practice, and may be traced to remote times in the annals of Hindostan, China, Persia, and other Eastern nations. It is also seen among the Teutonic tribes. The Hindoos, on the Holi festival, make a subject of diver-

sion in sending people on errands and expeditions that are to end in disappointment, and raise a laugh at the expense of the persons sent. The April fool among the French is called *un poisson d'Avril*, their transformation of the term is not very well accounted for, but their customs on that day are similar to ours.



As Peter Parley is known to love a joke, many are the good-humoured jokes sometimes played upon him, and it was only the other day that a lady threatened to make a fool of him, just as if he was not fool enough already. I have no objection whatever to be made an April fool, if it will teach me wisdom, and so I wrote the following verses to my intended tormentor:—

Why strive, fair maid, to make a fool  
 Of one not wise before,  
 Who, having 'scaped from Folly's school,  
 Would fain go there no more ?

Ah! if I must to school again,  
Wilt thou my teacher be?  
I'm sure no lesson can be vain  
Which thou canst give to me.

One of thy kind and gentle looks  
Humanity will teach,  
Far more than many musty books  
That strive the heart to reach.

Thou need'st not call some fairy elf  
On any April day,  
To make old Parley lose himself,  
Or wander from his way;

For he is lost in strange amaze  
To see such goodness shine,  
With more than earth's most brilliant blaze,  
From out that heart of thine.

Could he not see it, he must learn  
His task at dullest school;  
For could he not thy worth discern,  
He'd be indeed a fool!





Old Mother Skeggan,

AND HER GERMAN STORIES.



THE Germans are a frank, brave, and generous people, fond of literature, and especially that kind of literature which excites the imagination, and develops the faculties of ideality and wonder. Their literature is full of stories of fairies, dwarfs, and supernatural appearances. Many of the stories to

which they relate are dangerous to children, but, some of them may be read to advantage; as the following, which is translated from a recent German publication, called the *Jugend-Blätter*, published at Stuttgart, and relates to the dwarfs of the Nine Mountains of Ramin.

These mountains are inhabited by dwarfs, who dance, and sing, and speak in the moonlight, and more particularly when the earth is visited by spring or summer. They are rather mischievous than





malicious; and are fond of alluring children into their power, who are then compelled to serve them in their subterraneous abodes; but

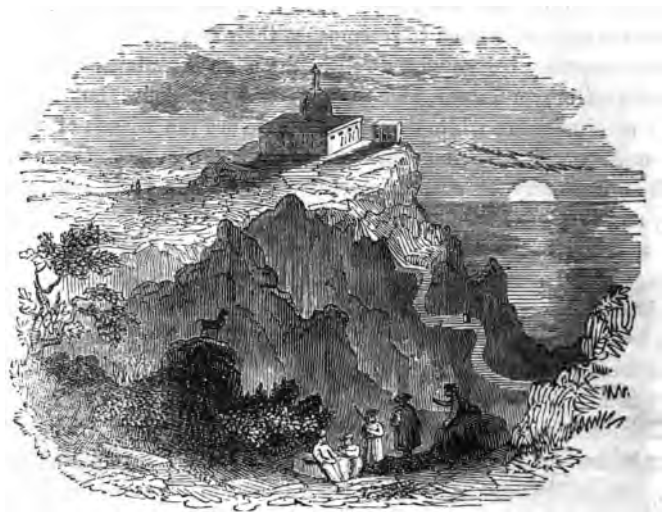
this service is not hard, and, at the end of fifty years, by a law of the dwarf kingdom, they are again set at liberty. Nor do these fifty years add an hour of age to the captives; time and sun have no influence upon these realms of middle earth, and it is further said, that such people have ever afterwards been fortunate in the world, either from the wisdom they learned below, or from the assistance of their masters who have wished to recompense their servitude.

The unearthly beings who dwell in the Nine Mountains belong to the clan of brown dwarfs, and they are not malicious; but in two other mountains are white dwarfs, and these are the friends of all in the upper world. There are also black dwarfs, who work the metals with an ingenuity far surpassing that of man; but their hearts are evil, and they are never to be trusted.

I will now tell a story of these brown dwarfs in the Nine Mountains, which happened long ago. The editor of the *Jugend-Blätter* had it from one Henry Fiesch, who was a resident at Giesendorf, and who was well acquainted with all such matters. My young friends must therefore suppose that it is Henry who tells the story. The story is as follows:—

There was once at Besseln, a peasant named Jacob Dietrich, with his wife and family. Of all his children he loved the youngest, who was then in his eighth year, and tended cows in the meadows by the Nine Mountains. Here the little Hans got acquainted with a cow-herd, named Klas Starkwolf, a grey-headed man, whose brain was like a volume of ancient fairy tales. But if the old peasant was fond of repeating his legends, the boy was no less fond of listening to them, till at last his young fancy was so influenced, that he could neither think nor speak of anything but of dwarfs and gnomes, and golden

cups and crowns of diamonds. Above all, he wished to get him a dwarf cap, for Klas had told him that whoever was fortunate to find a green one might safely descend into the mountain, and would have all the dwarfs at his command. At last he resolved to try, and one night stole away from home, and laid himself upon the top of the



highest mountain, though his heart beat all the time like a hammer. And now the clock struck twelve. On a sudden he heard a murmuring, and a whistling, and a rustling, and the tramp of little feet in the distance, though as yet nothing was visible to the sight but the flowers and the leaves which were still sleeping in the

moonshine. He had his little dog, Shock, with him, and threw himself down beside the bushes, as you see him in the picture.



While pondering and watching in this manner for some time, he heard a slight rustle in the branches, and a cap fell close upon his feet. In an instant he seized it, and in the pride of his heart set it upon his head, in place of the kind of "wide-awake" which he

wore. As soon as he was fairly under the little fairy cap—Oh! wonder!—All the little dancers were at once visible. The dwarf would fain have got back his cap by flattery, but Hans was inexorable, and showed his knowledge of his newly acquired power by ordering the little brownie to provide a supper. The dwarf was forced to obey, for his power had gone from him with his cap of invisibility.

The cock now crowed for the third time, and the morning light streaked the east, when “Away, away,” sounded from the bushes, and the stalks, and the flowers, and the mountain opened, and all sank below in a silver cistern.

Hans was astonished, in his descent, at the magic glitter of the walls, they were as if inlaid with pearls and diamonds, such was the exceeding brilliance, while beneath and in the distance he heard the sweetest music, which stole upon his senses like May odours, and at length wrapped him in a gentle slumber. What time had passed he knew not, but when he awoke his little brownie was by his side, ready to do him service, and he found himself in a chamber that was brilliant beyond the splendour of the earth. The tables were of spotless marble, the walls of emerald, and the frames of the mirrors were covered with diamonds. No sun shone on this subterraneous kingdom, but the precious stones shed around a perpetual light that was fairer and clearer than the fairest and clearest night of the earth. They were the stars and the moon of this country, but their splendour was borrowed from no sun, and eclipsed by no clouds.

It was mid-day when the bell rang, and the brownie said, “Master, will you dine alone, or in the great assembly?” “In the great assembly,” replied Hans, whither he was on the instant conducted by his servant. Here he saw an infinite crowd of little men

and women already collected, while others poured into the hall from every side. In many places the ground opened, and tables arose covered with the most costly vessels and the most delicious meats, and wine that sparkled in the goblets like water beneath the sunbeams. The chiefs of the little people invited Hans to their table, and placed him between the fairest maidens. The feast began, and soon the mirth waxed loud; for the dwarfs are a lively race, whose spirits are light and brilliant as the wine that bubbles in their glasses. Birds of the richest plumage were ever on the wing above them, pouring forth their songs in harmony with a strange music that floated through the air—so soft, so sweet, so wild, that it drew from its throne the anxious and delighted soul to leave it quivering on the lips.

Crowds of servants waited around the tables. Some bore about the golden cups and the crystal fountains, some strewed the ground with flowers, that must have grown in the garden next the sun—such was their exceeding beauty—a beauty that was even undimmed by the lustre of the diamond. Others scattered about odours so sweet that the senses ached with pleasure. These servants were the children of men who had fallen into the power of the dwarfs. At first Hans was inclined to pity their state, but when he observed their rich clothing, and their rosy cheeks, and the springiness of their steps, he thought to himself, “after all they are not so badly off as I was in running after cows and oxen, and, moreover, a time will come when they may be free again.” And he thought no more of them, but sported with his little companions, happier than any earthly king upon his throne.

They had sat thus for two hours; when one of the party rang a

little bell;—in a trice sank the seats and the tables, and the company was again upon the foot. He rang a second time, and where the tables had been there arose orange trees, and palms, and



myrtles, rich with fruit and blossoms, and upon the branches sang the sweetest birds. But though the numbers were many as the sands of the desert, yet all their voices united in perfect harmony. Hans, however, soon found out the cause; in a niche within the roof sat an aged man who gave the note, to which they were compelled to sing. He was silent as the grave, while the rest talked loudly and frequently enough.

The old man above now sounded to the dance, and the birds all echoed back the old

man's tune. In an instant the whirl began; and the little maidens that sat by Hans caught him by the arms, and sprang about with him in the dance for two hours long, and yet neither his breath was short nor his feet weary. The more they danced, the wilder rose their spirits. Often, in the time of his old age, was Hans accustomed to say, when he described this scene, "there may be, and no doubt are greater joys in heaven, but earthly imagination is too weak to picture them."

Thus passed the first week; in the second Hans began to walk, attended by his servants, through those meads and fields which seemed to have no end. From this may be easily imagined the extreme depth below, for the outside summit of the mountain was nothing more than a little peak clothed with shrubs and bushes. The trees that blossomed thickly in their verdant meadows were loaded with fruit, while milk and wine were flowing from the rocks. It blew and the cheek felt no wind; it was light and the cheek felt no sun. The river rolled and there was no danger; one perpetual Spring was upon the grass, and the trees and the leaves had never been touched by the heats of Summer, the yellowness of Autumn, or the frost of Winter.

Hans had lived thus for many months, when at last he resolved to visit the schools, and become a student with the servants, for the dwarfs make a rule of instructing all the children of earth who fall into their power as far as they may be capable of receiving their lessons. But the little people have apprehensions infinitely finer than any human beings, and are well acquainted with all the mysteries of nature. They are, besides, extremely industrious, and work the metals with a minuteness that cannot be equalled by the texture of the blossom or the flower.

Amongst all his companions in the school, the one he had loved best was a little fair-haired maiden called Elizabeth, who came from his own village, and was the pastor's daughter. With her he passed his childhood in brotherly affection, without any thought of the earth or its inhabitants, till at length he had reached his eighteenth and she her sixteenth year, when their affection ripened into love. The dwarfs saw this with pleasure, for their great desire is to rule,



and they hoped to enslave him by means of his passion for Elizabeth; but in this they were mistaken, he had learned from his attendant, that he who was master of one dwarf was master of them all, and could command the utmost exertion of their power.

The childlike affection of these young people increased with time, and every evening was spent in long twilight walks, for in the hours



that darkness was upon the earth, the lustre of the diamond would wax dim here below; an artificial night then succeeded, not dark indeed, but pale as the glimmering of a sainted cemetery; on such occasions Hans was even pleased and cheerful, but Elizabeth would often think of the life above where men dwell beneath the changing

orbs of heaven. Still, however, this was but a passing shadow of the moment; in listening to him she loved, all else was speedily forgotten.

It once happened that they walked further than was their custom, till they at last found themselves beneath the very spot where the mountain opened to let out the dwarf into the upper world. On a sudden they heard the crowing of many cocks from the earth above, and a sound that had not reached them for twelve long years; it awoke in Elizabeth's breast a thousand recollections of earth—of her home—of her dear parents—and the playmates of her childhood—of the flowers of spring and the winter's fireside. At last she found

language for her feelings. "It is beautiful here below, and the little race are kind and gentle; but yet my heart is not at home here, and never can be. This is not a life for human beings. Every night I dream of my parents, and of the church, and of the Sunday crowds meeting around my father; and then, oh! then, my heart throbs to be with them and join in Christian prayer to God and the host of heaven. Here we can never be one, my dear friend; think of this, and contrive some means for our departure."



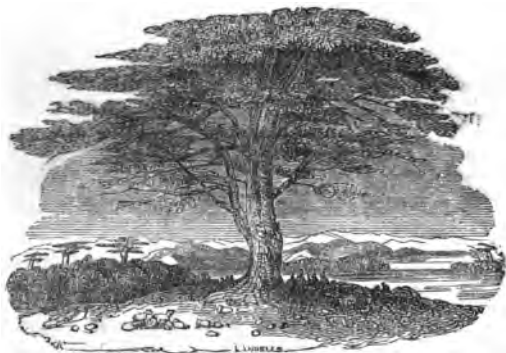
"You advise me rightly," said Hans, "this is no home for us. We ought, indeed, to ascend from these scenes of sorcery and blindness; ascend to the world of the sun, and walk like other children of the earth. Yes, my heart is indeed heavy, dear Elizabeth, I will not stay here a day longer, for they dare not keep me, I am their master."

At these last words, the poor child Elizabeth became pale as death; they reminded her of what she had too lightly forgotten—of her servitude, and of its necessity for fifty years before she could revisit this earth. “What have I to do on earth,” she said, “when my father and mother are dead, and the playfellows of my youth are old and grey? Age will be upon your head, also, and what then will it avail me that I am young, and only in my twentieth year?” Poor, poor, Elizabeth! Hans felt the truth of what she had spoken; but he pressed her hand to his heart, and promised never to leave that place of middle earth until he should leave it with his Elizabeth. With this they parted sad and almost hopeless.

The whole night through, Hans meditated upon the way of freeing his beloved; when morning broke, he summoned to him the six chief dwarfs with whom he always sat at dinner. Much as they were astonished at his call, they were forced to obey it; and when all were present, he demanded of them his Elizabeth. This was at once refused, upon which Hans, in great wrath, exclaimed, “You can and shall give up Elizabeth. You know my orders; I entreat no more, let me see you again with the morrow.”

And the morrow came, but with it no alteration in the resolves of the little people. Hans, therefore, began to show his power by employing them in breaking and dragging huge stones, and in other hard work, that martyred their tender limbs as if they had been stretched upon the rack. Still all was in vain. He made them mangle each other with iron scourges till the blood poured down in torrents, but he got no nearer to his object. At last, he could no longer bear the sight of their torments, and ceasing to plague them, he separated himself from their society, and lived almost as a hermit.

In one of his lonely walks, he was breaking the stones against each other for want of occupation, when suddenly a toad sprang from a piece of rock that he had just shivered. At this sight, the tales of the old cowherd flashed upon his memory, and he exclaimed, "Now, then, Elizabeth is mine; the malicious dwarfs could endure the scourge, but here is an enemy whose sight will sting them worse than the sting of iron or the bite of scorpions." With this he enclosed the creature in a vase of silver, and again summoned the little people to his presence.



No sooner had they come within a few paces of their noxious enemy than its influence acted upon them like an electric shock. They fell to the earth convulsed thereby, shrieking and writhing like half-bruised serpents. Every hand was stretched forth to pray for mercy, and every voice was loud in promises. Hans, feeling that the power was now with himself, told them that he should depart that

night between the hours of eleven and twelve with his Elizabeth, and ordered them to load five waggons with the riches of their kingdom. To this they promised assent, and even to his wish that all their servants should be free, who, according to earthly reckoning, were more than twenty years of age.

It was now an hour after midnight, the mountain opened, and they stood again upon the earth, and for the first time for twelve long years they saw the red of morning glimmering in the East.



The dwarfs swarmed like bees about the waggons, all were busy, though in silence, for the hand of their master lay heavy on them. It looked like the breaking up of their kingdom. And now Hans took the green cap from his head, waved it thrice in the air and flung it amongst the crowd. In an instant all had vanished, nothing was to be seen but a few bushes; nothing to be heard but the whispers of the grass that waved in the morning wind like the gentle rise of the ocean when it swells, but no waves break on the surface. The clock from Ramin church struck two, all fell down upon their knees and gave praises to heaven.

Great was the surprise of the whole village when this singular cavalcade appeared before the cottage of Jacob Dietrich. But wonder was soon lost in joy when the tale was told, the old man and the pastor blessed their children, and at their wedding party, maids danced in shoes of glass, a thing almost as wonderful as the Crystal Palace.

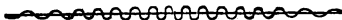




SOMETHING ABOUT

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# National Industry of England.



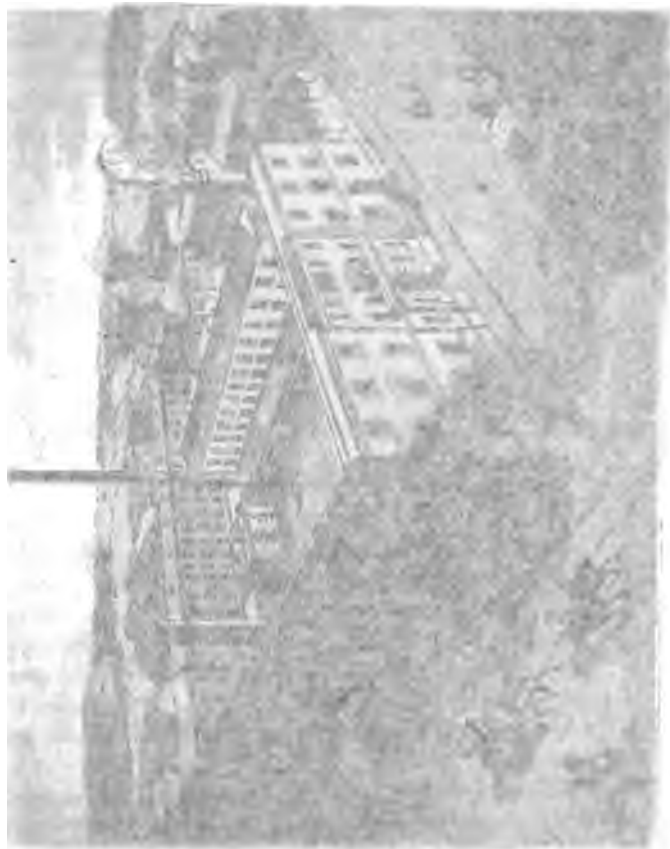
**ELECTRO-METALLURGY, & MANUFACTURE OF BUTTONS.**



**ELECTRO-METALLURGY**, or Electro-Gilding and Silvering, is an art which has, of late years, not only claimed much attention from the practical chemist, but has risen into great manufacturing importance. The art itself exhibits, in its progress, a great number of distinct, and often widely different processes.

Some are artistic, some mechanical, and some chemical, and all of them are of the highest interest.

The principle of the art of Electro-Metallurgy is very simple, and may be thus expressed:—Water consists of oxygen and hydrogen ;







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and if a metal, such as zinc, which has a great affinity for oxygen, is immersed in the water, there is a tendency to decomposition; the oxygen combining with the zinc to form oxide of zinc, the hydrogen becomes liberated. But in order that this tendency may develop itself, it is necessary to place in the same liquid a piece of some other metal, such as copper, which has a less affinity for oxygen than zinc has, and to connect the copper with the zinc by a piece of wire; and so long as the decomposition of the water and the oxidation of the zinc are going on, there is a current of electricity passing silently and invisibly through the whole arrangement in a continuous circuit.

Now it happened that in a particular form of battery, devised by Professor Daniel, a solution of sulphate of copper was one of the liquids through which this electrical current passed in its progress; and the effect of the current was to decompose the sulphate, separate the copper from the sulphuric acid, with which it was combined, and deposit it in a very fine metallic state upon the inner surface of the vessel which contained the liquid. It was afterwards observed, that, on removing such a film of copper from the vessel, it presents an exact counterpart or countertype of the surface of the vessel. This led to the invention of the Electrottype process, by which medals, engravings, and bas reliefs, were copied with unerring fidelity.

Prosecuting this subject with a view to a more useful application of the principle discovered, it was soon found that not only copper, but gold and silver, as well as the cheaper metals, could be precipitated in a metallic form from these solutions, and hence, first arose the art of metallic plating or covering by the following che-

mical means. The copper, or other metallic articles to be gilt, are well cleaned and immersed in a boiling hot liquid, consisting of a solution of nitro-muriate of gold, mixed with a solution of bicarbonate of potass. This adhesion of the gold to the inferior metal takes place by a singular interchange; for a portion of the copper becomes dissolved by the action of the potass, and an equivalent of gold is deposited upon the copper article instead. This mode of gilding is extensively practised in France.

But the electro-gilding, or silvering process, is far more durable, and it embraces, as we have observed, many distinct branches of manufacture. The first part consists of the designing of the article to be plated. This may be a candlestick, a vase, or a dish. The designer makes a drawing in Indian ink, and after him comes the modeller, who models from the drawing its figure in wax. The wax model is handed over to workmen who make from it a leaden mould, from this lead mould a cast is taken in brass, which is an exact copy of the original wax model. This cast is called technically, the pattern, and is carefully examined to see that all its details of ornament are properly developed. This pattern now forms the basis of a sand mould. The sand of a very fine and peculiar kind being prepared, the brass pattern is used to make an indentation in it, so exactly effected, that the cavity of the sand shall present in reverse all its details, while a central cone, or a plugging, is at the same time applied, so as to enable the metallic article to be made hollow for the purpose of saving the metal.

The metal employed is a mixture of copper, nickel, and zinc, hard in substance and white in colour. It is white, that should the plating at any time wear off at the edges it will not be so easily

discernable. This being brought into a molten state in pots or crucibles, is poured into the sand moulds, and upon being cooled and removed, the impression thus obtained is a copy of the wax model, or the brass pattern, and then constitutes the body or foundation on which the deposit of gold or silver is afterwards to take place. In this process, the lead and sand acted as moulds, but the wax, the brass, and the white metal, were three different copies of the original design itself.

We now come to the electro-chemical manipulation. In an electro-plating manufactory, we find the deposit room to consist of a range of tanks or troughs about a yard in width and the same in height. Wires and rods are placed across, and with these, tanks so arranged as to bring the contents of the tanks in connection with a galvanic battery, contained in an adjoining apartment; two wires, the positive and the negative, extend from this apparatus to the tanks, so that their contents may form part of the galvanic circuit. The tanks contain a solution of a double salt, the cyanide of potassium, and silver. The articles to be silvered, after being made perfectly bright and clean, by being boiled in caustic potass, are afterwards dipped in a solution of aquafortis, and then suspended by wires, side by side, but without contact, and the silver is gradually deposited upon them by the galvanic agency. That is, it decomposes the solution, liberates the silver from the other component elements, and deposits it in a beautiful, clear, and equable layer on the articles hanging in the tank; and by increasing the galvanic current, by strengthening the solution, or prolonging the time of immersion, any desired amount of thickness of silver may be deposited.

Gold is deposited on articles required to be gilt by precisely the same method of operation, except that the solution is the cyanide of potassium and gold. In the silver deposit the solution is used cold, but in that of the gold, it is heated to about 100 degrees Fahrenheit. In some cases, such as the gilding of buttons, or small articles of jewellery, a few minutes are only necessary to give them the required coating of pure gold. In some of the show rooms of the factories are many little slips of holly and other plants coated, some with pure gold, some with copper, and some with silver; all exhibiting the minute details of leaf and fibre with extraordinary beauty. It is only necessary to dip a leaf or twig into a solution of phosphorus and immediately afterwards in the deposit tank, when it is instantly covered with metal. Even butterflies and insects are often coated with gold in the same manner.

The finishing processes of the electro manufacture are equally important with those already described. The raw articles are first rubbed with what are technically called "scratch brushes," made of brass wire, which soon give a metallic appearance to the plate. Next comes the "burnishing," which is effected chiefly by pieces of bloodstone or agate, and the burnisher is usually a female. With her burnisher, which has been moistened, she rubs over every part of the article to be burnished, using a considerable deal of force in the operation, by which means a surface of great brilliancy is soon produced.

Besides the mere coating of articles with gold or silver by means of electro-galvanism, the same agency is capable of manufacturing a gold or silver article entirely. The process is somewhat complicated in description, but easy enough to the manufacturer; the design being

wrought in wax by the modeller, the wax model is wrought in lead; from this a brass pattern is cast, and from this model or pattern a second mould is made of a peculiar elastic composition, formed of glue and India Rubber. The pattern is enclosed in a frame, and the melted composition poured into it; when cold, this composition is moved from the pattern in one piece. Then from this mould a model or pattern is cast in a composition of wax, suet, or phosphorus; and the model thus produced forms a surface on which electro deposition is to take place. The composition model is next transferred to the copper deposit room in the manufactory, and afterwards put into the tank. In the tank is a solution of sulphate of copper, and in an adjoining vessel is another solution of nitrate of silver. The phosphorus contained in the composition induces the deposition of a thin layer of silver from the nitrate solution, the model is then immersed in the solution of sulphate of copper.

The galvanic current acting in the manner before described decomposes the metallic solution, and precipitates the liberated copper on the surface of the model, or rather on the slight silver layer already covering it, coating it with a layer of metallic copper, more or less thick, according to the circumstances under which the operation is conducted. When the copper deposition is properly completed, the wax composition is melted out, leaving a mere copper shell, the interior of which is an exact mould of exterior of the wax model. This copper mould, after a further preparation, is immersed in the gold or silver solution, the interior being prepared for the reception of the deposited metal, but the exterior protected from it by a resisting composition; then, by the agency before described, the silver is deposited in the copper shell or mould to any thickness that



may be required. This being completed, the copper is removed by the action of an acid, which gradually eats away without injuring the silver, and the result is, the production of a pure and solid ornament or article of table plate, having not a single particle in or about it but what has been deposited from the liquid solution in the tank.

In the whole of these processes, there is a great deal to speculate on and admire. There is a rare union of taste, chemical knowledge, mechanical nicety, and attentive care. Many of the details are altogether out of the common run of manufacturing industry, and the whole is one of those triumphs of science which tend so powerfully to exalt the manufactures of this country in the eyes of foreigners.

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## Manufacture of Buttons.

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There are various kinds of buttons, forming distinct trades, such as those of horn, leather, bone, or wood; but the most durable and ornamental buttons are made of various metals, polished or covered with a thin wash of some more valuable metal, as gold or silver.

The most curious part of horn button-making consists in a simple machine or lathe by which the material is cut into a round form. It is represented in the cut, and consists of two thin knives on a pointed axis, the whole of which revolves and then cuts the circular disc;

the holes are afterwards drilled in a similar manner by a lathe with four axes, turning from a wheel which is put in motion by the foot of the workman.

Metallic buttons are cast in moulds, or cut by a fly press. They are generally formed of an inferior kind of brass, pewter, or other metallic composition; the shanks are made of brass or iron wire, generally by hand, and the formation of which is a distinct trade. The buttons are made by casting them round the shanks. For this purpose the



workman has a pattern in metal, consisting of a great number of circular buttons connected together in one plane by very small bars from one to the next, and the pattern contains from four to twelve design patterns of the same size. An impression from this pattern is taken in sand in the usual manner, and shanks are pressed into the sand in the centre of each impression; the part which is to enter the metal being left projecting above the surface of the sand. The metal is then poured upon the moulds, and the buttons are said to be

rough cast. They are cleansed from the sand by brushing, and then turned in a lathe to render them perfectly circular and clean.

Gilt buttons are stamped out from copper from laminated plates by a fly press which cuts them out at one stroke. The circular pieces are called blanks, and having been stamped with the maker's name, the shanks are soldered in. The burnishing is performed by a point of bloodstone applied to the button as it revolves in a lathe. In gilding them a great number are put into an earthen pan with a certain quantity of gold amalgamated with mercury, and then as much aquafortis as will wet the buttons all over is thrown in, and they are then stirred with a brush till the acid, by its affinity with the copper, carries the amalgama to every part of its surface, covering it with the appearance of silver. When this is perfected, the acid is washed away with clean water. The mercury is afterwards evaporated by a process called drying off, once inflicting very serious effects on the health of the workman, owing to their inhaling large quantities of mercury. This is, however, now obviated, in a great degree, by the use of an apparatus which carries off the fumes of the mercury from the buttons, by means of a flue which discharges itself into water, and there condenses the mercury.

Many improvements have been made in the manufacture of buttons of late years. The shanks are made by machinery, and some kinds of buttons are made head and shank out of one piece stamped and polished by a French process.

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## The Month of May.



“Get up, get up, for shame ; the blooming morne  
Upon her wings presents the god unshorne.  
See how Aurora throws her faire  
Fresh-gilted colours through the aire.  
Get up, sweet slugabed, and see  
The dew bespangling herbe and tree.  
Each flower has wept, and bowed towards the east  
Above an houre since, yet you are not drest ;  
Nay, not so much as out of bed,  
When all the birds have matteynes sayd,  
And sung their thankfull hymnes ; 'tis sin,  
Nay, profanation to keep in,  
When as a thousand virgins on this day,  
Shines sooner than the lark to fetch in May.”—HERRICK.



**HE** Month of May is the festival of Nature. The first day was, in old times, the rural festival of our forefathers. Their hearts responded merrily to the bright sunshine, the beautiful flowers, and the sparkling waters. At the dawn of May, merrily the lads and lasses left their houses and villages, and, repairing to the woodlands, by sound of music they gathered the may and blossoming

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branches of the trees, and bound them with wreaths of flowers; then returning to their homes by sunrise, they decorated their lattices and doors with the sweet-smelling spirit of their joyous journey, and spent the remaining hours in sports and pastimes. Now, in these days of mental illumination, when education has done such



mighty wonders among our humble population, we have presented to us various groups of dirty boys and girls, stuck round with tumpery and painted paper, withered flowers, and uncouth garlands; or if the "rural custom" should be attempted on a larger scale, stalwart fellows are dressed up as men and as women, in dirty finery, to jump

Jim Crow, play the bones, or sing stupid ribaldry. So much does the present live in comparison with the past, as regards social life. But in nature its life is still the same—the gentle spiriting, the loveliness, the beauty, the glory, still stand forth beneath the kindly gaze of heaven. Go forth, then, my young friends, with your old friend Peter Parley. Go forth on May-day, or, if that



be not fine, on the earliest May morning, and pluck your flowers and green boughs, to adorn your rooms with, and to show that you do not live in vain. As to me, I am a natural "Jack of the Green," deeply in woods embowered. High and disagreeable trees spring up thirty feet above my house top, driving the smoke down my chimney, clogging up my gutters, engendering damp and its concomitant rheumatism; feeding fever, and shutting out the blessed and glorious sunlight from my dwelling. Thank God that no one can shut out the sunshine from my heart—no one can keep flowers, aye, and amaranthine ones, too, from blooming there, or fruits from becoming ripe, or merry and happy thoughts, like blithe birds, from singing therein; and so I endeavour to keep a cheerful temper, and look upon the budding bough and the unfolding leaf with a kindly eye,

although the bough and the leaf will shut me up in darkness, keep my house damp, and ruin my wall fruit. But to speak again of May—May, the beautiful, the bright, the fair, and the lovely. It will not be amiss to let my young friends know how our forefathers celebrated the birth of the Spring—the May-day festival, and I shall give something approaching to an idea, of the manner in which the May pageant was performed by the household servants of a



baronial mansion in the fifteenth century, as described by a “mummer” therein. This is the scene, and I hope it will please my young friends.

In the front of the pavilion erected for the occasion, a large square was staked out and fenced with ropes, to prevent the crowd from pressing upon the performers, and interrupting the diversion. There were also two bars at the bottom of the enclosure, through

which the actors might pass and repass as occasion required. Six young men first entered the square, clothed in jerkins of leather



with axes upon their shoulders like woodmen, and their heads bound with large garlands of ivy leaves, interspersed with twigs of haw-



thorn. Then followed six young maidens of the village, dressed in blue kirtles, with garlands of primroses on their heads, leading a fine sleek cow, decorated with ribands of various colours, interspersed also with flowers, and the horns of the animal were tipped with gold. These were succeeded by six foresters, equipped in green tunics, with hoods and hose of the same colour; each of them carried a bugle horn, attached to a baldric of silk, which he sounded as he passed the barrier, which gave the proceedings a noble form.

After them came the baron's chief follower, who personified **ROBIN HOOD**. He was attired in a bright grass-green tunic, fringed with gold; his hood and his hose were party-coloured, blue and white; he had a large garland of rose buds on his head, a bow bent in his hand, a sheaf of arrows in his girdle, and a bugle horn dependent upon a baldric of light blue, embroidered with silver. He had also a sword and a dagger, the hilts of both being richly embroidered with gold. Trabeau, a page, as Little John, walked by his side on the right hand; and Ceal Cellerman, the butler, as Will Stukely, on his left. These, with ten other of the jolly outlaws who followed, were habited in green garments, bearing their bows bent in their hands, and their arrows in their girdles. The whole bore the look of a stout band.

Then followed two maidens, in orange coloured kirtles, with white courtpieces, strewing flowers, followed immediately by Maid Marian, riding on an uncouth beast, elegantly habited in a watchet-coloured tunic, reaching to the ground, over which she wore a white linen rocket, with loose sleeves, fringed with silver, and very neatly plaited; her girdle was of silver baudekin, fastened with a double



bow on the left side; her long flaxen hair was divided into many ringlets, and flowed from her shoulders; the top part of her head was covered with a net-work cawl of gold, upon which was placed a garland of silver, ornamented with blue violets. She was supported by noble esquires, richly habited in blue and gold, and near her were two bride maidens, in sky-coloured rockets, girt with crimson girdles, wearing garlands upon their heads of blue and white violets. After them came four other females, in green courtpieces and garlands of violets and cowslips. Then Lawson, the smith, as Friar Tuck, carrying a huge quarter staff on his shoulder, and Morris, the undertaker, who represented Muck, the miller's son, having a long pole with a "blown bladder" attached to one end. And after them the *Maypole*, drawn by six fine oxen, decorated with scarfs, ribbons, and flowers of divers colours, and the tips of their horns embellished with gold. The rear was closed by the hobby *horse* and the *dragon*.

When the Maypole was drawn into the square, the foresters sounded their horns, and the populace expressed their pleasure by shouting unceasingly, until it reached the place assigned for its elevation; and during the time the ground was preparing for its reception, the barriers of the bottom of the enclosure were opened for the villagers to approach and adorn it with ribands, garlands, and flowers, as their inclination prompted them. The pole being sufficiently ornamented with finery, the square was cleared from such as had no part to perform in the pageant, and then it was *elevated* midst the loud shouts of the spectators.

Now the woodmen and the milkmaidens danced around it according to the rustic fashion; the measure was played by Peretto Cheveritti, the Baron's chief minstrel, on the bagpipes, accompanied

by the pipe and tabor, played by one of his associates. When the dance was finished, Gregory, the jester, who undertook to play the hobby-horse, came forward with his appropriate equipment, and frisking up and down the square without restriction, imitated the galloping, curveting, ambling, trotting, and other paces of a horse, to the infinite amusement of the younger spectators.

This caperer was followed by Peter Porker, the Baron's ranger, who personated a *dragon*, with yelling, hissing, and shaking his wings with wonderful ingenuity; and to complete the mirth, Morris, in the character of Muck, having small bells attached to his knees and elbows, capered here and there between the two monsters in the form of a dunce; and as often as he came near to the sides of the enclosure, he cast slyly a handful of meal into the faces of the laughing visitors, or rapped them about the head with the bladder at the end of his pole. In the meantime, Sampson, representing Friar Tuck, walked with much gravity around the square, and occasionally let fall his heavy staff upon the toes of such of the crowd as he thought were approaching more forward than they ought to do; and if the sufferers cried out from the sense of pain, he addressed them in a solemn tone of voice, advising them to count their beads, say a paternoster or two, and to beware of purgatory.

These vagaries were highly palatable to the populace, who expressed their delight by repeated plaudits and loud bursts of laughter; for this reason they were continued for a considerable length of time; but Gregory, the jester, on his wooden horse, beginning to falter in his paces, ordered the dragon to fall back; the well-natured beast, being out of breath, readily obeyed, and then their two companions followed the example, which concluded this part of the pastime.

Now came the archers. They set up a target at the lower part of the green, and made trial of their skill in regular succession. Robin Hood and Will Stukely excelled their comrades, and both of them lodged an arrow in the centre circle of gold so near to each other that the difference could not readily be decided, which occasioned them to shoot again, when Robin's struck the gold a second time, and Stukely's arrow was affixed upon the edge of it. Robin was therefore adjudged the conqueror; and the prize of honour, a garland of laurel, embellished with variegated ribbons, was put upon his head, and to Stukely was given a garland of ivy, because he was the second-best performer in the contest.

The pageant was finished with the archery, and the procession began to move away to make room for the villagers, who afterwards assembled in the square, and amused themselves by dancing round the Maypole in various companies.

Such is a description of the May games three hundred years ago, and I wish I could admit that our modern amusements were as invigorating. But this year, at least, we may be content, for we shall have a *May Fair* for the whole world, and our Maypoles will be the north pole and the south, for from each division of the sphere we hope to have friends to dance at our festival. The great May fair was formerly held near Piccadilly, as this will be; and there, a hundred years ago, were mountebanks, fire eaters, ass racing, sausage tables, dice tables, ups and downs, merry go rounds, bull baiting, grinning for hats, running for shirts, hasty pudding eaters, eel divers, jugglers; prize fighting, both at cudgels and back swords; boxing matches, and wild beasts. But now we may expect something rather different.

Peter Parley does not like to croak, nor to look back upon unpleasant things. But there was once an *evil May-day*, as it was termed. In the reign of Henry VIII. a great jealousy arose in the citizens of London towards foreign artificers, who were then called *strangers*, and by the interference of one Doctor Standish, in a spital Sermon at Easter, on the 28th April, "divers young men of the citie picked quarrels with certaine strangeres as they passed alonge the streets. Some they smote and buffeted, and some they threw in the channell, for which the Lord Mayore sent some of the Englishmen to pryson. Then suddenly rose a secret rumour, and no men could tell how it begun, that on May-day next following the City should slay all the aliens." This was met, however, by the King in person and the Lord Cardinal. We had a Cardinal then as we have now, of more plague than profit; "and the Cardinal made a great fuss concerning the matter, and frightened the sober people out of their wits almoste; because a few apprentices made an uproore, and for this thirteen were adjudged to be hung, drawn, and quartered; and for execution thereof, ten payre of gallowes were put up, and were set upon wheels, to bee removed from street to street, and from doore to doore. On the 7th of May, John Lincoln, one Sherwen, and two brethren named Betts, and divers others, were adjudged to die; and they were drawn on hurdles to the standard of Cheap, and first was Lincoln executed; and as the others had their ropes about their necks, there came a commandment of the King to respite the execution.

"On the 13th of May, the King came to Westminster Hall, and then other prysoners were brought to the number of 400 and 11 women, each with a halter round the neck. The Cardinal laid some

grave things to their charge; but the King heard their cries for pardon, and pardoned them all, and the prisoners shouted all at once, and cast their halters towards the rooffe of the hall, at which the said Cardinal was sore discomfitted, at which the King laughed righte heartylee, as well he mighte."\*

Let us hope that in our *May Fair* we shall look upon foreigners as brothers, and not strangers.

\* Stow's Survey of London.





## Song for the Spring.



Come forth, come forth! it were a sin  
To stay at home to day;  
Stay no more loitering within,  
Come to the woods away.

The long green grass is filled with flow'rs,  
The clover, tipped with red,  
Is brightened by the morning showers  
That on the winds have sped.

Scattered about the deep-blue sky  
Are white and flying clouds;  
Some fresh, brief rains are all that lie  
Within those snowy clouds.

Now look—our weather-glass is spread,  
The pimpernel, whose flow'r  
Closes its leaves of spotted red  
Against a rainy hour.



## SONG FOR THE SPRING.

The first pale-green is on the trees,  
That verdure more than bloom ;  
Yon elm tree hath a horde of bees,  
Lured by the faint perfume.

The cherry orchard flings on high  
Its branches, whence are strown  
Blossoms like snow, but with an eye  
Of beauty still their own.

Now we have daisies, which, like love  
Or hope, spring everywhere,  
And primroses which droop above  
Some self-consuming care.

So sad, so spiritual, so pale,  
Born all too near the snow,  
They linger on the southern gale  
That blows around them now.

It is too soon for deeper shade,  
But let us skirt the wood,  
The blackbird there, whose nest is made,  
Sits singing to her brood.

These pleasant hours will soon be flown ;  
Boys, make no more delay,  
But up and out betimes, and soon  
Make May your holiday.



Peter Parley

AMONG THE

**KAFFIRS AND HOTTENTOTS.**



“ All among the Hottentots capering ashore.”—OLD SONG.



THE Cape of Good Hope, discovered in 1493 by Bartholomew Diaz, a Portuguese, is nearly the extreme southern point of Africa. A large expanse of ocean surrounds it on three sides; and extends on the west to the continent of America, on the east to Australia, and on the south to the Antarctic Pole. The Cape was called by its discoverer the Cape of Storms, but this name was afterwards changed to its present one, on account of the prospects which it excited with regard to the East—then the great current into which European enterprise, and particularly that of the Portuguese, was setting. An unsuccessful attempt was made to form a Portuguese Settlement; but, for a long period, the only advantage

of the Cape to Europeans was its convenience as a shipping station and resting place for mariners voyaging between Europe and the East Indies.

The physical aspect of South Africa is not particularly tempting; it possesses but few harbours, and is deficient in navigable rivers. The plains, which gradually become more elevated towards the



interior, are divided from each other by three chains of mountains, running from east to west. They do not comprise any extensive portions of fertile land, and whole districts are at times singularly arid, owing to the dryness of the seasons. On the banks of the rivers there are extensive patches of rich soil, but this is principally owing to irrigation. Such a country is evidently destined for pastoral and grazing purposes, but even when the arts of cultivation are applied in the

most profitable manner, the land can only maintain an extremely spare population, who require a wide range and change of pasturage.

For a long time after the discovery of Southern Africa, there was no establishment of Europeans at the Cape, but at length, in 1650, the Dutch, who then enjoyed the largest and most valuable portion of the East India trade, determined upon forming a settlement at the Cape. One hundred persons of each sex, taken from the houses of industry at Amsterdam, were sent out as the nucleus of a colony; others soon followed, but for some years the colony was almost shut up in their port at Cape Town; but they gradually extended themselves, and now about 200,000 square miles are covered with their flocks and herds.

When the Dutch settled at the Cape, every part of the colonial territory was covered with the flocks and herds of the natives. The Hottentots occupied that part of the territory which is between Cape Town and the interior, and separated the Dutch from other tribes; they constituted a nation, governed by chiefs, and existed in a low stage of the pastoral condition. The name of Hottentot did not originate with the natives, for, when the country was first discovered, each horde had its particular name, and the name Hottentot was applied to them by the settlers, which name has belonged to them ever since.

For about half a century after the Dutch had settled at Cape Town the good qualities of the Hottentots were candidly acknowledged. They were remarkable for their love of truth, capable of warm attachment, grateful, and honest. They lived in kraals, consisting of an assemblage of huts, and enjoyed their property

in common, one of them killing an ox or sheep, on which all feasted alike, and the next day generally going without food. The women watched over the flocks while the men were hunting, milked the cows, attended to their household concerns, which occupied but little of their time, wove mats, and collected wood for their evening fires. Spoorman, who visited South Africa in 1779, was one of the last travellers who saw the Hottentots in what may be regarded as their original



state. He mentions a woman belonging to one tribe who was possessed of sixty milch cows, and that on the cattle of the kraal being brought home from pasture, the evening was enlivened by singing and dancing. Theirs was then a life of great simplicity and happiness; but European civilization, so much boasted of amongst us, has destroyed the happiness of the Hottentot tribes.

For a long time, the colonists traded with the Hottentots, and left them their land and their pasturage without much encroachment; but as the colonists increased, they began to make aggressions upon the country and habits of these poor people; and, following up every



advantage with European perseverance, drove them before them to more remote districts. Thither they were often followed, and plundered of their cattle and effects, and the gradually receding boundary was traced with blood. Degraded and maltreated, the

poor aborigines came to be considered as intruders upon the land which they had once peacefully occupied. Many were enslaved by the Dutch, and under a system of tyranny, slavery, and villany, the poor creatures became weak in intellect, and destitute of conduct, courage, and forethought, exhibiting the natural course of oppression and its fruits—the vices which enslave the oppressed—and thus do the wish of the oppressor. Think of this, my young friends, and heave a sigh for the poor Hottentots.

Nothing could exceed the wickedness of the Dutch towards these wretched people. There is scarcely an instance of cruelty said to have been committed against the slaves in the West India Islands that could not find a parallel from the Dutch farmers. Beating and cutting with thongs of the hide of a sea-cow (hippopotamus) or rhinoceros, were only gentle punishments. Firing small shot into the legs and thighs was a common punishment. Their food was of the worst quality, and insufficient to give them vigour. Mr. Pringle, in his work on South Africa, says, that when a Hottentot offended any boor or boors, he was immediately tied up to the waggon wheel, and flogged in the most barbarous manner; or if the master took a serious dislike to any of these unhappy creatures, it was no uncommon practice to send out the Hottentot on some pretended message, and then to follow and shoot him on the road. A constant course of cruelty and oppression at last drove the poor creatures to resistance. They fled into Kaffirland, leaving their families behind them, and succeeded in exciting some of the Kaffir chiefs to join in an eruption, which carried fire and slaughter along the colonial frontier. The Kaffirs are a race distinguished from the Negroes by a larger facial angle (the head being formed more like that of Europeans), a high

nose, have frizzled but less woolly hair than that of the Negroes, and a brown or iron-grey complexion, differing from the shining black of the race. They have many Arab words in their dialect, and the custom of circumcision prevails among them. They were originally called, by the Portuguese, Kaffirs, mistaking the Mahomedan term *Kafir* (heretics) for a national appellation. It is now retained by geographical writers to denote the savage tribes living eastward of Cape Colony.



The Kaffirs are a handsome, vigorous race, of simple habits; their principal food being milk in the form of curd. They use no salt; water is their only drink. They are all very fond of tobacco. Their dress is made of the skins of sheep. Ivory rings, worn on the left arms, are the principal ornaments. The women have their backs, arms, and breasts ornamented, by lacerating the skin with a sharp instrument. Both sexes sometimes paint the body red. Their



dwellings are low circular cabins, constructed by the women. Plurality of wives is allowed, but they do not generally have more than two. Cattle are of the first importance, and the chief object of affection to a Kaffir; they obey, and follow their masters like dogs.

At the age of twelve the boys are appointed to the care of cattle, and exercised publicly in the use of the javelin and the club. The girls, under the inspection of the chiefs' wives, are taught to perform



the work of the hut and of the garden. The Kaffirs are naturally of a peaceable disposition, but display great activity and skill in the use of arms when necessary. Their weapons are the assagay, the shield, and the club.

Previous to commencing hostilities, they send heralds to the enemy. They are fond of the chase, pursuing the lion and elephant. Each horde has a hereditary and absolute chief. The cupidity of the

English colonists is gradually depriving them of their territory, and driving them further and further into the interior of Africa, and this has caused them to endeavour to reclaim, at the hazard of their lives, that which belongs to them by nature, and which the English have no right to take away from them.

The Kaffirs acknowledge the existence of a Supreme Being, but they pay Him no religious worship, and have no idols. Their ideas



of a future life are vague and indistinct, but they believe, nevertheless, in spirits and apparitions, to which they sacrifice animals. They are excessively superstitious, and the Amakira, a prophet, or witch-doctor, or rain maker, exercises a most powerful influence over them. Individuals are often put to death at the instigation of these persons, and the prophet shares with the chief in the property of the victim. Some of the chiefs also pretend to the power of pro-

curing rain, and if their predictions are verified, they take the credit to themselves; but if they fail, they attribute the result to the wickedness of the people. The right of property in the soil is limited to that only which is under cultivation, but the right of pasturage is held in common by each kraal.

The huts of the Kaffirs resemble beehives in shape; they are usually from 18 to 20 feet in diameter, and from 6 to 7 feet high. Poles are stuck in the earth, and boughs are wattled in the interstices, and made to arch over at the top. They are thatched with straw, and plastered over with cowdung or clay. The fire is placed in the centre, without any aperture but the door for ventilation. The door is formed of basket-work. A few mats; coarse earthenware pots, of native manufacture, made of fine clay taken from deserted ant-hills; a rush basket, so closely interwoven as to retain liquids; and a wooden bowl or two, constitute the sole furniture of these dwellings. Milk is preserved in skins, and is not used until thick and sour, when it is deemed more nutritious. While the kaross, or cloak of sheepskin, rendered soft by currying, forms the dress of both sexes of the common people, the chiefs wear a leopard's skin by way of distinction. Lieutenant Moodie, in his "Ten Years in South Africa," says, they are elegantly formed, and so graceful, that they appear to be a nation of gentlemen. In their manners they are respectful without servility, and possess a native delicacy which prevents them from giving offence by word or action. This account is supposed to be a little exaggerated, but there can be little doubt of their being a very interesting body of people.

The part of Kaffirland which has so recently been the scene of bloodshed is called the Division of Albany; it is the smallest, but at

the same time the most important division of the eastern province, and is bounded on the east by the great fish river. Beyond is Kaffraria, from whence the Gaika tribe, the present insurgents, have commenced their attacks. This country is park-like in appearance, thickly scattered with English settlements, and in the wilder portions the ground is studded with the elegant mimosa, and other trees and shrubs of great beauty. Nothing can be conceived more delightful than the vallies, and many of the plains, and many of the ridges at midsummer (January), when the mimosa is in flower, delighting the eye with its clusters of golden blossoms, and perfuming the air.

Here the euphorbia, which in other parts of the world is a shrub, becomes a large tree. Paterson, speaking of the euphorbia, says that it supplies in part the poison with which the Kaffirs poison their arrows. Their method of making this pernicious mixture is by first taking the juice extracted from the above-named plant, and mixing it with the blood of a kind of caterpillar peculiar to another plant. The euphorbia is also used by itself for the purpose of poisoning cattle, which is done by throwing its branches into fountains of water frequented by wild beasts, which, after drinking the water thus poisoned, seldom get a thousand yards before they fall down and expire.

In 1844, the whole district of Albany was overrun by the Kaffir tribes, every village and station being invested by them, while they traversed the country at will, driving away by hundreds, and even thousands, in open day, the cattle and sheep of the inhabitants. To repress this encroachment upon the British possessions is the object of the present war.

The British have succeeded in training the Hottentots against the Kaffirs, and the ranks of that efficient body of troops, called the Cape Mounted Rifles, is composed entirely of Hottentots, who, under the drilling of Major Somerset, are very excellent soldiers. There is a tribe, also, called "Fingoe," which is in alliance with the British. It appears that Fingoe is not the natural appellation of this tribe, but a term of reproach, signifying extreme poverty and misery—a being having no claim to mercy, justice, or even life.

The present Governor of Cape Town is Sir Harry Smith, and his recent expedition to put down the rebellion, as it was called, of the Kaffirs, had for its leading object the capture of one of the principal chiefs, named Sandilla. In this, however, he was quite unsuccessful; though, at a meeting in which the principal men of Sandilla's tribe were present, Sir Harry deposed him from his chieftainship, and caused the Kaffirs to swear allegiance by the "Stick of Peace," a long staff with a brass knob, which Sir Harry makes a point of carrying about with him; but the Kaffirs seem to have an idea that "peace" is all very fine talk, when you take Kaffir land and drive the Kaffir where he gets no food for his cattle.

It seems to poor old Peter Parley, that the Kaffirs have a good deal to complain of; and that it is of little use to talk to such persons of peace, without at the same time you show them that you are ready to show them the meaning of the word justice. If a man were to break into my garden and take it away from me, it would not be of much use for him to come and talk to me about peace, and good-will, and brotherly-love, and other high-sounding virtues. I should be very likely, if I had the power, to say to the intruder, "None of your palaver if you please," and to take him by the collar

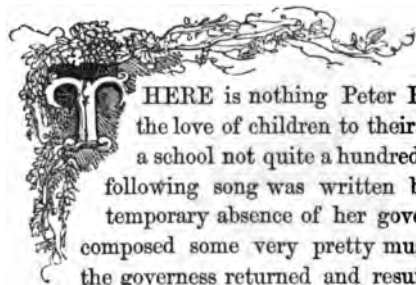
and throw him over the palings ; and, therefore, Peter Parley hopes, that on the settling of the settlers in Kaffirland, some other arguments may be used besides those of guns, swords, mortars, shrapnells, and Congreve rockets. A little fair dealing, a little love and consideration, a little justice, a little equity. So saying, I will say no more, except that there is a text which I should wish people, especially rulers, sometimes to advert to, it is this—

“ Whatsoever men should do unto you, do ye even so to them.”





## The Welcome.



HERE is nothing Peter Parley likes to see more than the love of children to their parents and teachers, and in a school not quite a hundred miles from Holly Lodge, the following song was written by a young lady during the temporary absence of her governess. Another young lady composed some very pretty music to the words, and when the governess returned and resumed her duties in the school-room, the whole of the scholars began to sing the little song. The young ladies never sung better, even under Selle's inimitable instruction, for they sung from their hearts—they felt it all. The governess was much affected. The glad voices and the warm hearts seemed to mingle in sweet harmony, and all felt that social happiness is no dream of fancy, and that its expression by musical sounds

has not its origin in the invention of man, but in the wisdom and goodness of Him who is the author of the music of the soul.



**SONG OF WELCOME TO OUR GOVERNESS.**

The time of our watching and waiting is o'er,  
And now thou art with us as ever before.  
Our warm hearts may meet thee—  
Our glad voices greet thee—  
So happy to feel thou art with us once more.



## THE WELCOME.

The hand that has led us while thou wert away  
Has guided thee ever along on thy way.

Now warm hearts may meet thee,  
And glad voices greet thee,  
So happy we are thou art with us to-day.

And now with new vigour, our hearts to sustain,  
We'll constantly seek thy approval to gain.

Our conduct shall prove thee  
How fondly we love thee,  
So happy we are thou art with us again.





## To a Mother.

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In the sweet days of other years,  
When o'er my cradle first thy tears  
Were blended with maternal fears  
    And anxious doubts for me,  
How often rose my lisping prayer,  
That heaven a mother's life would spare,  
Who watched with such incessant care  
    My helpless infancy.

Those happy hours are passed away,  
Yet fain I'd breathe an artless lay,  
To greet my mother this blessed day,  
    For, oh! it gave me birth.  
Hope whispers that it will be dear  
As seraphs' music to thine ear ;  
That thou wilt hallow with a tear  
    This tribute to thy worth.

And thy approving voice would be  
More sweet, more welcome, far, to me,  
Than greenest wreaths of minstrelsy,  
    Plucked from the Muses' bowers.  
And round this lowly harp of mine  
I'd rather that a hand like thine  
One simple garland should entwine,  
    Than Amaranthine flowers.

My childish griefs were hushed to rest—  
Those lips on mine fond kisses prest—  
Those arms my feeble form caressed,  
    When few a thought bestowed.  
When sickness threw its venom'd dart,  
My pillow was thy aching heart ;  
Thy gentle looks would joy impart,  
    With angel love they flow'd.

This world is but a troubled sea,  
And rude its billows seem to me ;  
Yet my frail bark must shipwrecked be  
    Ere I forget such friend.  
Or send an orison on high,  
That begs not blessings from the sky,  
That Heaven will hear a daughter's sigh,  
    And long thy life defend.





## Something about June.

— 68 —

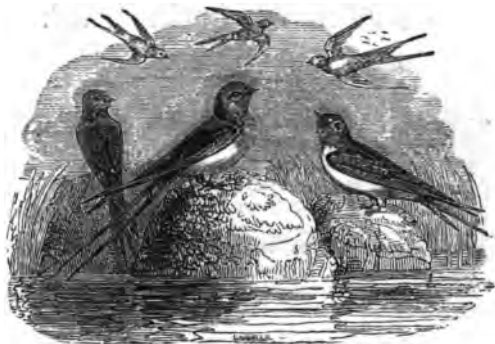
“Summer is come! Summer is come!  
The busy bee, with its joyous hum,  
Kisses the blossoms, rifles the flowers,  
And melody gives to the passing hours,  
The nightingale singeth a merry tune,  
In the soft clear light of the yellow moon.  
The lark singeth, too, on the first beam of day,  
And gladdens the heart of the sunset ray.  
All is light, all is joy, and each heart is gay,  
In the bloom of the flowers and the new-mown hay.”



ES, Summer is come—the SWALLOWS are here—say what the croakers will. Summer is come—the trees are all out and dressed. The old oaks look young again—the gnarled walnuts are fresh and green. The meadows are knee high in grass—the roses are out—the wheat is getting into ear. The gardens sparkle with marygolds, lupins, carnations, Chinese pinks, hollyhocks, lady's slipper, stocks, campanulas, perrywinkles, wall-flowers, and the prettiest of the *cornflowers*, is in fullest blossom; in short, the glory of the year is here.

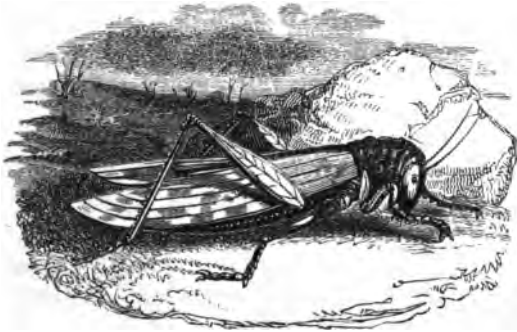
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The Saxons called June "Weydmonat, because their beastes did then weyd in the meddowes; that is to say, goe to feed there, and hereof a meadow is also in the Tutonicke, called a weyd, and of weyd we doe yet retaine our word wade, which we understand of going through watery places, such as meadows were wont to be," as Verstegan sayeth. The Saxons also called June, Woodmonath,



and wood meant weed, for then the weed springeth "lustilee." The birds are in the beginning of this month for the most part in song. The nightingale has not quite ceased. The lark, also the blackbird and the thrush, are not quite mute, and the woodlark, the blackcap, and the goldfinch, are full of music above in the tall trees, while below, we have another pleasant little singer, *i.e.*, the field-cricket, whose clear shrill voice the warm weather has now matured to its full strength, and who must not be forgotten, though he has

but one song to offer us all his life long, and that one consisting of one note; for it is a note of joy, and will not be heard without engendering its like. You may hear him in wayside banks, where the sun falls hot, shrilling out his loud cry into the still air all day long, as he sits at the mouth of his cell, and if you chance to be passing by the same spot at midnight, you may hear it there too.



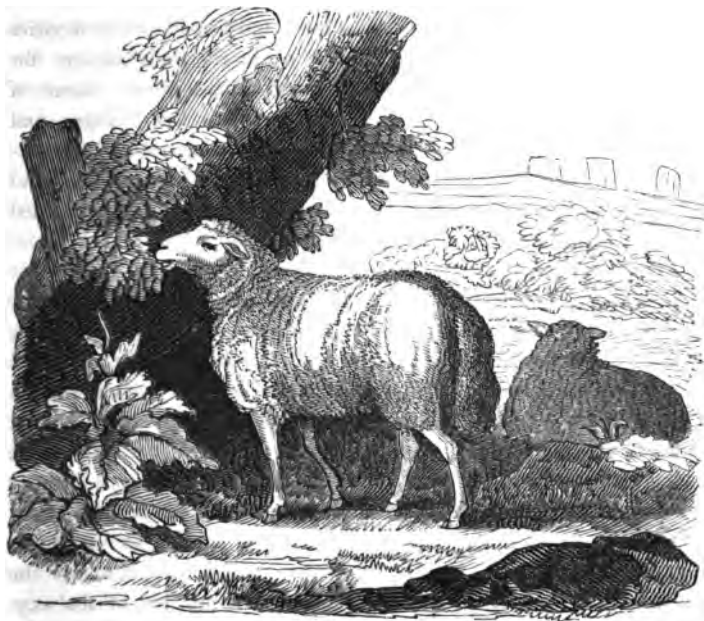
But let us have a few words on the rural occupations of the month, and especially of the two most celebrated—sheep-shearing and hay-making; and there is nothing more delightful than to engage in it. Often has Peter Parley tossed the hay about in the fields of Suffolk, in the meadows of Farmer Boroughs; and many a good roll has he had among the haycocks, and many a good day at sheep-shearing.

Sheep-shearing, if not so full of variety as the hay harvest, is still

more lively, animated, and spirit-stirring; and it, besides, retains something of the character of a rural holiday, which rural matters need in this age and in this country more than ever they did since it became a civilized and happy one. The sheep-shearings are the only stated periods of the year in which we hear of festivities and gatherings together of the practisers of English husbandry; for even the harvest home itself is fast sinking into disuse as a scene of mirth and revelry, from the want of being duly encouraged and partaken in by the great ones of the earth, without whose countenance and example it is questionable whether eating, drinking, and sleeping would not soon become vulgar practices, and be discontinued accordingly. But to our sheep-shearing.

Now, then. On the first really fine summer's day, the whole flock being collected on the higher bank of the pool formed at the abrupt winding of the waveless well stream, at the point, perhaps, where the little wooden bridge runs slantwise across it (such as we sometimes see depicted in the lovely sketches of Churchyard, the Woodbridge Gainsborough), and the attendants being stationed waist deep in the mid-water, the sheep are, after a silent but obstinate struggle or two, plunged headlong, one by one, from the precipitous bank, when, after a moment of confused splashing, their heavy fleeces float them along, and their feet moving by an instinctive art, which every creature but man possesses, guide them towards the opposite shallows, that stream and glitter in the sunshine. Midway, however, they are fain to submit to the rude grasp of the relentless washer, which they undergo with as ill a grace as preparatory schoolboys do to the same operation. Then gaining the opposite shore, heavily they stand for a moment, till the weight of water leaves

them, and shaking their streaming sides, go bleating away towards their fellows on the adjacent green, wondering within themselves what has happened. So much for sheep washing.



The shearing is no less lively and picturesque, and no less attended by all the idlers of the village as spectators. The shearers, seated in rows beside the crowded pens, with a seemingly inanimate load of



fleece in their laps, and bending intently over their work—the occasional whetting and clapping of the shears—the neatly attired housewives, waiting to receive the fleeces—the smoke from the tarketles, ascending through the clear air—the shorn sheep, escaping one by one from their temporary bondage, and trotting away towards their distant brethren, bleating all the while for their lambs, that *do not know them*—all this, with the ground of rich green, margined all round by its leafy distance, except where the village spire or ivied tower intervenes, forms altogether a charming picture, pleasanter to look upon than words can express, and more delightful to the simple heart of poor old Peter Parley, than all the driving of steam engines, power looms, machines, and fabrics of the Great Exhibition itself.

Next to a sight like this, it is a pleasure to my poor old legs to saunter at mid June beneath the shade of some old forest, where the trees unite overhead, and where you may almost lose yourself in the foliage. It gives one the idea of being transferred by some strange magic from the surface of the earth to the bottom of the sea. Overhead and around you, you hear the sighing, the whispering, or the roaring (as the wind pleases) of a thousand billows, and looking upwards you see the light of heaven transmitted faintly, as if through a mass of green water. Hither and thither, as you move along, strange forms flit swiftly before you, which may, for anything you can see or hear to the contrary, be exclusive natives of the new world, in which your fancy chooses to find itself.

Then as the gloaming comes—what do all these strange objects look like that stand silently about us in the dim twilight, some springing straight up and tapering as they ascend, till they lose

themselves in the green waters above—some shattered and splintered, leaning against each other for support, or lying heavily on the floor on which we walk—some half buried in that floor, as if they had been dead there for ages—what do all these seem but wrecks and fragments of some mighty vessel, that has sunk down here from above, and lain wasting away, till those are all that is left of it—and then the strange appearance amid the half lights. The squirrels



and the birds, scarcely distinguishable from each other, flitting about and throwing dashes of light from their furs or wings; and old trees, with their uncouth stumps, looking like hideous faces—monsters and hobgoblin looks such as frighten boys and girls—all these sights and no sights, dim sights and odd sights, are pleasing to an old rambler like myself, and I feel a melancholy delight in such scenes.

But still I like to step out into the open fields and the bright

sunshine, and behold the gay pageantry of summer beauty set before me. Everywhere about my path, whether I gambol to the warren hills or the glens of Ufford, all is delight and beauty. Now comes the eglantine—the dear native rose of England, lovely as our own Victoria—the “sweet-leaved” eglantine, the herald rose of



England, the “rain-scented” eglantine—eglantine, to whom the sun himself pays homage by “counting his dewy rosary” on it every morning. Look with what infinite grace she scatters her sweet coronals here and there among her bending branches, or hangs them, half concealed, among the heavy blossoms of the woodbine, that lifts itself so boldly above her, after having first clung to *her* for support, or permits them to peep out now and then close to the ground, and

almost hidden by the rank weeds below; or sheds out a whole archway of them, swinging backwards and forwards in the breeze, as if asking Peter Parley to pluck them. The wild rose is the queen of forest flowers, if it be only because she is as *unlike a queen* as the absence of everything artificial can make her, and it is for this reason that she stands foremost among the flowers at Holly Lodge.



But now look abroad again with me, my youngsters, for I wish to direct your attention to natural beauties, and would have you never lose sight of *them*. Look abroad, then. The woods and the groves, and the single forest trees that rise here and there from amongst the thick hedgerows, are now in full foliage; all, however, present-

ing a somewhat sombre, because monotonous, hue, wanting the tender newness of the spring, and the rich variety of the autumn; and this is the more observable because the numerous plots of uncultivated land, divided from each other by the hedgerows, are looking at a distance like beds in a garden, divided by box, being all still invested by the same green mantle; for the wheat, the oats, the barley, and even the early rye, though now in full ear, have not yet become tinged with their harvest hues. They are all alike, green, and the only change that can be seen in their appearance is that caused by the different lights into which they are thrown as the wind passes over them. The patches of purple or of white clover that intervene here and there, and are now in flower, offer striking exceptions to the above, and at the same time load the air with sweetness. Nothing can be more rich and beautiful in its effect on a distant prospect at this season than a great patch of purple clover, lying apparently motionless on a sunny upland, encompassed by a whole sea of green corn, waving and shifting about it at every wind that blows. Look at it, my young friends, and at many more delightful things of the season; and give God thanks for your eyesight, and for that "gentle spirit" which enables you to enjoy them.





SOMETHING ABOUT

THE

## Manufacture of Floor Cloth.



HE floor coverings of our early English dwellings were of a very humble description. At the first, kneaded clay, and afterwards strewed rushes, formed the principle foot cloths of our ancestors. At what period the custom of strewing rushes was discontinued it is perhaps difficult to say. There can be little doubt that the floors of our great mansions were left bare, which fact may be gathered from the various modes of inlaying them. Rude matting and a coarse kind of drugget seems to have succeeded the strewing of rushes, and to have been the common medium for covering floors, till carpets were imported from Turkey; and these were but little used, and only in the mansions of the rich, till the middle

of the last century, when the manufacture of carpets became a branch of British industry.

FLOOR CLOTH, of which we are now about to speak, is only a very recent introduction, but at the present moment the manufacture of it has reached a very great perfection in England. It seems to have been invented by that mother of all inventions, necessity; and the first floor cloths were nothing more than pieces of painted canvas, laid down in the dwellings of first-rate persons for their own comfort, and of their own making; but in a short time, it being found that such kinds of coverings to the floor were very convenient, cloth was painted in a more regular and systematic manner, and at last the painter exercised his taste by producing various patterns on the cloth, which was originally performed by means of a brush. This, however, being a tedious process, stencil plates were invented. They were composed of thin sheet metal, with the pattern cut or stamped out of them, and these being placed on the ground colour of the cloth, the brush was rubbed over them with the colour necessary for the production of the pattern, and the parts left bare or open in the stencil plates produced it with great uniformity. This process was performed much more quickly than it could have been with the mere hard labour of the brush, and from this time the preparation of floor cloth became a branch of our manufacturing industry. Invention, capital, and skill, were now brought to bear upon the subject, and a great improvement was soon effected by the substitution of wooden blocks for the stencil plates, by which a great variety of the most beautiful patterns were produced and worked with the utmost exactitude and celerity.

A floor cloth factory is generally a very large building, lofty, and

with an extensive area; and it consists of various departments, such as the canvas-room, the frame-room, colour-room, printing-room, and drying-room. In the first of these, the canvas, brought in bales from Scotland or elsewhere, is deposited till required for use. In



the frame-room, which is long, wide, and high, we see a number of vertical frames, about sixty feet long and twenty high, with spaces between them large enough to permit the workmen to pass to and fro. In the colour-room are various vessels for holding colour, which is brought from premises in the rear by pipes. In the printing-



room the cloth receives the pattern by which it is distinguished. The drying-room is generally the largest room in the factory, and is sixty or seventy feet wide, and about a hundred and twenty feet in length, and of considerable height. The floor is occupied with chalk marks, delineating the size of the pieces of cloth required to be cut.

*Process of Painting the Canvas.*—When a piece of canvas is about to be painted, it is first unrolled on the floor of the drying-room; it is next wound round a large wooden roller, which is hauled up into the frame-room by means of a pulley; and by some other ingenious machinery, and the aid of the workmen, put into a proper position for the stretching frame. This is formed of stout oaken beams; two horizontal, to form the top and bottom, and two vertical, to form the sides or ends. The roller being in an upright position it is easy to nail the end of the canvas to one of the vertical posts. This having been done, the roller is moved on the upper edge, being temporarily attached to the horizontal beam as it proceeds, by means of what are technically called quick-sets, which consist of a screw and nut, provided with a large hook at the top, and a small pointed hook at the bottom. The large hook catches hold of a rod lying at the top of the frame, while the small lower hook catches in the canvas. The canvas, being thus temporarily upheld above the roller on which it was wound, is taken away, and the second or remaining upright edge of the canvas is nailed to the other upright beam of the frame, which is loose. When the canvas has been thus nailed, screws and wedges are applied, and the canvas is stretched horizontally. It is now strongly nailed to the upper beam, and the quick-sets are withdrawn; it is next nailed to

the lower beam, and this is forced down by screws and levers, and thus the canvas is *stretched*, so to remain while the various processes of its painting are gone through.

The canvas being in this position, the upper part fifty or sixty feet from the ground, a slight scaffold is erected, upon which the workmen stand. It has generally four tiers, so that every part of the canvas can be easily reached. The first operation is to level the surface of the canvas, and to prepare it for the reception of the paint. The next process is to rub into the back of the canvas a weak solution of size, and while this is still damp, to rub over the whole cloth with pieces of pumice stone, as large as bricks, to make it perfectly smooth from the little fibrous projections of the hemp.

The next operation is to paint the back of the canvas, and the paint used for this purpose, as well as in every process of floor cloth painting, is much stiffer and thicker than ordinary paint, and has but a very small portion of turpentine in its composition. The paint is about the thickness, of treacle, and it is applied to the cloth in a very curious way. The workman holds in his left hand a stout, thick brush, and in his right hand a kind of trowel. With his left hand he splashes or *dodges* the thick paint on the canvas, and with the trowel in his right hand he draws or scrapes the paint over the surface, in such a manner that it enters into the fibres of the canvas, and the whole is at the same time made perfectly smooth and level.

After the trowel colour is laid on the back of the canvas, and when it is nearly dry, operations commence on its face. The surface is first wetted with a weak solution of size, and rubbed down with flat pieces of pumice stone as before, as preparatory to the next step. A trowel colour similar to that on the back is next laid on, and when

nearly dry pummed as before ; to this succeeds another coat, to be rubbed over in the same manner ; a third and fourth coating succeeds the two first after this, which is called the "brush colour," and which forms the ground, or foundation, upon which the printing process is worked.

We now come to the process of printing the canvas. This cannot be performed while it remains in a vertical position ; hence it has to be removed from the frame. This work is performed in a very adroit manner by means of various mechanical contrivances. The canvas is transferred to a roller, and carried up to the printing room, where it is placed horizontally at a few inches from the floor, in front of a very long work bench, and the ends of the roller being placed in the sockets of two pillars, on either side one, the canvas can be unrolled from the roller, and spread out upon the bench to be printed in successive portions.

The blocks from which the impressions of the pattern are taken are made of hard wood (generally pear tree), and are all precisely of the same size, about fifteen inches square ; and each of these blocks having to print a different colour and pattern, as parts of the general pattern to be ultimately produced, they are all exactly uniform in size. Each block is cut away in all parts except in the portion from which the impression is to be taken. The block that is to produce the sharp outline colour, generally black, is first used ; the next block may leave an impression of a blue or brown colour on some of the the intermediate spaces of the ground colour ; the third block leaves impressions of red, the fourth of green, the fifth of yellow, and this finishes the process. A pattern is produced of all the colours beautifully combined, such as we see them in the best description of floor

cloth. In some cases as many as ten or twelve colours are used, when, of course, the same number of blocks are required.

The invention of patterns for floor cloth is a matter of taste, and there are persons who obtain their living entirely by inventing them. Many ideas for patterns have been suggested by the kaleidoscope, and the mosaics of the ancients have very frequently been copied. The pattern being drawn and painted upon a sheet of paper, the different colours are separated from each other, and these fac similes, transferred to the number of separate blocks for each colour, are required for the working; the blocks are then cut by the block-cutter. After this they are soaked with oil on their upper surface, to make them work easily, and when all is ready the printing commences.

This process is performed in the following manner:—The paint being mixed to a proper consistence, is first dabbed upon a kind of cushion. The printer then takes one of the blocks, which he holds by a leathern strap handle fixed upon its upper surface, and dabs it down on the wet cushion, whereby a tolerably thick layer of paint is taken up on the projecting parts of the block which forms the first portion of the pattern; he then stamps this on the cloth, and raps it down with a kind of mallet, which he holds in his right hand. He then takes another block, containing another portion of the pattern, of a different colour, and so on till the whole pattern is completed. The roller is then turned a little, and a further portion of the canvas brought under the operation, till the whole is finished. There is a wide slit in the floor of the room, by which the printed portion of the canvas descends into another, where it hangs freely suspended and exposed to the air.

The manufacture of floor cloth has reached a great perfection in this country, and the ingenuity of the manufacturers is constantly directed to the forming of new modes of printing, and to the production of elegant patterns. Messrs. Smith and Baber, nearly opposite the Exhibition, have produced some of the finest specimens in the kingdom, remarkable not only for their extraordinary dimensions but for the elegance of their design. Several of the Eastern princes have obtained from this manufactory the most beautiful imitations of mosaic work in floor cloth, of which the Eastern palaces may well be proud, and which are great ornaments to the Exhibition.





## The First Pets.



"It is a curious mossy cell,  
Woven with twigs, and grass, and hair;  
And, 'mid the moss, six nestlings dwell,  
Concealed by apple blossoms fair,  
'Tis Bully's nest!' Bertha said;  
'His head of glossy jet I spy—  
His downy breast of softest red:  
Poor bird! I hear his whooping cry.'"



**Y** first Pet—alas! alas!—it was a bullfinch. A nest of them, six in number, was exposed for sale at the market of a country town; all in their callow down, looking the creatures of helplessness and destitution. They were stolen from their mother. Their wide gaping mouths and shrill, nervous cry made my heart ache when I was a little boy—and so the only sixpence I had was taken from my little money-box,

and I became legally master and proprietor of six little half-starved bullfinches.

Great was my delight—great was my commiseration—great my pity. Delightful were my anticipations of their songs, their tricks—for I had heard that bullfinches could be taught tricks—and of their happiness, for I fancied that I could make them happy; and in this mood of mind, with my bullfinches in my hat, and my ears sorely cold, I ran through the east wind of a dull spring day in delight.



When I got home, I began to feed my bullfinches, and when they had been well fed I began to look well over my grandfather's library to find out some book that would give me information concerning bullfinches; and I soon learned that the bullfinch, as a tenant of woods, was very generally distributed throughout Britain. It is

attached to sheltered and well-wooded districts; and in other parts of Europe, the thickest and most impenetrable forests sometimes afford it retreats; but in this country small groves, woods, and copses from its abode, and from thence it will often venture to approach our gardens, where it is accused of doing mischief to our fruit trees, by destroying the buds.

I only learned this from books; the next thing I did was to ask my good old grandfather if this account of the bird was true—for I looked up to him as the oracle of perfection in all matters, and better to be relied upon than all the books in the library—to which he replied, “That bullfinches do destroy a large number of the buds of our fruit trees there can be no doubt, but then it is probable, so far as my experience goes, that only those buds which are infected with insects are attacked; and if so, their services in the garden must be very great. In confinement, a bullfinch will eat any buds, but in its wild state it will be observed that the vegetable portion is rejected, and the enclosed insect or grub is the sole object of search. That such is the case, I have ascertained almost to a certainty, from finding that some trees are passed over without the slightest injury, while others are not quitted so long as a bud remains, and others, again, undergo a selection. I have repeatedly observed it, by examining the buds with great care, and am convinced that it does not indiscriminately destroy the produce of trees. It has been said, I know,” continued he, “that the finest trees are usually selected as the scene of its depredations; but this, if anything, is in favour of my argument, as the insects may reasonably be supposed to make their choice as well as the birds, and the birds only attack such trees as are infected by these insect pests.”



So much for what my grandfather said. But upon reading other books in the library, I took up one in which the author positively declared that bullfinches played old gooseberry with the tree buds. This author, Dr. Townsend, said that he found in the crops of several bullfinches he had *opened* (oh, the butcher!) nothing but crushed flowers; and from the quantity of buds—very little, strong buds—he found, he calculated that a bird must eat many hundreds during the twenty-four hours; and he asserted, decidedly against my grandfather's opinion, that the birds cared nothing about the insects whatever; and so, from the testimony of such persons, the bullfinch has got a very bad character, and gardeners have a great dislike to what they call the "Pick-a-Bud."

As I could not exactly determine which account was the true one, and as I found that many other authors whom I consulted told exactly different stories, and made statements perfectly contrary, I was determined to place little reliance on mere book-writers. At last, after some research, I found out one who was conscientiously exact in what he stated, and upon whom I could place the greatest reliance; and this was the amiable and truly excellent Dr. Stanley, the late Bishop of Norwich. From him I gathered a vast deal of interesting information concerning the bullfinch and its habits, and learned that the bullfinch was not so very destructive after all; and that although it did pick the buds, it also destroyed the grubs, and did a vast deal more good than harm.

Dr. Stanley also gave me some very interesting information concerning piping bullfinches. This was just the information I wanted, for it was my express ambition to teach my bullfinches to sing. He told me that the education of the bullfinch is best carried on in

Germany, where the patience and ingenuity of the people are well calculated to surmount the difficulties attending the task. In the month of June the young birds, which are sought for in the nests of wild birds, are taken when about ten days old, and brought up by a person whose care and attention to their wants render them perfectly docile; at the end of two months they begin to whistle; but their education commences earlier. The tune they have to learn is played to them repeatedly on a little instrument called a bird organ, the notes of which nearly resemble those of a bullfinch; and these birds are such close imitators, that if the bird organ be somewhat out of tune, the unpleasant effect is perpetuated in their song.

Dr. Stanley truly says, that no school can be more diligently attended by its master, and no scholars more effectually trained to their calling, than a seminary of bullfinches. As a general rule, they are formed into classes of about six each, and kept in a dark room, where food and music are administered at the same time (an excellent hint for our Government educators), so that when the meal is ended, if the birds feel disposed to tune up, they are naturally inclined to copy the sounds which are so familiar to them. As soon as they begin to imitate a few notes, the light is admitted into the room, which still further exhilarates their spirits, and inclines them to sing. When they have been under this course of instruction for some time, they are committed singly to the care of boys, whose sole business it is to go on with their education. Each boy assiduously plays his organ from morning till night, for the instruction of the bird committed to his care, while the class teacher goes his regular rounds, superintending the progress of his feathered pupils, and scolding or rewarding them in a manner which they perfectly

understand, and strictly in accordance with the attention or disregard they have shown to the instruction of their monitor. This round of teaching goes on for nine months, and at the end of this time the bullfinch can sing one, two, and sometimes three different *sirs*, very far more pleasing than those acquired by many young persons by *their* education.

When a tune is thoroughly learned, the birds retain it for their lives; but in acquiring it at first, very different degrees of capacity are shown. It has been remarked, that the more easily a bird acquires his lesson, the more ready he is to forget it—(think of that, my young masters); but when once a bird of comparative dulness has succeeded in acquiring his task, he seldom forgets it. There is encouragement for you, my worthy plodders!

The attachment shown by these birds for those who educate them would afford a good example for pupils towards their teachers, and it so happens that they always express their sense of pleasure by singing the tune they have been taught, as well as by many endearing ways. Dr. Stanley gave me a touching example of this in a story once told by Sir William Parsons, and I believe verified by that kind and good friend to the feathered and all other races—I mean Mr. Jesse. Sir William Parsons was himself a great musician, and, when a young man, possessed a piping bullfinch which he had taught to sing “God save the King.” On his once going abroad, he consigned the bird to the care of his sister, with a strict injunction to take the greatest care of it. On his return, one of his first visits was to her, when she told him that the poor little bird had been long declining in health, and was at that time very ill. Sir William, full of sorrow, went into the room where the cage was, and opening the

door, put in his hand, and spoke to the bird. The dying favourite opened its eyes, shook its feathers, staggered on his fingers, piped "God save the King," and fell dead.

A sad fate, but not so sad as that of my little pet brood. I nursed them with the tenderest care for several days—enjoyed the hope of their singing "God save the Queen"—but, alas! a cat—I can't say any more—look at the picture!





## Robin Goodfellow.

— 638 —



HO was Robin Goodfellow? a youthful friend inquired of me the other day. "A true Robin Goodfellow," I replied, "is one who goes about doing good—who does all the good he can to every one—who finds excuses for faults and frailties—who looks at the bright side of everything—who hopes when others fear—who has confidence when others despair—who makes people happy by good looks, sweet words, and kind offices—who is merry and cheerful, open-hearted, and sincere—who loves his friend and his neighbour, and does not even hate his enemy." Aye, Robin Goodfellow is a brave boy, my young masters! I wish you were all such—such as I have described. But there is a Robin Goodfellow of the old poets, of whom I fancy

you would like to know something too. He was also a merry sprite, whose character and achievements will be found in the well-known lines of Milton's "L'Allegro."

"Tells how the drudging goblin swet  
To earn his creame-bowl duly set ;  
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn  
His shadowy flail had thrashed the corn,  
That ten day labourers could not end."

But, after all, the old ballad best describes him, which said ballad has no certain accredited author. I have seen it in an ancient black-letter copy in the British Museum, in fine old black-letter, and it is entitled—

## The merry pranks of Robin Goodfellow.

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### I.

From Oberon, in fairye land—  
The King of Ghosts and Shadows there—  
Mad Robin I, at his command,  
Am sent to read the night sports here.  
What revell rout  
Is kept about  
In every corner where I go ;  
I will o'ersee,  
And merry be.  
And make good sport, with ho ! ho ! ho !

## II.

More swift than lightning I can fly  
 About this aery welkin soone,  
 And in a minute's space descrye  
 Each thing that's done belowe the moene.  
 There's not a hag  
 Or ghost shall wag,  
 Or cry ware goblins ! where I go ;  
 But Robin I  
 Their feats will spy,  
 And send them home with ho ! ho ! ho !

## III.

Whene'er such wanderers I meet,  
 As from their night sports they trudge home,  
 With counterfeiting voice I greete,  
 And call them on with me to roame.  
 Through woods, through lakes,  
 Through bogs, through brakea.  
 Or else unseen I with them go,  
 All in the nicke  
 To play some tricke  
 To stay their ill, with ho ! oh ! oh !



## IV.

Sometimes I meet them like a man,  
 Sometimes an ox, sometimes a hound,  
 And to a horse I turn me can,  
 To trip and trot about them round.  
     But if to ride  
     My back they stride,  
 More swift than wind away I go  
     O'er hedge and lands,  
     Thro' pools and ponds,  
 I whirring, laughing, ho! ho! ho!

## V.

When lads and lasses merry be  
 With possets and with juncates fine,  
 Unseene of all the companie,  
     I eat their cakes and sip their wine.  
     And, to make sport,  
     I creak and snort,  
 And out the candles I do blow;  
     The maids I kiss,  
     They shriek, "Who's this?"  
 I answer nought but, ho! ho! ho!

## VI.

And now and then, the maids to please,  
 At midnight I card up the wool;  
 And while they sleep and take their ease,  
 With wheel to threads their flax I pull  
     I grind at mill  
     Their malt up still;



## ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

I drew their hemp, I spun their tow ;  
 If any wake  
 And would me take,  
 I wend me laughing, ho ! ho ! ho !

## VII.

When any need to borrow ought,  
 We lend them what they do require ;  
 And for the use demand we nought—  
 Our own is all we do desire.  
 If to repay  
 They do delay,  
 Abroad amongst them then I go,  
 And night by night  
 I then affright  
 With pinchings, dreames, and ho ! ho ! ho ! \*

## VIII.

When lazie queens have nought to do  
 But study how to cog and lie—  
 To make debate and mischief, too,  
 'Twixt one another secretlye—  
 I mark their gloze,  
 And it disclose  
 To them whom they have wronged so.  
 When I have done  
 I get me home,  
 And leave them scolding—ho ! ho ! ho !

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\* A truly good service.—P.P.

## IX.

When men do traps and engines set  
 In loop-holes where the vermine creepe,  
 Who from their folds and houses get  
 Their ducks and geese, and lambs and sheepe;  
 I spy the gin,  
 And enter in,  
 And seem a vermine taken so,  
 But when they there  
 Approach me neare,  
 I leap out laughing, ho! ho! ho!

## X.

By wells and rills, in meadows green,  
 We nightly dance our hey-day guise,  
 And to our fairye king and queene  
 We chant the moonlight minstrelsies.  
 When larks 'gin sing  
 Away we fling,  
 And babes new-born steal as we go,  
 And elf in bed  
 We leave instead.  
 We wend us laughing, ho! ho! ho!

## XI.

From ancient times, in frolic I  
 Have nightly revelled to and fro;  
 And for my pranks, men call me by  
 The name of ROBIN GOODFELLOW!

**ROBIN GOODFELLOW.**

Fiends, ghosts, and sprites,  
Who haunte the nightes,  
The hags and goblins do me know ;  
Their deeds are bad,  
Their ways are sad,  
But mine are merry, ho ! ho ! ho !

May all my young friends emulate Robin Goodfellow in being cheerful and active—not in doing mischief but in doing good.





## Something about the Month of July.

— 838 —

“Beneath a shivering canopy reclined,  
Of aspen leaves that wave without a wind,  
I love to lie, when lulling breezes stir  
The spiry cones that tremble on the fir ;  
Or wander 'mid the dark-green fields of broom  
When peers in scattered tufts the yellow bloom ;  
Or trace the path with tangling furze o'errun,  
When bursting seed-bells crackle in the sun,  
And pittering grasshoppers, confusedly shrill,  
Pipe giddily along the glowing hill.”



OW it is, indeed, that the sun makes glorious summer. “And,” as old Spencer, the poet sayeth, “hot July comes boiling like to fire”—he might have said water, but that would not have been so poetical. But still the month is hot. “The dog-star rages.” It is hot in the day, it is hot in the night, and the earth is chapped with parching ; the little brooks are dried up ; the cattle seek the shade. But the oaks—the beautiful

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oaks—form noble canopies, with their fresh-looking leaves; and the clusters of them in Richmond Park, overlooking the cold-water esta-



blishment, are the most delightful things imaginable on a warm summer's day, and cheering is it to see that walking evergreen, the

conservator of the park, Mr. Jesse, the naturalist, to whom nature is ever familiar, and to whom we are indebted, in a great degree, for much of our park enjoyments; it is delightful to see him "holding sweet converse with the birds and flowers," as he is wont, while the bee sweeps across the heather with his gravest tone, and the gnats

"Their murmuring small trumpets sounden wide;"

while here and there the little musician in the grass touches forth his tricksey note.

"The Poetry of Earth is never dead—

When all the birds are faint with the hot sun

And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run

From hedge to hedge, about the new mown mead—

That is the grasshopper's."

It is a delightful thing to walk into the park on a fine, clear, bright summer's morning, turning eastward by the keeper's house, "quiet and alone," over the pretty upland leading to Sheen. There the sun may be seen slowly rising, bathed in the most gorgeous hues of crimson, purple, and gold. The dews feel the coming radiance, and absolutely ascend, by anticipation; at length, there is one streaming pencil of golden light, which glitters and breaks as if it were the momentary lightning of a cloud; the dewdrops at your feet are rubies, sapphires, emeralds, and opals, for an instant, and then all is gone.

If the horizon be perfectly clear, this "blink" of the rising sun (and poor old Peter Parley has observed it, although he can never see the setting sun from his own house, owing to the clusters of the trees beside his drawing-room windows) has a very curious effect. It

comes momentarily, and when it is gone, all seems darker than before. But the darkness is of as brief a duration as the light, and the rising grounds are soon brought out with a power of *chiar' oscuro*—a grouping of light and shade that never can be observed when the sun is at any height, as the shadow is from eminence to eminence, filling all the hollows.

The rising of the sun at sea is equally beautiful, and those who have not beheld the sun's rising from a mountain top, knows not how fair the scene is. Early though it be, there is a sentinel upon the Downs—a shrill whistle comes clear and sharp upon the morning breeze, which makes all the echoes of the west answer. Be not alarmed—there is no danger. No Pope or Cardinal, no Guy Faux or Cuffy. It is the note of the plover. Take up your position on some headland crag, such as abound between the rivers Deben and Ald on our eastern coast, when, from about the height of five or six hundred feet, you can look down upon the chequered beauty of the land, and the glory of the sea—when the morning fog is found white and fleecy in the valleys along the courses of the streams, and the more elevated trees, castles, and churches, show like islands floating on the watery waste, when the uplands are clear and well-defined, and the beam gilds yet higher the red way, and the streak upon the sea is that soft purple which is really no colour and every colour at the same time. Then mounts the sun, and by the time that half of his disc is above the horizon, the sea is peculiarly fine, and it is better if the view be down an estuary. In the distant offing is one level sheet more brilliant than burnished gold, on which the boats, with their dark, big, sails, as they return from the deep-sea fishing, project their streaking shadow for miles, though each seems but a speck. The lands on

the opposite sides of the estuary pay their morning salutations in soft breezes wafted across as the sun touches a point of the one here, and of the other there; for the morning sun no sooner beams out upon one part of the landscape than the little zephyrs from all the others hasten thither as if to worship; and those cross winds, rippling this way and that way, gave an opal play to the whole, while behind you, if the estuary stretches that way, it passes into a deep blue, as, from the small angle at which the rays fall, they are all reflected forward; and the very same cause that makes the water so brilliant before you, gives it that deep tint in your rear.

Presently, as the light gets abroad, the trees and buildings in lateral positions come out with a line of golden light on the eastern sides, while to the west every pane of the windows beams and blazes like a beacon fire. The fogs, too, melt away, except a few trailing fleeces over the streams and lakes, that lie sheltered beneath steep or wooded banks; and they soon fade from those also, and the mingled fields, and woods, and streams, are all arrayed in green and gold. The cottage smoke begins to twine upward in thin, blue volumes—the sheep are unfolded—the cattle sent to their pastures, and the day begins as naturally as Mr. Mitford would wish it to begin. Lose not, then, my young friends, the rising of the sun, when you can get a view of this sublime spectacle; and note, as Peter Parley has done, a few of the “odd particulars.” Note down—note down—screw into the brain—wedge into the intellect—stamp into the memory—the sights and sounds of nature, the beautiful, the touching, the glorious; entwine all with your holiest feelings, and look upwards “heavenwards,” “Godwards,” in all.

There are many things in the vegetable world to be marked and



noted in the month of July. The roses and lilies, French mary-golds, the great scarlet bean, columbines, and a host of others are in flower; while abroad, in the hedgerows and meadows, the bramble, button-wood, climbers, and broom, are in blossom. Pimpernel, cockle, and fumatory are now to be found in the corn fields, the harebell on waste or roadsides, the foxglove and the luxuriant hop is flowering. The fruits also begin to abound. The strawberries are in their greatest quantity and perfection, and gooseberries and raspberries have a world of juices for us. Currants—oh! how Peter Parley likes currants! A handsome bunch of them, red or white, looks like pearls or rubies, and an imitation of it would make a most graceful earring, worthy the sweetest of the Crabbes.

Now is the weather for bathing, and I would advise my young friends to take advantage of it; but, at the same time, to take care how they go in, and also to take care to come out again. In my "Book of Sports" they will find good advice concerning this subject. As to the girls, they ought to have baths, or bathing places, as well as the boys. There is, perhaps, no one thing that so equally contributes to the three graces—health, beauty, and good temper—as bathing; to health, in putting the body into its best state; to beauty, in clearing and tinting the skin; and to good temper, in rescuing the *spirits* from the irritable tyranny of the *nerves*, which nothing else allays in so quick and entire a manner.

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MOST of my young readers who have read "Parley's Geography," know where the Carribean sea is. Those who do not, will do well to find it out before they read the authentic story I am about to relate to them.

The good ship, or rather schooner "Enterprise," was bound for Trinidad, in the island of Cuba, with a miscellaneous cargo. She left London in November, and in the middle of January found herself safe among the Caribbean Islands. Her master's name was Dean Colet, a name famous in the annals of schools. He was a shrewd, bold, enterprising man, about 30 years of age, and always kept a good look out a-head.

It was looking towards the stern, or over the windward quarter, that the "Dean," as he was jocosely called on board, saw a strange sail, which looked what is called suspicious. He viewed her through the glass very attentively for a few minutes, and then said to the

mate, Joe Row, that he "didn't like the cut of her jib, no how." Joe then took the glass, and after peering into the vessel for some seconds, cried out by "Cook's-puddings and rolling-pins, she's no better than she should be."

"That's the case with most of us," replied the Dean, "and if she's no worse than that, she's—"

"Fiddlesticks and fire-arms," said Joe, "she has got her long sweeps out, and is bearing down upon us with every inch of canvas



she can muster; and in less than an hour she will brush us with her whiskers, depend upon it. If she be'ent a sharp-shooter my name ain't Joe. Captain, look at her now; I can see the cut of her entire. There are two carronades on her forward, and as many more aft, no doubt. Those forward are twelve-pounders; and—"

"What colours does she show, Joe!"

“Mexican! Mexican! but they don’t seem as if they belong to her. She is a blowed ugly looking warment as ever swam the waters, and no mistake,” said Joe; and gave the glass back to the captain.

“What’s to be done?” said the Dean, looking inquiringly at the mate. “There are but five of us, and we have not much to defend ourselves with. The two old carronades won’t do much, Joe; and very likely they out-number us by fifty, as regards hands, for there seems quite a swarm on board.”

“Let’s look at her again, captain,” said Joe, and took the glass in his hand. As soon as he had put it to his eye, he exclaimed, with great vehemence. “As sure as eggs is eggs, there’s a pretty kettle of fish! Why, captain, as sure as I’m a sinner, there’s enow of ’em to eat us all alive for dinner. They are bobbing up and down the decks, and getting ready for an onslaught, as if they meant it. Get up your cutlasses, and ram the old carronades up to the muzzle; we’ll pepper them.”

“It would be madness against such a force,” replied the Dean; “we have no chance but to submit; and—”

“Submit!” why, where the dickens did you learn that word, captain. ’Tisn’t in a nautical dictionary of the English people, I’m sartain sure. Why, captain, there are five of us, and if we five can’t pepper fifty outlandish scarecrows, as I know they are, we are no Englishmen.”

“Very brave talk, my fine fellow,” rejoined the captain. “A thing easier said than done; but, if the other men are as brave as you are, we will try. Call ’em to the gangway.” And so Joe beckoned the rest of the crew, and, in a few words, the captain told

them what they had to expect, and asked whether they would give up the ship and cargo, or fight for her?

"Fight like Britons!" said the youngest of the crew; "let's have a look at the rascals:" saying which he seized the telescope, and directed it towards the suspicious craft; but he soon took it away from his eye, and with a very coarse oath, said there were a hundred of 'em.

"So much the better," said Joe; "the thicker the grass the better it is to mow. But she comes on apace; she is not more than four miles astern. Shall we arm and prepare?"

"We had better make no resistance," said an old sailor, with grey hair; "If we make resistance we shall all be massacred. If you only kill one of those wretches they will revenge it by the destruction of the whole crew."

"Only kill one! If you will take my advice you will kill a dozen at the first fire. Put half a hatfull of bullets into Old Towler, and give him a good mouthful of gunpowder, and he will spit at 'em, I'll warrant ye. So get your cutlasses, my boys—bulldogs and long-pods—is it so, captain?"

"Yes, yes;" replied the Dean, "it is our duty to defend the property of our owners with our lives—and 'England expects every man to do his duty.'"

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" said the crew, and immediately ran below to arm themselves for the conflict.

It was fortunate that part of the cargo consisted of warlike weapons, consigned to a house in Trinidad, for the royalists of Cuba, who were engaged in putting down a rebellion in that state. These consisted of long culverins, blunderbusses, revolver pistols, and rifles.

Cases of them were immediately got up, and the captain and crew began to load them with the greatest rapidity. The long culverins, to the number of three dozen, were well charged, and distributed *fore* and *aft*; every man stuck himself round with common pistols, while those dreadful weapons, the "revolvers," of which there were six cases, of twenty-five each, were placed at different parts of the deck, loaded to their muzzles. The hammocks and bedding were then brought up, and formed into a bulwark round the sides of the "Enterprise," and the two carronades brought over to the starboard quarter, so as to give the pirate a salute as she approached.

By the time these preparations were made, the piratical vessel, for such she now proved to be, was not quite a mile off. The "Enterprise," however, though determined to fight if necessary, made all the sail she could to get away without fighting; but the long sweeps, or oars, of their enemy, gave them the advantage, and in less than half an hour she was within hail; and truly formidable did she appear. She was manned with a set of piratical ruffians, at least fifty in number, armed with muskets, blunderbusses, cutlasses, long knives, and dirks. She had four carronades, two twelve, and two six-pounders, the whole forming a force not to be despised.

In a few minutes she neared the "Enterprise," and the pirate captain peremptorily ordered the "Enterprise" to send the captain and mate aboard. The command was given in Portuguese, which language Joe Row understood, and immediately replied he would see them at old Davy Jones's locker first!"

The pirate then said—"If you dont send your boat aboard in five minutes I will sink you."

To which Joe replied by advising him to go and sink his grand-

mother, and adding to that advice the very expressive, but by no means classical (although we do see it on the Egyptian monuments), gesture of putting the thumb to his nose and extending his fingers. Before, however, he could quite perform this feat—bang went the pirate's twelve-pounder, and crash went the schooner's topmast.



“Now’s your time, my boys,” said the captain, and in a moment the “Enterprise’s” two carronades were fired off with terrific effect. They had been loaded to the muzzle with every kind of missile, and did great slaughter among the crew of the pirate; several were seen to fall, and the blood flowed from many others. “Load again

quickly," said the Dean. While they were so loading another shot came from the pirate, which went slap through the companion, and carried away part of the bulwarks of the larboard quarter. In return the "Enterprise," by the next discharge of her two carronades, killed a great many of the pirate's men and wounded others, so that their numbers were visibly reduced; but this circumstance seemed to exasperate the survivors in a marvellous manner. Their vociferations were terrible—their eyes glared with a desire of vengeance—and they were seen to run about the decks in a wild kind of fury.

The Dean took notice of this, and called out to his crew—"They are as hot as pepper, be you as cool as cucumbers; don't throw away your fire, lads; give it them right in the chops again. Starboard! Joe, starboard!" to Joe, who was at the helm; "Don't let them run on board of you."

"Never fear, sir," said Joe.

To run on board of the "Enterprise" was the evident intention of the pirate, whose captain thought by doing so to rush with all his crew upon the small muster of the "Enterprise," and he steered so as to lay his vessel alongside; but Joe, with a dexterous twist of the helm, brought the old schooner upon another tack, close up to the wind, while the pirate swept past them like an arrow, not, however, without receiving a volley from the blunderbusses, revolvers, and rifles, which made her crew cut about the decks all sorts of strange capers, and again reduced their number.

The two vessels were now at a considerable distance from each other. The "Enterprise" shooting up to windward with that steadiness for which schooners are remarkable; the pirate falling off



to leeward a considerable distance, owing to a want of good seamanship in the commander. This gave the people of the "Enterprise" an opportunity to load the carronades, and to make such preparations for a second attack as would tease their enemies a little longer.

"How shall I keep her, captain?" said Joe.

"In the wind's eye, if possible," replied the Dean. "Keep her close up, my boy, and bring the carronades aft, that we may give them another turn if they come within range. Keep her up, Joe."

"Aye, aye, sir!" responded Joe; "but I'm afraid the wind won't keep as long master, and she will be aboard of us again in spite of our clipping. She is about at last, and has again got her sweeps out."

"Never mind! we did well this bout, and, perhaps, may do better next."

In the latitude in which these vessels were sailing the wind frequently dies away for a considerable period of time, and such was the case now. The sails of the "Enterprise" were no longer seen to fill out, while those of the pirate were hanging flat against the masts. The ships were more than half a mile apart, and might have remained so for days had it not been for the long sweeps, or oars, which were now vigorously plied by the pirate's people. The "Enterprise" was quite deficient of this mode of propulsion, while their enemy managed to get three sweeps out on either side, and came onward with slow but no less certain progress, while the schooner lay like a log on the water.

"If we can get another good go at them," said Joe, "and keep

them at arm's length for half an hour, we'll riddle them like a cullender."

"She's coming on right abaft," said the captain; "we must try to rake her with both carronades. Put a couple of bar-shot above the round, and don't let fly till she gets within twenty yards. As soon as you have delivered the pills, all men aft, and pepper away with the small arms. Move 'em down close to the himmacle, and fire away your revolvers as quick as you can pick them up. And you, Joe, lash your helm midships and help 'em."

"Won't I, captain," said Joe; "and if I can pick off that lowering, cut-throat-looking rascal in the red breeches I think I shall 'do the state some service.' I'll give him a touch of the six, depend upon it." Joe meant by this expression that he intended to give the pirate's captain the entire benefit of one of the revolver pistols, which had six barrels.

The pirate had now reached within about a hundred yards of the schooner. Joe was watching her very attentively, and seeing that she swerved a little from her direct line, owing to the unsteady pulling of the rowers, he cried out, with great confidence, "If you let me deliver, captain, I think I can shave her on the starboard bow. We shall have plenty of time to load again before she comes up. Do let me have one go at her."

"With all my heart, lad," and the captain and mate both rushed to the carronades, and were about to point them at the pirate, when—smoke—bang—crash—away went the schooner's foremasts!

"Hurrah!" replied the crew.

"Never mind—give it them," said the captain, without being at all disconcerted. The carronades were brought to bear, and first one

and then the other told fearfully upon the enemy, carrying away part of her bows and bulwarks, and crippling several of the men at the long sweeps.

“Well done! load again and give them another,” shouted the Dean, and in an incredible space of time, with the utmost coolness and silence, the guns were again charged and delivered their shot, which swept the decks of the pirate, and several of the wretches fell never to rise again.

But the sweeps were again manned, and the foe came steadily on, and the decks still presented an overpowering number of assailants, who stood ready with their fire-arms to deal death and destruction to the puny crew of the “Enterprise,” and nothing but annihilation seemed possible. But sustained by a noble courage and a high sense of duty, which directed them to fight their ship to the last, Captain Colet and his men commended themselves to heaven, and asked for courage and strength to defend themselves; they arranged themselves between the old beds and hammocks they had hastily thrown up as a barricade against the small shot of the enemy, and prepared to open a deadly fire upon them.

The carronades had been again loaded—not as before, with large shot, but with a quarter of a peck of bullets in each; as the object now was not so much as to disable the ship as to destroy the murderous crew. At last she came within twenty yards of the schooner, so that you might see the white part of the eyes of the sea robbers. A crashing fire from the two guns quickly following each other, laid several of the pirates low, and this was immediately succeeded by the discharge, in quick succession, of the loaded small-arms, muskets and rifles, laid close at hand. The pirates fell by twos and threes.

Joe took a double-barrelled rifle in his hand, and, at the second discharge, picked off the pirate captain, who fell screaming a most bitter curse.

"It's all up with you, my boy," said Joe; at the same time a ball whistled close to his right ear, and took it completely off.

"Pick off the men at the sweeps," said the captain, "and keep her off;" and the schooner's fire was now directed towards the rowers; and so effective was it, that in five minutes every one of them on the starboard side was disabled, and the pirate swung round in a helpless condition.

"They can't get at us yet," cried Joe; let's try and load the bulldogs again, captain; if we can get a good hit at them once more, who knows but we might beat them off." So the old man who was afraid set to work to load the carronades, while the captain, Joe, and the other two men, kept up an incessant fire with small arms upon the enemy.

By this determined resistance the fire of the pirate began to decline, and discomfiture was to be seen in their looks. This discomfiture was turned into consternation at the next well-directed fire of the two carronades, which shattered the pirate's bow so much that the water began to run into her. The loss of their captain also had a most disheartening effect upon the crew; who, although still mustering about twenty men, four times the number of the crew of the "Enterprise," began to show signs of running away. Four men were put the oars, and the craft was pulled round with the intention of getting out of harm's way, and their firing had almost ceased.

"Give it them again while there is time," cried the Dean; and again the boom of the guns spoke of horror, and the cracking of the

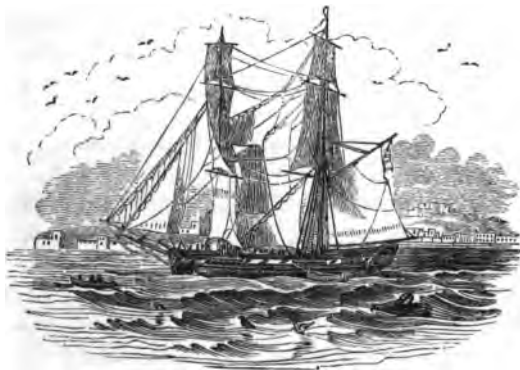
small arms of death. Seveval more of the pirates fell as they were sheering off. The small crew of the "Enterprise" gave a loud huzza; the carronades were loaded and fired several times, till the pirate was out of the reach of their shot.

"This has been a warm day's work, captain," says Joe, as he rammed down the last plug into the cannon. "And here we are, tight and steady, and ready for them again at any time; and precious warment they are too—gingerbread nuts and rattlesnakes! if we had but held them close for another half-hour, we would have taken the wind-peg out of them; and now, captain, let us splice the main-brace."

And so, not being members of the temperance society, like Captain Barret, the crew drew together over the main hatchway, and filled a bumper to the Queen of England, and sang "Rule Britannia" in as fine a style as the monks of St. John of Sheen on a stump bedstead.

After their mutual congratulations were over, and the Dean had enlogised the conduct of his brave little band, Joe was ordered to set the whole down fairly on the log; and, as the evening was drawing on, thoughts were taken for the night. The "Enterprise" lay sorely disabled upon the almost moveless ocean. Her fore and main-masts had both been shot away, and hung over her sides in pitiable condition. Her bulwarks were beaten in, her companion smashed to pieces, and her compass rendered useless; besides which, there were several shot-holes in her hull, not very far from the water line, which, when the sea rose, as it was very likely to do, would, by reason of the swell, admit more water than could be easily got rid of. These were therefore quickly plugged, the rigging was cut clear

from the masts, a couple of jury-masts rigged from the spars, and sails fitted on them before the sun went quite down into the sea. This work was almost as hard work as beating off the pirate, but the brave crew performed it cheerfully and readily, and had the satisfaction, at the close of the day, to see their craft ready to tak advantage of any breeze that might spring up to aid them.



The crew of the pirate were not so well employed. They had much to do to get rid of their dead and wounded. Those in whom life was extinct were thrown overboard at once, and those who appeared to show but faint signs of recovery, were knocked on the head and put out of the way, to save trouble. Upon mustering [all hands it was found that, out of fifty-four persons who had formed the crew, only twenty-four were left, thirty having been either killed or desperately wounded in the encounter. The captain had been

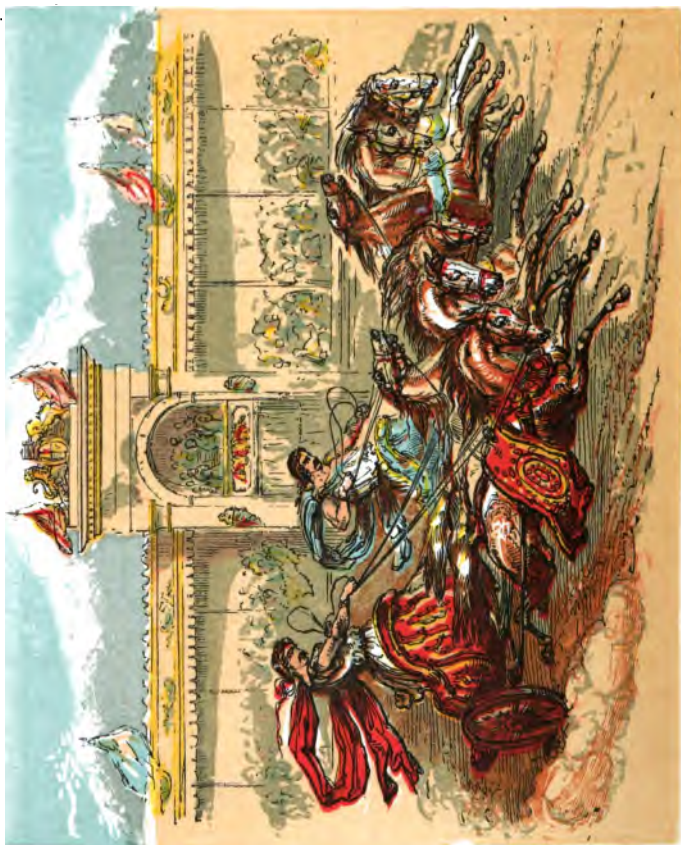
slain, but his place was supplied by a Spaniard named Santeno, who was both crafty and bloodthirsty, and who vowed vengeance against the "Enterprise" could he by any means make himself master of her, a deed he by no means despaired of.

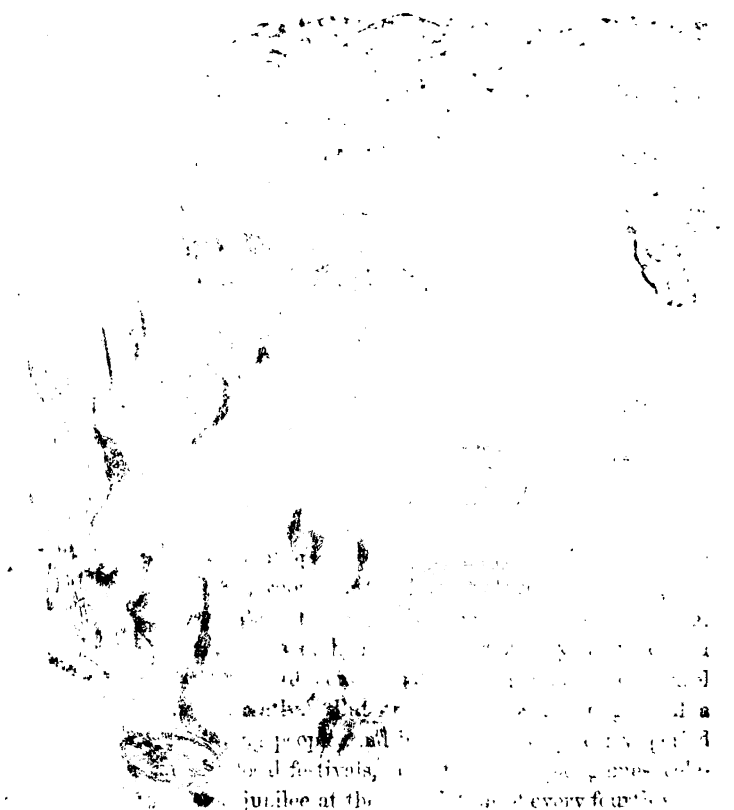
What took place afterwards with regard to these two vessels will form the subject of another chapter.











...the fields of war, you are not only safe from  
 ... Class Palace, us 1 for a ...  
 ...the finest enemies in the common on ...





## The Hippodrome:

WITH SOMETHING ABOUT

# THE ANCIENT GAMES.



HE ancient sports of the Greeks and Romans were very different to the modern ones of the English. They did not tolerate pigeon shooting, or dog fighting, or rat killing, or duck hunting—but they had no Grand Exhibition like ours, and in that particular we excel them greatly. But the Greeks were in general a vivacious, pleasure-loving people, and began at a very early period to mark their time by local festivals, and the Olympic games celebrated a great national jubilee at the completion of every fourth year. These games, which, in the midst of war, were not only signals for a general truce, but, like our Glass Palace, used for a fraternal commingling of the fiercest enemies in the common enjoyment of sports,

pastimes, and festivities, which had a most healing and humanizing effect upon the whole Grecian people, while they enlivened their chronology with pleasing remembrance of the past, and joyous anticipation of the future.



The festivals and public games took place in different parts of Greece, and, being open to the participation of every inhabitant of the country, might be strictly termed national. The most celebrated of them were, the Olympic, the Pythian, the

Nemean, and the Isthmian. The first were dedicated to Jupiter; the second to Apollo; the third to Archemorus, originally, though renewed, in honor of Hercules, after the destruction of the Nemean lion; the fourth, which took their name from the Isthmus of Corinth, where they were celebrated, were consecrated to Neptune, and others to Minerva.

These were the four great solemn public festivals of the Greeks, which, by instilling into them, at a rude and barbarous era, a disinterested love of fame (for the *noblest reward was a simple laurel leaf, or wreath*), by inspiring them with a love of the arts, and by imbuing them with the spirit of social life, contributed not less to their aggrandisement over other nations than to the advancement of civilisation among themselves.

The Pythian games, according to some writers, were instituted by Apollo himself, in commemoration of his victory over the serpent, Python. They were celebrated near the temple of Delphi, and originally celebrated once in nine years, and afterwards once in every five years. Originally, they consisted in simply a musical contention, wherein he who best sang the praises of Apollo obtained the prize, which was a garland of the palm tree, or of beech leaves.

The Nemean games are ascribed to Hercules, who is supposed to have instituted them after his destruction of the Nemean lion. They occurred every third or fifth year, and consisted of foot, chariot, and horse racing; boxing, wrestling, and gymnastic contests of every kind, to which were subsequently added singing and music. The conqueror was rewarded with a crown of olive until the time of the war against the Medes, when a check experienced by the Greeks occasioned them to substitute parsley, which was a funereal plant.

The Isthmian games attained the greatest magnificence under the Romans; for, besides the exhibition I have enumerated, they introduced the hunting of wild beasts, collecting for that purpose the most uncommon animals from every quarter of the world. These games, which furnished an epoch to the Corinthians and neighboring people, were held so inviolable, that even a public calamity could not prevent their celebration. When Corinth was destroyed by Mummius, the Roman general, they continued to be observed with no other alteration than that the right of superintendence was transferred to the Sicyonians, although it was subsequently restored to the Corinthians. Not long after this occurrence, during the performance of the Isthmian games, the victorious Romans, by an act of generosity, made a public and solemn restoration of liberty to the whole of Greece. Our old school friend, Livy, shall relate this event.

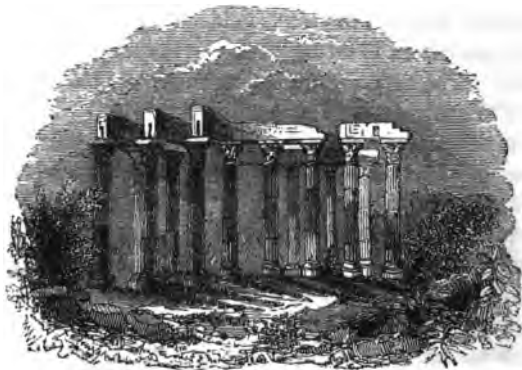
He says, "An innumerable multitude of people had crowded to the Isthmian games, either attracted by the natural passion of the Greeks for public shows, or by the accessibility of the place, which, being between two seas, allowed an easy approach from all quarters. The Romans having taken their place in the assembly, the herald advanced into the middle of the arena, and having procured silence to the sound of trumpets, pronounced aloud the following decree:— 'The Senate, the Roman People, and the General (Titus Quintus Flaminius), after having conquered the King of Macedonia, declare, that henceforth the Corinthians, and all the people of Greece, formerly subjected to the dominions of Philip, shall enjoy their liberty, their immunities, and their privileges, and shall be governed by their own laws.' Filled with astonishment, doubting their own ears, and taking for a dream that which had passed before their eyes, the

people gazed for some moments at one another, and then, calling upon the herald to repeat his announcement, pressed tumultuously around him, that they might not only hear but see the proclaimer of their liberty. After the herald had repeated the same formula, the whole assemblage abandoned themselves to an ungovernable transport of joy, filling the air with such loud and reiterated acclamations, that it was easy to see that they valued their liberty as the most precious of all boons." In confirmation of this remark, our old school book adds, that it even took away the enjoyment of the impending games, since they could neither hear, see, talk, and think of nothing but their newly-proclaimed liberty. This great event occurred 194 years before Christ. The Isthmian games entirely ceased about the year 130 of the Christian era.

The Olympic games were by far the most solemn and magnificent of all the ancient festivals. They were, it is said, first celebrated in honour of Jupiter Olympus, after his defeat of the Titans. Others, however, attribute them to Hercules; but, be this as it may, it seems certain that, having fallen into desuetude, they were revived and enlarged by the advice of Lycurgus, and the orders of a king of Elis, named Iphitus, who, being deeply affected at the calamities under which his country was then suffering, consulted the oracle of Delphi for a remedy, and was told by the Pythoness, that the safety of Greece depended upon the re-establishment of the Olympic games, the non-observance of which solemnity had drawn down the indignation of the god to whom they were dedicated. There was probably more truth, and certainly more wisdom than usual, in the answer of the oracle; for, as the celebration of the games was to be preceded by a general truce of all the states at enmity with each



other, the prediction was accomplished, to a certain extent, by this preliminary measure; while the amicable intercourse of the hostile parties was sure to soften the asperities of war, and not unlikely to produce a lasting peace. The first of these stated Olympiads, which constitutes the earliest, regular, and authentic notation of time among the heathens, occurred in the year of the world 3208, being 505 years after the taking of Troy, 776 years before the birth of Christ, and 24 years before the foundation of Rome.



The Olympic festivals lasted five days, and commenced at the next full moon after the summer solstice. They were held at the city of Olympia, in Elis, in the neighbourhood of which city was the hippodrome, the stadium, and the sacred grove, containing the celebrated temple of the Olympian Jupiter, together with the theatre and other buildings appropriated to the games. The city of Olympia,

now completely in ruins, was situated at the right bank of the Alphæus, near and at the foot of an eminence called the Mount of Saturn, at an easy distance from the Ionian Sea. Within the Altis, which was a sacred wood surrounded by walls, stood the temple of Jupiter, containing the celebrated colossal statue of that deity by Phidias, besides an infinite variety of columns, trophies, triumphal cars, innumerable statues in brass or marble, mostly being raised to the victors in the games, whose exploits were thus recalled to the assembled citizens, and handed down to posterity through successive generations.



For some days previous to the festival, crowds were seen flocking to Olympia in all directions, by sea and land, from every part of Greece, and even from the most distant countries; for there was no part of the earth to which the fame of the Olympic games had not penetrated, and few people who were not intensely anxious to become

spectators of them. The ceremonies opened in the evening, with sacrifices upon all the altars, which were adorned with festoons, the principal offerings being reserved for the grand altar of Jupiter. These were upon a very magnificent scale, all the principal cities of Greece sending victims for the Olympian Jupiter. The ceremonies were performed by the light of the moon to the sound of instruments and every solemnity was employed that could awaken and mix up in admiration, and inspire reverence in the multitude. At midnight, when they ended, most of the spectators, with an eagerness that never deserted them during the whole festival, ran instantly to secure places in the course, the better to enjoy the spectacle of the games, which were to commence at daybreak.

The Eleæan people, represented by judges, termed "hellanodichs," had the entire direction of everything appertaining to the festival, being invested for the occasion with plenary authority to keep in perfect order that vast assembly; but whether their police were like ours, is not now very easily determined. But as people of all ranks and from every region and colony of Greece came to the festival, the "hellanodichs," clothed in purple robes, and bearing the usual ensign of magistracy, seems sometimes to have exercised a sort of Papal power, and did exactly what they pleased by the assumption of the will, introducing new games, or modifying the old ones. They, however, never adopted the cruel gladiatorial shows of the Romans; and when a citizen once thought proper to propose publicly the introduction of these games, in order, as he said, that Athens might not be inferior to Corinth.—"Let us first," cried an Athen, with vivacity, "let us first overthrow the altar of Pity, which our ancestors set up more than a thousand years ago!"

I will now endeavour to inform my young readers concerning the order of these celebrated games, but, before I do so, would wish to give them some notion of the appearance of Olympia and its neighbourhood at the period of the sports. The whole was an open



country, and more especially the banks of the Alphæus bore the semblance of a vast encampment, from the great number of seats set up to accommodate the visitors. It was a great fair with its dealers,

showmen, mountebanks, and exhibitors of all sorts. River and sea were covered with innumerable vessels, the shore with carriages and horses ; spectators were thronging from all quarters of the earth, and and in every possible variety of costume, some conducting victims for the Olympian Jupiter, some deputed to publish edicts, others coming to display their vanity and ostentation, or to distinguish themselves by their superior talent and knowledge. Here, sculptors, painters, and other artists exhibited specimens of their skill ; there rhapsodists were to be seen reciting fragments of Homer and Hesiod ; while the porticos of the temples and all the walks among the groves were crowded with sophists, philosophers, poets, orators, and historians, arguing with one another, reciting their productions, and pronouncing eulogies on their respective countries.

The Olympic course was divided into two parts, the stadium and hippodromus ; the former of which was an elevated open causeway, six hundred feet long, being appropriated to the foot races and most of the combats, while the latter was reserved for the chariot and horse races. Pausanius describes the whole with great vivacity. He says, " At the first dawn of day we repaired to the stadium, which was already filled with athletæ, exercising themselves in preparatory skirmishes, and surrounded by a multitude of spectators, while others, in still greater numbers, were stationing themselves confusedly on a hill in form of an amphitheatre above the course ; chariots were flying over the plain ; on all sides were heard the sounds of trumpets and the neighing of horses mixed with the shouts of the multitude."

The candidates having undergone an examination by the judges that they were clear from all immoral stains, were led to the statue

of Jupiter, within the Senate House, and there sworn that they were freemen, and duly qualified to engage, solemnly vowing not to employ any unfair means, but to observe all the rules with sincerity. After this, they returned to the stadium, and took their stations by lot, when the herald demanded, "Can any one reproach these *athletæ* with having been in bond, or with leading an irregular life?" A profound silence generally follows this interrogatory, and the combatants became exalted in the estimation of the assembly, not only by this universal testimony of their moral character, but by the consideration that they were free, unsullied champions of the respective states to which they belonged; not engaged in any vulgar struggle for interested or ordinary objects, but incited to competition by a noble love of fame, and a desire to uphold the renown of their native cities in the presence of assembled Greece.

The prize of the simple foot race in the stadium, as it was the most ancient, was deemed the most honourable of any; so much so, that the name of victor was generally associated with the Olympiad, and greeted with it by writers and historians, a great and gratifying distinction. To vary the diversions of the stadium, foot races were afterwards performed by children, by aged men, and by *athletæ*, who ran twelve times its length. None of the victors were crowned till the last day, but at the end of the race they carried off a branch of palm—an emblem of their insuperable vigor and resolution in triumphing over difficulties. In order to excite the greater emulation, the olive crowns as well as the palm branches were deposited on a table of gold and ivory, placed within view of the competitors and of the whole assemblage. On his receiving the palm, every one pressed forward to see and congratulate the victor; his friends and

relations embraced him with tears of joy, and lifting him on their shoulders, held him up to the applause of the spectators, who strewed handfuls of flowers over him. The gymnastic exercises which bore the name of the Pentathlon, consisted of leaping, running, quoiting, darting, and wrestling, the precise form and manner of which it is unnecessary to detail. It included the *cæstus*, a cruel and dangerous species of boxing, in which the hands and arms were furnished with gauntlets, loaded with lead or iron; but as the victor was generally stained with blood, it was never held in much estimation by the Greeks.

Of the horse and chariot races, and of the hippodrome, I shall give a particular account in another chapter.





## Something about the Month of August.

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" The ears are filled, the fields are white,  
The constant harvest-moon is bright.  
To grasp the bounty of the year  
The reapers to the scene repair;  
With hook in hand and bottles slung,  
And dewless scythes beside them hung ;  
The sickles stubble all the ground,  
And fitful, hasty laughs go round ;  
And meals are done as soon as tasted,  
And neither time nor viands wasted.  
All over ; then the barrels foam—  
The ' largess ' cry—the harvest home."



UGUST was the first month in the Egyptian year. The Romans named it after Augustus, their emperor. Our Saxon ancestors called it Arn-monat, arn being the Saxon word for "corn," whence our word "barn." It is still, notwithstanding the change of seasons, the month of harvest. The crops usually begin with rye and oats, proceed with wheat, and finish with



peas and beans. "Harvest Home" is still the greatest rural holiday in England; and if you will refer to my "Intellectual Reading Book" you will find the subject well illustrated. Our ancestors were more enthusiastic about it than we are, although they had corn a great deal lower than fifty shillings a quarter. They were more grateful than we are to the "Giver of the harvests." They made merry in



their hearts unto the Lord. They crowned the wheat-sheaves with flowers; they sung, they shouted, they danced; they invited each other, or met at feasts, as at Christmas, in the halls of rich houses; and what was a very amiable custom, and wise beyond the commoner wisdom that may seem to be on the top of it, every one that had been concerned (man, woman, and child,) received a little present—ribbons, laces, or sweetmeats.

If we now look abroad on nature, we shall find that the whole face of nature has undergone a considerable change since last month. The rich green of the corn-fields has turned to a pale yellow, or a rich gold colour, more conspicuously on account of the contrast it now offers to the lines, patches, and masses of green with which it everywhere lies in contact, in form of intersecting hedge-rows, intervening meadows, and bounding masses of forest.



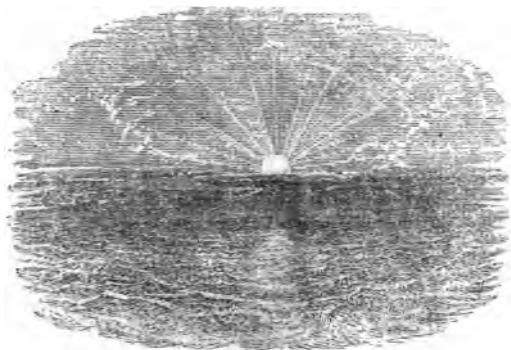
There are some singular phenomena connected with this month, among which is the "mirage," of which it will be not out of place to say a few words to my young friends. As the heat of the day increases, during the hot days of this month the land-wind, which, during the night, is steady near the shore when the weather is serene and settled, subsides to a calm; the surface of the water in the offing becomes as smooth as glass, and the vessels "loom out" as if they were lifted into the air; masts and sails that were not before visible come into sight without approaching any nearer in distance; and

some of the air-suspended vessels throw their whole inverted reflections upon the water as if two ships (the counterpart of each other) were suspended keel by keel, or supported on the top of the masts. Sometimes also a ship, which, in reality, is wholly hidden by the convexity of the sea, will appear in the air in an inverted position; sometimes a second ship will be formed immediately over the first, but always reversed with respect to it; and these will sometimes be in contact, sometimes at some distance from each other, and sometimes the lower ship that has the keel uppermost will seem as if only a part of her masts and sails were above the horizon. In particular states of the atmosphere, coasts and castles, and even considerable portions of scenery, which are without the range of the sea's margin, will appear inverted in the air.

All these appearances, though to the unreflecting they appear prodigies, are modifications of that very simple cause by which the moon shines, or one sees one's face in a mirror, and they are indications that the air where they take place is very much loaded by vapour, so much so, that though not so collected into masses as to be in a state of haze or fog, it is probably as abundant in quantity within an equal space, and thus forms an invisible mirror, from which the images are reflected. The same thing, in principle, happens every morning and evening. The refraction of the atmosphere (that is, its power of bending the rays of light), brings the sun into sight before it actually comes to the horizon, retains it after it is actually below, and occasions the twilight, which both precedes and follows the actual presence of the sun.

These refractive powers are always the greater the more completely that the atmosphere is loaded with moisture, and the more free that

it is from agitation by the winds, the action of which prevents the formation of the image, in the same manner that a lake does not reflect the scenery on its banks when the breeze ruffles its surface, or that one cannot see the reflection of one's face in a piece of black broad cloth, or velvet, in the same way as in a smoothly-varnished panel.



The formation of these curious images does not take place when the process of evaporation is the most rapid, because the ascent of the particles of water in a state of vapour at such times prevents the formation of the image, by producing a certain tremulous motion in the air, which has much the same effect as wind. Evaporation always occasions an indistinctness even in direct vision, and in those fine summer days when there is a flickering play along the tops of the different elevations, as if there was a spirit walking the earth, of which the motion could be seen but not the form, the outlines of

objects are much more defined, and small and distant ones are much less distinctly seen when the air ceases to take up the moisture. Thus, vision becomes a sort of weather-glass; and if, in the course of fine summer weather, distant objects and the distant horizon become more distinctly visible, it is a sure sign of "pluvial precipitation" or rain.



So much for the "mirage;" now for a few *on dits* about birds, flowers, and such other natural things. About the middle of August the swift, or black martin, as some call it (*hirundo apus*), is missed in its usual haunts. The great body of these birds migrate at once, so that we are struck with their absence about the old steeples of

churches and other edifices which they usually inhabit, and from whence they sally forth on rapid wings each morning and evening in search of food, whirling round and round, and uttering a very loud, piercing, and peculiar cry, wherefore they are called *squeakers*. For the last month past I have seen these birds flying in lofty gyrations in the air over Richmond Park, seemingly exercising their wings and preparing for future flight. It is not precisely ascertained to what countries they go when they leave Europe.



Insects still continue to swarm and to sport in the sun from flower to flower. It is very amusing to observe in the bright sun of an August morning the animation and delight of some of the small winged insects. That beautiful little blue butterfly, *papilio argus*, is then all life and activity, flitting from flower to flower in the grass with great activity. There seems to be a constant rivalry and contention between this beauty and the not less elegant little beau, *papilio phleas*. Frequenting the same station, attached to the same head of clover or of horse bell, whenever they approach, mutual animosity seems to possess them, and darting on each other with

courageous rapidity, they buffet and contend until one is driven from the field or to a considerable distance from his station, perhaps many hundred yards, when the victor returns to his post in triumph; and this contention is renewed as long as the brilliancy of the sun animates their courage. When the beautiful evening of this season arrives we again see the bat.

The bat begins, with giddy wing,  
His circuit round the shed and tree;  
And clouds of dancing gnats, to sing  
A summer night's serenity.

It is a pleasant thing to see at the close of a fine August day the weary traveller, having reached some road-side inn, seated at the cool arbour at the side of the door, enjoying the fresh air and a glass of Lockwood's crystal ale by the side of Boniface, while children are playing on the grass, and the pump behind is heard jangling with that best of all ale—"Adam's ale"—and the "hum" of bees and the "buzz" of the village festival make all delightful.





## Something about the Horse.

“Hast thou given the horse strength? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? the glory of his strength is terrible. He groweth in the valley, he rejoiceth in his strength: he goeth on to meet the armed man. He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted. He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage. He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha; and he smelleth the battle afar off.”—JOB.



F all animals the horse is one of the most beautiful. His form is only inferior to that of man, the lord of creation. His motions are full of ease, grace, and dignity. There is nobleness in his disposition, docility, and love, and, above all things, the most intrepid courage. The dog has been called the friend of man, and the horse may well be designated the servant of man; man—who often abuses him, and cruelly beats him in life, and degrades him in death by turning him into cats' meat or sausages.



From the earliest periods we read of the horse; in the oldest Egyptian and Assyrian sculptures we see him depicted. The first mention of him in the oldest writings is found in Genesis, where it is said, that Joseph gave them (the Egyptians) bread in exchange for horses. In the time of Joshua we find horses more common and frequently alluded to. They seem to have been originally introduced from the Tartarian plains, and from Persia; and the first



breaking-in of them for riding is attributed by some authors to the Læpithæ, a people of Thessaly, and is alluded to by our old school-friend, Virgil. From the writings of another old school-friend, Homer, as I learned from Mr. Mitford, who pointed out to me the metaphor in the fifteenth book of the Iliad, we find the strength of Ajax, bounding from ship to ship, compared to that of a horseman on a strong steed. I wish that my young friends would turn to the passage.

As to the original country of the horse we are still in some doubt; we know, however, that he was originally an inhabitant of Asia, for there he is found in the present day roving in unrestrained freedom. The great desert, round the sea of Aral and the Caspian Sea, has been supposed to be his native country. History tells us that, in the second century, horses were exported from Egypt to Arabia as presents to their kings, from which we may conjecture that their finest horses were originally the produce of Egyptian steeds, whence they were also exported to Ethiopia, India, Persia, Armenia, Scythia, and other places.

Herodotus, another old school-friend, tells us that the Ethiopians had a good breed of horses, and that the Persian horses were famous for their beauty, vigour, fire, and other qualities. The Huns, a powerful nation, three hundred years before the Christian era, were formidable solely from their cavalry. The Parthians were also famous for their horses, and for the skill with which they trained them. The very name of Parthia, derived from *parthos*, signifies horsemen in the Chaldean language. The Armenian horses were equal to those of the Parthians. The Medes and Scythians were also proverbial for the excellence of their horses, while the Turks, both of Asia and Europe, are celebrated for their skill as equestrians. The Numidians and Libyans were celebrated for their ascendancy over the horse; they rode without saddle or bridle, having only a switch to command and guide them. The peasantry of Barbary still continue the same mode of governing their horses.

The ancients had a practice of impressing some mark on their horses; the most general were Σ (sigma), and Κ (kappa), and the head of a bullock, and distinguishing them by these marks they were called

Bucephali. Some authors have supposed that the celebrated horse of Alexander the Great derived his name from a bull's head impressed on him; but we are informed by Aulus Gellius that the appellation was derived from the resemblance of his head to that of a bull.

Some authors have supposed that there were originally two species of horses; one from the western deserts, and the other from the low alluvial lands of Europe. However this may be, it is certainly true, that horses of almost every nation vary in a material degree from each other, both in external form and qualities. In districts not very far from each other we find breeds vastly different—as for instance, the large breed of Clydesdale and the pigmy pony of Mull and other islands of Scotland.

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### The Horse in his Natural State.

To have an idea of the horse in his natural state, we are not to look for him in the pasture or the stables, but in those wild and extensive plains where he ranges without constraint and riots in all the variety of luxurious nature. Wild horses are always to be met with in droves of from five hundred to a thousand, seldom exceeding the former number in Asia or Africa. They are peaceable, content with their native places and pasture. When attacked they unite for the purposes of defence, and woe be to the wild beast that dares to attack them. Wild horses usually retire to the confines of a forest to repose. One or more of them are always awake to keep watch while the rest are asleep, and who warn their fellows of

any approaching danger, by loud snorting and neighing; upon this signal they start to their feet, and either reconnoitre the enemy, or fly off with the swiftness of the wind, followed by the sentinel, or the patriarch of the herd.

In the desert tract, along the sides of the river Don, in Russia, there are numerous troops of wild horses. The Cossacks frequently take them, and breed from them by mixing them with the domesticated horse. These herds are said to be the descendants of the Russian horses taken from the Turks, and used by the Russians at the siege of Azoph, in 1696, who were compelled, through want of forage, to set at liberty nearly the whole of the horses belonging to the cavalry to seek food for themselves. They are now quite wild, and associate in brooks in the same manner as other wild horses. Those herds which have remained close to the alluvial and fertile banks of the river are of a large size, owing to the richness of their food. The herds of the mountain district are short and scrubby like their food;

In the vast plains of South America, immense troops of wild horses are to be found which have all sprung from emancipated individuals taken to that country by the Spaniards. Their geographical range extends from the shores of Patagonia to La Plata. Here they are to be met with in herds or troops of many thousands, sometimes as many as ten thousand individuals, who have always a leader to direct their movements. It is very dangerous for equestrian travellers to pass through these districts; for, if perceived by the wild horses, they will approach closely to them, make a rapid course round the traveller, and, with loud and inviting neighings, tempt the tame horses which are either saddled or loaded to join

them. If the rider does not use the utmost precautions, or the leader of the laden horse exercise his utmost care, they will either fling the rider, or throw off their burden, and precipitately join the wild troop, after which they are lost for ever. The whole troop seem delighted at the acquisition, and hurriedly fly off in a body to the desert.

In the province of Cumana, there are numerous wild horses associating in troops of several hundreds. They occupy the Great Savannas, where it is dangerous to disturb or to try to catch them. In the dry seasons they are sometimes forced to travel two or three leagues, and even more in search of water. They set out in regular ranks about four or five abreast, and thus form an extent of a quarter of a league. There are always five or six scouts, who precede the troop by about fifty paces. If they perceive a man, a puma, or a jagur, they neigh, and the troop stops; if avoided, they continue their march; but if an attempt be made to pass across their route, they leap on the imprudent traveller and crush him under their feet.

Should they be attacked by the puma or jagur, which are their principal enemies in America, by a particular signal which they all understand, they close into a dense mass and trample their assailant to death, or forming a circle, with the young and foals in their centre, defend themselves with their heels, and strike with such velocity, that no animal is capable of withstanding them.

Captain Hood, in his journey across the Pampas, gives us an interesting account of his meeting a wild troop in a district of the country where the population is pretty dense. Some of the unfortunate captured horses are supposed to be forced along by their

riders at full speed: he says, "As they are thus galloping along, urged by the spur, it is interesting to see the groups of wild horses one passes. The mares, which are never ridden in South America, seem not to understand what makes the poor horse carry his head so low and look so weary. The little innocent colts came running to meet him and then start away frightened, while the old horses, whose white marks on the back and flanks betray their acquaintances with the whip and bridle, walk slowly away for some distance, then break into a trot as they seek their safety, and then snort and look behind them, first with one eye and then with the other, turning their noses from right to left, and carrying their long tails high in the air. Sometimes the only chance the rider has is to clap spurs to the side of his steed and force him in the most rapid flight away from the temptation."

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### Different kinds of Horses.

The Arabian horse is one of the most celebrated kinds of horses. In that country he is preserved pure, without any admixture of breeds. The pure Arabian horse is somewhat smaller than our horse. His head is very beautiful, clean, and wide between the jaws; the forehead is broad and square; the face flat; the muzzle short and fine; the eyes prominent and brilliant; the ears small and handsome; the nostrils large and open; and the skin beautifully thin through which the meandering veins may be traced. Bishop Heber gives the following interesting account of his docility. He says, "My morning rides are very pleasant; my horse is a nice,

quiet, good-tempered little Arab, who is so fearless that he goes, without starting, close to an elephant, and so gentle and docile that he eats bread out of my hand, and has almost as much attachment and coaxing ways as a dog. This seems the general character of the Arabian horses."

The Arabs of the desert have made the breeding of horses their sole occupation for ages bygone, and are the first breeders in the world. They take infinite trouble in grooming their steeds, and are extremely regular in their hours of feeding them morning and evening. They get but little drink, and that is supplied to them two or three times a day; they are pastured on dry beverage or on barley. The love of the Arab for his horse is proverbial, and the Arabs are full of the most surprising stories of their steeds. His treatment to him is also wonderful. The horse inhabits the same tent with his master and his family. His wife and children, together with the mare and foal, associate together in indiscriminate friendship; occupying the same bed, where the little children may be seen tumbling with and climbing over the body, or hanging round the necks of the docile animals. Whipping is never resorted to by the Arab; all services and affections of the horse are obtained by gentle measures, hence their remarkable docility. The friendship of the Arab with his horse is mutual; for should the rider fall the horse will instantly stand still even in his most rapid career.

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## English Horses.

The foremost of these is the race-horse, which has a striking similarity to the Arabian and Barb, from which they have directly sprung. They, however, are much larger, and in speed, for short distances, even swifter than the Arabians. Thorough-bred is a term employed with us to indicate the descent of a horse from an Arabian or Barb. The English race-horse has, therefore, been the progressive improved breed from a commixture of British horses with those of Africa and Asia. The race-horse enters into the race with as much spirit as the rider; as he advances towards the starting-post all his motions betray the eagerness of his desire to start. When the signal is given, away he springs at a settled and steady pace; and, as he proceeds forward, his movements admirably regulated by the jockey, who knows when to restrain and when to push him onwards; and when the "wrestle of the race begins," he requires but little whipping to make him do his best and win the race if possible.

Next to the race-horse is the hunter, which is a combination of the race-horse and a horse of greater strength and bone. He has strength without weight, courage without too much fire, and speed without labour; a free breath, a strong walk, a nimble, light, but large gallop. The hack or hackney ranks next, and is a hunter in miniature. He possesses a good deal of what is called blood. The coach-horse is produced from the Cleveland mare, principally bred in Yorkshire, with a third or fourth, or thorough-bred horse, and is generally a very handsome horse. The cart-horses of England

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are extremely variable in every point, of size as well as shape, differing in almost every county. The finest breed of cart-horses are the large *blacks*; the breed of the Midland counties and the Suffolk breed. The very large horses of seventeen hands and upwards are only useful for the purposes of brewers' drays and waggons. They are most extraordinary animals and full of beauty.

The natural history of the horse is full of anecdotes and instruction; and I cannot refrain from telling my young friends a few of the stories about the horse which are tolerably well authenticated. White, in his Natural History of Selborne, (a new edition of which has been recently edited by Mr. Jesse, and which ought to be in every library,) proves the sociable disposition of the horse by the following anecdote:—"There is a wonderful spirit of sociality in the brute creation independent of social attachment; the congregation of gregarious birds in the winter is a remarkable instance. Many horses though quiet with company will not stay one minute in a field by themselves. The strongest fences cannot retain them. My neighbour's horse will not only stay by himself abroad, but he will not bear to be left alone in a strange stable without evincing the utmost impatience, and endeavouring to break the rack and manger with his fore feet. He has been known to leap out of the stable window, and yet, in other respects, is remarkably quiet."

Another authority relates the following:—"During that destructive war which for a space of thirty years desolated all Germany, till it was terminated by the peace of Westphalia, the carriers who conducted the inland traffic of the country used to unite themselves into large companies for their mutual defence, in order that they might travel with greater security against the numerous marauding parties

which infested every part of the empire. One of these carriers had a horse which was of an extremely vicious disposition, and greatly addicted to biting and kicking, from which even his master was not always secure, and which embroiled him with his fellow-travellers. They were one evening attacked in a ravine by three hungry wolves, which, after a long contest, they found they should hardly be able to compel to quit them without allowing them some prey. It was



therefore agreed among themselves that they should pay the owner of the vicious horse the price of that animal, and make a sacrifice of him to the wolves. The bargain was soon concluded, and the horse having been taken out of the harness and turned loose the wolves immediately attacked him. He, however, defended himself courageously with his teeth and heels, retreating at the same time into the interior of the forest, while the carriers availed themselves of the

opportunity of hastening on to a place of safety, not a little rejoiced at getting rid of so troublesome a companion, so much to their advantage. As they were sitting at their supper at the inn where they usually stopped for the night, a knocking was heard at the house door, which, on being opened by the maid, a horse pushed in his head; the girl, frightened, shrieked out, and called to the carriers, who, coming to the door, were no less surprised than rejoiced to see the heroic conquerer of the three wolves, though much wounded, yet still faithful to his master; and on account of his meritorious conduct on this occasion, they agreed to forgive him his former misdemeanours, and retain him in their company."

Another anecdote of the horse is worth relating. A gentleman rode a young horse, which he had bred, thirty miles from home, and to a part of the country where he had never been before. The road was a cross one and extremely difficult to find; however, by dint of inquiry, he at length reached his destination. Two years afterwards he had occasion to go the same journey. He was benighted three or four miles from the end of his destination. The night was so dark that he could scarcely see the horse's head. He had a black and dreary moor and common to pass, and had lost all traces of the proper direction he was to take. The rain began to fall heavily. He now contemplated the uncertainty of his situation. Here am I, said he to himself, far from any house and in the midst of a dreary waste, where I know not which way to direct the course of my steed. I have heard much of the memory of the horse and on that is now my only hope. He threw the reins on the horse's neck, and, encouraging him to proceed, found himself safe at the gate of his friend in about half an hour.

Such are a few instances of the intellectual instinct of the horse ; in another chapter I shall say a few words of the tricks, feats, and performances of horses.





## The Hippodrome:

WITH SOMETHING ABOUT

## THE ANCIENT GAMES.



IN a former chapter, I told you about the stadium as a part of the Olympic course; I will now say something about the hippodrome. To this course the richest individuals of Greece made court, and even sovereigns and the representatives of republics enrolled themselves among the competitors, contrasting their glory to able horsemen and charioteers.

In one festival, seven chariots were entered in the name of the Great Alcibiades, three of which gained prizes, and furnished an occasion to Euripides for inscribing a complimentary ode to the conquerer.

The course itself was imposing. Over a bar that ran across the entrance of the lists was placed a brazen dolphin, and upon an altar

in the middle of the barrier stood an eagle of the same metal. By means of a machine, put in motion by the president of the games, the eagle suddenly sprang up into the air, with its wings extended, so as to be seen by all the spectators; and at the same moment the dolphin sank to the ground, which was the signal for the cars to arrange themselves in order for the race.



Besides the statue of Hippodamia, and the table on which were placed the crown and palm branches, there were several images and altars on the course, particularly that of the genius Taraxippus, who, as his name imports, was said to inspire the horses with a secret *trance*, which was increased by the shrill clangour of the trumpets placed near the boundary, and the deafening shouts and outcries of the multitude.

While the chariots were ranged in line ready to start, the horses,

whose ardour it was difficult to restrain, attracted all eyes by their beauty, as well as for the victories which some of them had already gained. Pindar speaks of no less than forty chariots engaged at one and the same time. If we recollect that they had to run twelve times the length of the hippodrome in going and returning, and to steer round a pillar or goal erected at each extremity, we may imagine what confusion must have ensued when, upon the signal trumpet being sounded, they started amid a cloud of dust, crossing and jostling with each other, and rushing forward with such rapidity that the eye could scarcely follow them.

At one of the boundaries a narrow pass was only left for the chariots, which often baffled the skill of the expertest drivers; and there were upwards of twenty turnings to make round the pillars, so that almost at every moment some accident happened calculated to excite the pity or the laughter of the assembly.

In such a number of chariots at full speed, pushing on for precedence in turning round the columns, on which victory often depended, some were sure to be dashed to pieces, covering the course with their fragments, and adding to the dangers of the race. It was, moreover, exceedingly difficult for the charioteer, in his unsteady two-wheeled car, to retain his standing attitude; many were thrown out, when the masterless horses plunged wildly about the hippodrome, overturning others who had perhaps previously escaped every danger, and thought themselves sure of winning.

To increase the confusion, and thereby afford better opportunity for the display of skill and courage, there is reason to believe that some artifice was employed for the express purpose of frightening the horses when they reached the statue of Taraxippus. So great some-

times was their consternation, that, no longer regarding the rein, the whip, or the voice of their master, they broke loose or overturned the





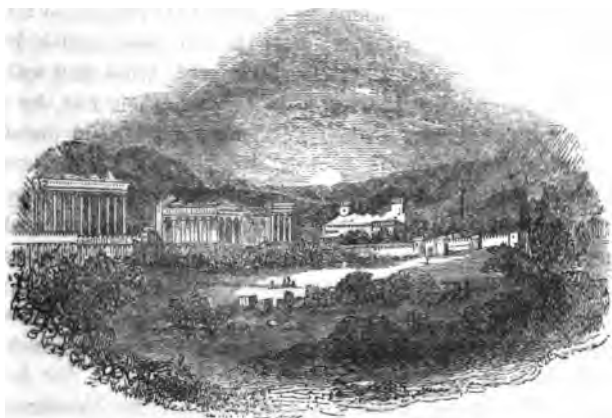
chariot and wounded the driver. Perhaps it would be impossible to give a more accurate description of a chariot race than that furnished in the *Electra* of Sophocles.

On the last day of the festival, the conquerors being summoned by proclamation to the tribunal within the same grove, received the honour of public coronation, a ceremony preceded by pompous sacrifices. Encircled with the olive wreath, gathered from the sacred tree behind the Temple of Jupiter, the victors, dressed in rich habits, bearing palm branches in their hands, and almost intoxicated with joy, proceeded in grand procession to the theatre, marching to the sound of flutes, and surrounded by an immense multitude, who made the air resound with their acclamations. The winners in the horse and chariot races formed a part of the pomp, their stately coursers bedecked with flowers, seeming as they passed proudly along to be conscious participators of the triumph. When they reached the theatre, the choristers saluted them with the ancient hymn composed by the poet Archilochus, to exalt the glory of the victors, the surrounding multitude joining their voices to those of the musicians.

This having been concluded, the trumpet sounded, the heralds proclaimed the name and country of the victor, as well as the nature of his prize, the acclamations of the people within and without the building were redoubled, and flowers and garlands were showered from all sides upon the happy conqueror, who at this moment was thought to have attained the highest pinnacle of human glory and felicity.

On one occasion Diagoras of Rhodes, himself an Olympian victor, brought two of his sons to the games, who on receiving the crown they had won placed it on the head of their father, lifted him on

their shoulders, and bore him in triumph along the stadium. The spectators threw flowers upon him, exclaiming, "Die, Diogenes, for thou hast nothing more to wish!"—a complimentary exclamation which was unfortunately fulfilled, for the old man, overcome by his happiness, expired in the sight of the assembly.



The last duty performed by the conquerors at Olympia was sacrificing to the twelve gods, which was sometimes done upon so magnificent a scale as to entertain the whole multitude who came to witness the assembly. The names were then enrolled in the archives of the Elean's, and they were sumptuously feasted in the banqueting-hall of the Prytaneum. On the following day, they themselves gave entertainment; the pleasures of which was height-

ened by music and dancing; or they were banqueted by their friends, who, as we learn from the following story in Plutarch, vied with each other for that honour, and thought no expense too great for that occasion.

Phocas having obtained a victory in the Parthenian games, and being invited by several of his friends to accept of an entertainment, at length selected one to whom he thought that preference was due. But when Phocion, his father, came to the feast, and saw, with other extravagances, large vessels filled with wine and spices set before the guests when they came in to wash their feet, he said to his son, "Phocas! why do you not make your friend desist from dishonouring your victory."

At these festivities, whether public or private, were frequently sung by a chorus, accompanied with instrumental music, such odes as were composed in honour of the conqueror; but it was not the good fortune for every victor to have a poet for his friend, or to be able to pay the price of an ode which was sometimes considerable. There is a story related concerning this, which I must tell you; it is as follows:—

The friends of one Pytheas, a conqueror in the Nemean games, came to Pindar to bespeak an ode, for which he demanded so large a sum that they declined his offer, saying, that they could erect a statue of brass for less money. Some time after, having changed their opinion, they returned and paid the price required by Pindar, who, in allusion to this incident, begins his ode by setting forth that he was no statuary, no maker of images that could not stir from their pedestals, and, consequently, were only to be seen by those who would take the trouble to go to the place where they

were erected, but he could make a poem which should fly over the whole earth, and publish in every place that Pytheas had gained the crown in the Nemean games.

To perpetuate their glory after death, the emperors themselves, their friends, or their country, generally set up their statues in the sacred grove of the Olympian Jupiter, which contained an almost



incredible number of these figures; and to my living students I would here say, you will find a long list of the most remarkable of these in the sixth book of Pausanias. The statue of Ladas, an eminent racer, was so animated, not only in point of attitude, but in the lively expression of assured victory in the countenance, that

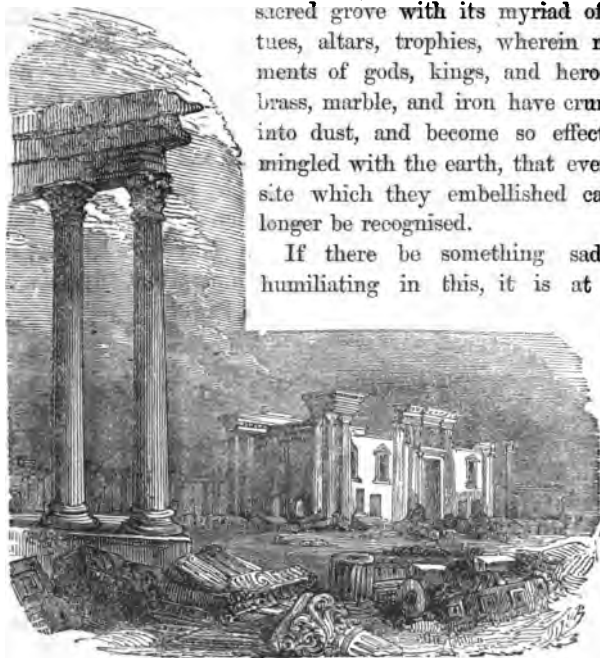
"it is going this moment," says an epigram in the anthology, "to leap from the pedestal and seize the crown."

To form a correct notion of the appearance of Olympia and its neighbourhood at the period of the games, it must be recollected that the whole open country, and more especially the banks of the Alpheus, bore the semblance of a vast encampment from the great number of seats set up to accommodate the visitors; and that, as business and traffic were combined with pleasure in this national festival, the great fair with its dealers, showmen, mountebanks, and exhibitors of all sorts occupied every moment not occupied by the games. River and sea were covered with innumerable vessels; the shore with carriages and horses; spectators were thronging from all quarters of the earth, and in every possible variety of costume: some conducting victories for the Olympian Jupiter; some deputed to publish edicts; others coming to display their vanity and ostentation, or to distinguish themselves by their various talents. Here sculptors, painters, and artists exhibited specimens of their skill; there rhapsodists were to be seen reciting fragments of Hesiod and Homer; while the peristyles of the temples, and all the most conspicuous places in the porticoes, walks, and groves were crowded with sophists, philosophers, poets, orators, and historians arguing with one another, reciting their productions, and pronouncing eulogies on the Olympic games, on their respective countries, and on distinguished individuals, whose favour they wished to conciliate.

But Olympia is no more except in name. The Olympic festivals have vanished with the downfall of Greece; although they continued unbroken for more than a thousand years, they have sunk into obli-

tion: all have passed away like a dream, which, however glorious and magnificent while it lasted, leaves not a shadow behind. Olympia is no more; its solid temples, the colossal statue of Jupiter, the sacred grove with its myriad of statues, altars, trophies, wherein monuments of gods, kings, and heroes in brass, marble, and iron have crumbled into dust, and become so effectually mingled with the earth, that even the site which they embellished can no longer be recognised.

If there be something sad and humiliating in this, it is at least



consolatory to reflect that the same human reason, victorious over time and death and destruction, possesses the power to live again in perhaps higher and better institutions: Christianity has purified

the heart of man, and set his desires upon better things. His energies are now directed in more holy channels, and England, at the present day, sets an example to the whole earth by directing the minds of mankind to the fruits of art, industry, and peace, to the glories of civilization, and the grandeur of moral progress. England is, indeed, happy in having a Queen who is the glory of her sex, and who unites in one—the wife, the mother, the friend, and who is the bright example to all her subjects; and in having a Prince who devotes himself thoroughly and entirely to the permanent good and true glory of the people, among whom he lives, and who calls the nations from the remotest parts of the earth to unite in love, harmony, and friendship. May both be long vouchsafed to us, and that England may be a perpetual Olympia of the peaceful arts is the sincere wish of Peter Parley.





## Something about the Month of September.



“The Summer's pride is passed and gone, the leaf is in its ear;  
The fields are brown, the ripened corn hangs heavy in the ear;  
And now the swarthy reapers come, all sturdy men and strong,  
To thrust the sharpen'd sickle-blade those drooping ears among;  
The sheaf is bound and upward thrown upon the swagging wain,  
And eager gleaners—steeping low, swarm o'er the stubble plain,  
While upwards mount the harvest hymn, and, at the homestead-hall,  
The harvest supper freely spread, invites and welcomes all.”

INTELLECTUAL READING BOOK.



ARVEST home used to be the great merry-making feast of the whole year, especially when corn was five pounds a quarter. Those were the times when landlords could get their “rents,” farmers their “pianofortes,” and labourers “dear loaves.” But now things are strangely altered; and how they will sing “Largess” down in Suffolk and Norfolk Peter Parley



does not know ; but this he does know, that September is the month of gathering in, and that, whether the prices be high or low, God, the Giver of all Goodness, does not withhold his hand, but pours forth profusely the fruit and the grain in due season, and that his love and mercy never fail, although men rebel against him daily.



Join your hearts with mine, then, my young friends ; bow your heads in adoration with the wheat sheaves, thank God for his bountiful goodness, and bless his holy name.

Harvesting in Peter Parley's county, Suffolk, used to be a merry time. Old Farmer Heard, of Seckford Hall, and a fine old Englishman he was, used, some years ago, to carry out the frolicking with true old English hospitality. The harvest home used to be ooked for by the girls and boys, the lads and lasses, the old men

and the old women of the district; and the Major, dear old Major Moor; with a happy twinkle in his blue eyes, and a red flush of a ripe genetan on his cheek, used to make "merry" on the occasion. The good farmer had previously informed the industrious and notable dame the day for harvest home, and she, assisted by her daughters, made every preparation to keep out famine and banish



care; the neighbours and friends are invited, hot cakes of the good dame's own making, and such butter as Sukey and Betty (there were no Miss Susan's and Miss Elizabeth's then) had churned; tea, ale—stinging stuff, syllabub, gooseberry wine, fat hams, great mountains of beef, ducks, and other Christian provender. Oh! the thoughts of it all teases one sadly; and, like the soldiers that used to howl, "We shall see Lochabar no more—no more," Peter Parley will taste the Horkey Supper no more—n-o—m-o-r-e.

Let him, however, describe it with the pen and dip into the mind's eye for ink. Look abroad—it is six o'clock in the evening; the sun is shining softly, but with a ripe and mellow tinge over the yellow stubble. Afar from the farthest field comes the tottering load on the swagging wain; women and children are placed on the lead, boys on the horses, they themselves trimmed with flowers



and leaves. With shouts and halloos not over musical, but yet not melancholy, the horses are urged forward, and Dobbin and Jasper seem to understand the fun and to enjoy it too; and the procession comes full trot to the door of the farm-house, and then there is the staid Phœbe, and the rosy Hannah, the Queen of the Harvest, a lovely Ceres in her own right; and the good old dame, and the jolly farmer, and the good old major, and the parson, an excellent, kind-hearted soul, who likes to see every one happy around him,

and who knows nothing about polemics, nor of any "bulls," except those of the village-proper; and with him is Dame Partlett, her daughters, and the farmer's two sons came riding in, not on hunters or blood mares, but on sturdy Suffolk punches; and, in the middle



of the gathering, up jumps the blithest reaper, and cries with a voice that would do credit, as far as force was concerned, to Lablache himself,

“ We have ploughed, we have sowed,  
 We have reaped, we have mowed,  
 We have brought home every load,  
 Hip! hip! harvest home, hallo-o-o-o-o!”

Then, again, again, and again—another and another; and when the lungs can do no more, all adjourn to a large barn, or out-house if the barn be full, and there all the good things are laid out in substantial order, and the flowing goblets of ale, and the pies, and the viands, make the tears come into the—mouth; and the

heart feels that there is real pomp without pride, liberality without ostentation, cheerfulness without vice, merriment without guilt, and happiness without alloy. The unsophisticated old vicar says grace as if it came from a heart that overflowed with "blessing," and the "hungry and gallant" company fall upon the eatables, and, after a time of silence, break out into fun and merriment, particularly as the harvest ale warms the toes and tongue.

Now, many an ogling glance is thrown by the rural lover upon the "nut browne maide," and returned with a blushing simplicity; rosy Hannah is in extatics with something that has been said to her; staid Phœbe smiles simperingly from the same cause; Sukey and Betty are full of the amiable. The old farmer is afraid that no one shall have enough, and the major, who is at the farmer's right, looks like the king of the feast, and is in the very acme of happiness in seeing others happy.

By-and-by the supper is ended. Bob Stanton, the village beau, who has sported a pair of hessian boots for the occasion, and who is also the village minstrel, head shoemaker of the place, and leader of the singing at the "Church" with a fiddle, leaps upon a meal-bin, and suddenly you hear an arch-roguish kind of scrape, a rub of the rosin, a rap on the bridge of the violin, and, in a few minutes, groups are formed and dancing begins as naturally as if it had been born with every one of the party. The farmer bawls out "Go it, my lads, as I did once." The major claps his hands with delight, and the parson, bless his good old heart, takes up a tambourine, which "nobody can tell how it got there," and beats time like an "Apollo in Excelsis."

This is a rural happiness indeed, good Mr. Goodall; you who





“ Now harvest is over,  
We'll make a great noise ;  
Our master, he says,  
' You're welcome, brave boys,'  
We'll broach the old beer, and we'll knock along,  
And now we will sing an old harvest song.”

So much for Harvesting, Horkey, and Largess.









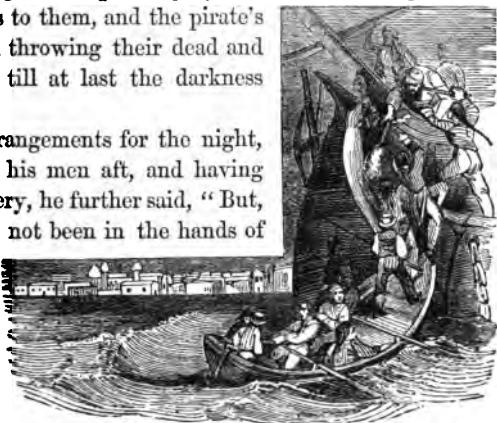
## The Caribbean Pirate.

(Concluded from page 212.)



They left the "Enterprise" and pirate lying at some little distance from each other "sorely mauled." It was a dead calm, and the two vessels seemed to lay like logs upon the water. The crew of the "Enterprise" had, however, rigged a couple of jury-masts from the spars and fitted some rude sails to them, and the pirate's people were busy in throwing their dead and wounded overboard, till at last the darkness set in over the deep.

Before making arrangements for the night, Captain Colet called his men aft, and having applauded their bravery, he further said, "But, my boys, if we had not been in the hands of Providence, if He had not taken care of us, we should never have been able to have resisted those murderers, so



give all thanks to Him, and don't put too much trust in your own strength. All that we had to do was our duty, and by God's help we have done it, and have preserved our ship and cargo for the owners; but there has been a stronger hand than our own at work, and, as we shall probably have some rough work before the night is out, let us put our trust in Him who has given us the victory."

The sailors seemed touched in a rude way by this blunt speech; and, although none of them were particularly spiritually-minded, as I am glad to say many of our sailors are, they seemed to be quite sensible of their dependence upon an Almighty power and full of gratitude for their delivery. Joe Row could not help ejaculating—

"There's a sweet little cherub sits smiling aloft,  
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack;

and, if I am spared to have another touch at them 'warmint,' if I don't give 'em 'gruel, thick and slab,' I wish I may be turned into a jackass for Greenidge Fair, and carry babbies."

The pirate vessel had lost its captain, and his place was supplied, as I have already said, by a blood-thirsty Spaniard, named Santeno, who was, notwithstanding "the heavy blow and great discouragement" he had received, determined to capture the schooner at all events; so after having disposed of the dead and wounded, he mustered the remainder of his crew, of which he found twenty fit for service, and burning with a desire to revenge the deaths of their companions. "My mates," said he, "you will not let this cursed British dog escape you. They are the highwaymen of the seas under the pretence of right. They claim to be sovereigns of the ocean, lord it where they like, make what laws they like, and compel honest men like us to risk our lives for a living; for me, rather than give

up this prey I would suffer myself to be blown up into the air, or shot down to the bottom of the deep; but let us be more wary the next time. Our old captain was for the '*coup de main*,' I am more for the 'quiet way' of doing things and would propose to steal silently upon her when all is quiet, and if we can once get on board all the rest is easy."



The crew then laid their heads together, and after a vast deal of discussion, which more than once had nearly ended in a fight, it was agreed, that at the deadest hour of the night the whole of the crew, excepting three, were to man the two boats, and having muffled their oars, pull silently upon the "*Enterprise*" and board her before she knew anything about it. Every one on board was to be immediately massacred, and then the "*prize*" was to be plundered, scuttled, and sunk, so that no trace should be left of their misdeeds.

The captain of the "Enterprise," although not present at these deliberations, was, by his sagacity, cognisant of their proceedings; he had calculated upon a night attack, and, instead of disposing of himself to sleep, he determined to keep himself "wide awake," and to prepare his ship for such an attack as that contemplated; so the arms were again loaded and put in the handiest places; barricades were formed, and netting was placed by means of handspikes high up above the bulwarks; but a still more effective weapon of defence was prepared by Joe Row, who knowing from the bills of lading that the "Enterprise" had several carboys of "spirits of salts" on board, he rummaged about and succeeded in bringing two of them on deck; he then set about contriving to make a kind of syringe from an old copper funnel, in which he so well succeeded that he could scatter the burning liquid with a sure aim. "Now," said he to Captain Colet, "if you will just let me try to brush their whiskers with this should they try to get on board, it will serve almost as well as gunpowder and not make half so much noise." The captain, however, did not like this mode of warfare and endeavoured to persuade Joe against it, but Joe stuck to his text and there was no moving him.

The captain now advised all the men to lay down on the deck and get a few winks of sleep. "Depend upon it," said he, "it will be some hours before they attack us again, during which time you may get refreshed; nay, even half an hour of sleep will do you good; only—don't snore; for I shall keep my ear open to catch the slightest sound, and if they move a boat, or a thowt, or an oar, without my hearing it, I will give 'em leave to broil me on their holy gridiron." So the men, after a little hesi-

tation, curled themselves up like dogs, and in a few moments all were asleep except Colet, who seating himself on the prow of the schooner kept his eyes and ears strained towards the pirates' vessel.

Not an air—not a breath—not a sound was stirring. There was not a ripple on the sea, and the soft swell was scarcely felt by the vessel; and all was dark above with heavy clouds, all blank below from want of light; as the night, however, proceeded to ~~wane~~ away, a kind of luminous appearance appeared upon the waters; it was very faint at first, but gradually spread till the whole surface of the deep was illuminated, and then he could see the form of the pirate vessel lying like a black speck upon a phosphoric haze. This curious, but by no means unusual, phenomenon on those seas was new to the Dean, and he awoke Joe to look at it, and at the pirate ship which had till then been hidden by the darkness. Joe was used to the sight and rejoiced at it, for now, said he, we can see what those gentlemen are about.

And in a short time they did see their movements; by the scintillations of the sea round the pirate, they soon learned that something was in motion near her, and although they could not distinctly discern what was doing, there seemed to be two black specks separating themselves from a larger black speck, and those two black specks seemed to be getting nearer the "Enterprise."

"They are shoving off their boats," said Joe; "we shall have them presently, listen for their oars, master."

Both captain and mate listened but could hear nothing.

"They are coming very quietly," said Joe.

"And we must be as quiet as they are," said the captain; "call up our chaps, Joe."

So Joe crawled upon his knees to each of the sailors and whispering in their ears bade them get their tools ready and go to work when the occasion came; while he, after first putting on a thick pair of tarpauling gloves, got his "carboy of spirits" handy, and his squirt or syringe.

The pirates moved silently—slowly—onwards towards the vessel. They were all armed to the teeth, and had also provided themselves with fire-balls to burn the vessel should they not be able to get on board. They came stealthily along, and when about fifty yards off the "Enterprise" laid upon their oars. The pirate captain whispered to his nearest mate that they were unobserved and that the men should pull towards the bows of the "Enterprise," and, hooking on, all rush up to the bulwarks. This determined, the order was given to pull quickly, and, in a few moments, the pirates were under the bows of the "Enterprise."

Just as the first boat touched the ship, "Joe Row" managed to fill his large syringe, which held pretty nearly a pailful of spirits of salts, and levelling it downwards by the side of the bowsprit and over the hawser holes, he gently discharged it over such of the crew as were at the head of the boat and in the act of hooking on. At first the pirates thought it a jet of water which had been thrown at them, but in a few seconds, when the "liquid" had burnt its way through their clothes and began to burn into the skin and flesh, a yell arose from six or seven like that of the wild hyena, mixed with the most dreadful oaths, while they leaped, jumped, and capered about in the most dreadful torture till they leaped into the sea. Joe immediately supplied the other part of the crew with a similar dose, and then taking up a couple of large shot, one after the

other, threw them into the boat with a view of making a hole in her bottom; but these failed in their effect, and the captain immediately sprang forward and followed by those of his men who had not been salted, clambered up the bowsprit rigging. Joe and the old man, however, received them with such a volley of small arms that they were driven back again into the boat and sheered off.

The other boat belonging to the pirate had been more successful, although she had been opposed by Captain Colet. She had boarded on the starboard quarter. Colet had been struck down by a shot, and fell senseless on the deck; and although three of the pirates had been killed by the well-directed fire of the other two of the crew, yet the other six had made good their footing, and obtained possession of the quarter-deck. The light was so indistinct that it was difficult to know what was going on, and it was impossible to tell where enemies stood, except by the flashing of the fire arms. Joe, observing this, did not care to lay himself open to a fire by discharging his pistols or other weapons, but getting a good charge of his "spirit," he moved down towards the quarter-deck while the confusion was going on, and made play at the knot of pirates who clustered there, full in the face and eyes; in a second or two the roaring of the poor wretches was terrible, those suffering under the pain frightening the others to such a degree as to take away all their self-possession. They made a hasty retreat to their boats, and shoved off in the most woful plight imaginable.

The day now gradually broke, and with it a slight breeze sprung up. The light revealed the devastation. Captain Colet was badly wounded, as were two other of his crew. Joe Row had burnt his own fingers not a little with his "aquafortis," but he was still fit for



service. As to the pirates, one boat had drifted out upon the ocean, and was some miles off; and the other, with all their hands nearly disabled, were unable to reach their own vessel, and were seen midway between the two ships.

“Now is our time,” said Joe; “there is a breeze for us.” The sails which had been rigged on the jury-masts were let out—the old



“Enterprise” moved again on the water. The captain was just able to steer her, and he steered her close upon the pirate vessel, and then Joe and the other hands brought the carronades to bear upon her and opened a tremendous fire. She was completely at their mercy. How long they might have continued to fire at her I do not know;

but all at once a dreadful explosion took place; the masts, rigging, part of the hull, legs and arms, hung in the thick blaze of light and smoke for a minute, dropped into the sea and vanished.

What became of the pirate captain and the other boat was never known, but the old "Enterprise" got safely into port. The Dean had a piece of plate presented to him by his owners, and Joe and the crew had given to each of them a purse of money.

Although Peter Parley detests war and bloodshed, yet it does appear to him that there are times when it is necessary for us to defend ourselves against wicked men. But let us hope that such instances are of very rare occurrence. When, however, they do arrive, let us conduct ourselves as brave men for the honour of our country and the good of our species.





## Something about Mines.



THE first discovery of the mineral contents of the earth may be attributable to some accidental occurrence, but the perseverance with which that discovery has been followed up affords an excellent lesson of the value of constant and unremitting efforts when directed to the attainment of any proposed object. The first labours of the miner were very limited in their extent, and most likely consisted of little else than the collecting of such fragments of rocks containing metallic veins as the violence of tempests or other natural causes had separated from their original situation, as is the case at the present moment in the gold districts of California. The value of this newly-acquired treasure, of whatever mineral it might be, soon induced miners to extend their exertions and endeavours to ascertain the place from which these fragments had been detached; this knowledge being gained, other difficulties would present themselves to their view, which would

appear at first sight to be almost insurmountable by men so badly furnished with iron instruments, as was the case in remote ages; for it is tolerably well established, that copper was the only metal in common use as a tool in those times when the historic period is said to commence.



After a lapse of many years we may suppose that the requisite tools were wrought from iron; but one method was employed, when mining was in its infancy, worth noticing, from its extreme simplicity, and at the same time great ingenuity. Large pieces of wood were prepared, which, being made perfectly dry by means of heat, were driven forcibly into the crevices of the rocks supposed to contain the mineral; the wedges were then saturated with water, which caused them to swell, the effect of which was the gradual detachment of large masses of the rock. This

method of obtaining the mineral would, however, be necessarily limited to such rocks as were in exposed situations and easy access.

The history of mining in England may be referred to a very ancient date, and it is generally believed by historians that the Phœnicians traded here for tin before the Christian era. In modern times, the copper mines of this country, although known for centuries and worked by the Romans, were not productive of much advantage till the beginning of the eighteenth century. Our mines, though of such great national importance, have not as yet attracted that large share of attention which is due to them; and it is greatly to be wished that men of science would address themselves to the consideration of their management, as those engaged in them are not, very frequently, men of scientific ability. To be a good miner requires an active mind, with industry and strict observation. These qualities should be accompanied with some general knowledge, at least, of practical mineralogy, chemistry, mechanics, hydraulics, and other kindred sciences. It would be unreasonable to expect to find these qualifications general, but the attention of men of science would not fail to point out to the practical miner the improvements of which his operations are susceptible.

On the Continent many of the most eminent men have not thought it beneath them to undertake the management of mines, and to this it is fair to ascribe the success with which many of them have been conducted. In our own country the superintendance of men of science during the last few years has been attended with very considerable advantage, and has given to this species of property a new, important, and improved stimulus.

When adventurers determine to work a mine, and have agreed

with the proprietors of the soil respecting his share, or *diel*; three points are to be considered: 1st. The discharge of the water that may be met with. 2nd. The removal of the *deads*; that is, the barren rock and rubbish. 3rd. The raising of the ore.



The first object is to cut an *adit*, or underground passage, about 6 feet high and 2 feet and a half wide, from the bottom of some neighbouring valley up to the vein. This is a considerable expense, but still in the end it is the most economical mode of getting rid of

the water which must otherwise be raised by pumping—an operation which must still be resorted to in regard to that part of the mine which is below the upper part of the adit. Some of these adits are of great length; the one into which the steam-engine of Chacewater Mine pumps its water is not less than twenty-four miles long; it is the deepest adit in Cornwall, and flows into one of the creeks of Falmouth Haven.

As soon as the vertical opening, or shaft, is sunk some depth, a whim is erected to bring up the deads as well as the ore in baskets called kibbals, one of which goes down empty while another comes up full. The *whims* are turned by horses, steam, or other power. As the lode never runs down perpendicularly, it is necessary to cut galleries, called levels, generally about 2 feet wide and 6 feet high, in a horizontal direction. Other shafts are also sunk which traverse the several levels, generally about 2 feet wide and 6 feet high, in a horizontal direction; other shafts are also sunk which traverse these several levels, or a special communication is made between only two galleries by a particular shaft called winze. When several levels run parallel to each other through the rock, or county as it is called, they are made to communicate by other levels called cross-cuts.

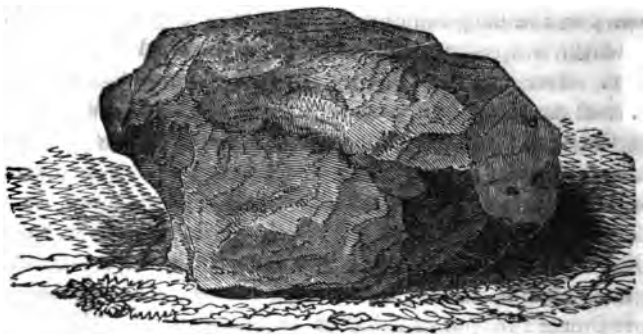
For keeping the galleries from being inundated, each mine is furnished with a chain of pumps, descending from the adit level to the bottom of the mine, or *samp* as it is called. All these pumps are worked by a single pump rod, moved by steam-engines, whose aggregate power is frequently equivalent to the labour of more than 1,000 men. The water is raised by these pumps, each of which receives the water brought up by the one immediately below it, until it reaches the adit, through which it flows by a gentle descent to the surface.

The subterraneous excavations are effected by breaking down the looser parts with a pickaxe, or by blasting the more solid parts with gunpowder. No less than £50,000 worth of this article is expended in mine blasting in this country.

The appearance of a mining district is peculiar, and to one unaccustomed to a mining country the view from Cairnworth, in Cornwall, which is a rocky eminence of seven hundred feet, is full of novelty. Over a surface neither mountainous nor flat, but diversified from sea to sea by a constant series of low, undulating hills and vales, the farmer and the miner seem to be occupying the country in something like the confusion of warfare. The situations of the Consolidated Mines, the United Mines, the Poldice Mines, &c., are marked out by spots a mile in length by half a mile in breadth, covered with what are termed the deads of the mine—*i.e.*, slaty, poisonous rubbish, thrown up in rugged heaps, which at a distance give the place the appearance of an encampment of soldiers' tents. This lifeless mass follows the course of the main lode, and from it, in different directions, minor branches of the same barren rubbish diverge through the fertile country like the streams of lava from a volcano. The miner being obliged to have a shaft for air at every hundred yards, and the Stannary Laws allowing him freely to pursue his game, his hidden path is commonly to be traced by a series of heaps of deads, which rise up among the green fields, and among the grazing cattle, like the workings of a mole. Steam-engines and *selams*, large capstans worked by two or four horses, are scattered about; and in the neighbourhood of the old as well as of the new workings are sprinkled, one by one, a number of small white-washed miners' cottages, which, being either on a road or near a road, wear,



to the eye of a stranger, the appearance of having dropped down apropos to nothing. Such, or not very dissimilar, is in most cases the superficial view of a country the chief wealth of which is subterraneous.



Early in the morning the scene becomes animated. From the scattered cottages, as far as the eye can reach, men, women, and children of all ages begin to creep out, and it is curious to observe them all converging, like bees, towards the small hole at which they are to enter the mine. On their arrival the women and children, whose duty it is to dress or clean the ore, repair to the rough sheds under which they work, while the men, having stripped and put on their underground clothes, which are coarse flannel dresses, one after another descend the several shafts of the mine, by perpendicular ladders, to their respective levels, or galleries, one of which is 999 feet below the level of the ocean. As soon as they have all

disappeared a most remarkable stillness prevails; scarcely a human being is to be seen. The tall chimneys of the steam-engines emit no smoke, and nothing is in motion but the great bobs or levers of these gigantic machines, which, slowly rising and falling, exert their power either to lift the water or produce from the mine, or to stamp the ores; and in the tranquillity of such a scene it is curious to call to mind the busy occupations of the hidden thousands who are at work; to contrast the natural beauty of the country with the dead product of the mines, and to observe a few cattle ruminating on the surface of green, sunny fields, while man is buried and toiling beneath them in darkness and seclusion.

The return of these hardy labourers to the light is equally a subject of contemplation. It is time that the underground captains should come to grass, and that the whole body of subterraneous labourers should be released; and those who have attended to their labours through the day will scarcely regret to see them rising out of the earth, and issuing in crowds from the different holes and shafts around—hot, dirty, jaded—each with the remainder of his bunch of candles attached to his flannel garb. As soon as the men come to grass they repair to the engine-house, where they generally leave their underground clothes to dry, wash themselves in the engine pool; and put on their clothes, which are always exceedingly decent. By this time the maidens and little boys have also washed their faces, and the whole party, frequently two thousand strong, migrate across the field in groups, and in different directions, towards their respective homes. Generally speaking, they now look so clean and fresh, and seem so happy, that one would scarcely fancy they had worked all day in darkness and confinement. The old men, how-

ever, tired with their work, and sick of the follies and vagaries of the outside and inside of this mining world, plod their way in sober silence, probably thinking of their supper. The younger men proceed talking and laughing, and where the grass is good they sometimes stop and wrestle. The big boys generally advance by playing at leapfrog, and the little boys run on before to gain time to stand on their heads. As the different members of the group approach their respective cottages, these numbers, of course, diminish, and the individual who lives farthest from the mines, like the solitary survivor of a large family, performs the last few yards of his journey by himself.

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### Metalliferous Veins.

The great depositories of the metals are found in certain cavities termed metalliferous veins; they occur in what was once rents, cracks or chasms, in the rocky masses constituting what is called the *crust* of the globe, or what might more properly be termed its exterior rind. These natural stores of hidden treasure are not confined to any epoch of formation, nor to any tracts of country, although most frequent in beds that form mountain elevations, and are the oldest rocks. Veins are evidently fissures of mechanical origin; they have been opened by elevatory forces, and in some instances have been filled from beneath by the sublimation of metalliferous matter by igneous action, and in others, from the surface by the transportation of various material which have flowed into them; and

it is now tolerably well ascertained that many of the metallic veins have resulted from electro-chemical action.

Metallic veins, or fissures, generally run for a very considerable extent in a horizontal direction, and their direction below the surface is generally more or less inclined from the perpendicular, and very commonly forms an angle of from seventy to eighty degrees with the horizon. They extend downwards to an unknown depth, and their width varies from inches to feet. Their course is generally from east to west. They seldom consist of metal in a pure and malleable state, but in a chemical combination with another substance; in this state it is called an *ore*, and the metal is separated from it by the process of smelting, which will hereafter be described.

There are some technical expressions regarding the situation and direction of metallic veins which it would be well to remember. The thickness, extent, and direction of a vein of metal depends upon many circumstances. If it continues in a straight line, and of uniform thickness, it is called a *raps*; if it occasionally swells out in places, and again contracts, it is called a pipe vein, and the wider parts of the vein are called floors. Sometimes the vein divides itself into two branches, and is then said to take horse; at other times a cross vein will interfere with it, and heave, or lift it, as it were, 10 or even 20 feet out of its course.



## Workings within a Mine:

We have already described the manner in which the metallic veins lie in the crust of the earth. The substance is generally called the vein stone, and, of course, it is the object of the miner to extract it, for the possession of the ore which it contains. Should the vein be visible on the surface, which is not often the case, the miner's first operation is to drive a horizontal passage, called an adit, upon the vein, following all its windings and irregularities; and excavations being made above and below, the ore is readily obtained. Should want of air render it desirable, as the vein descends in the earth, a second outlet is made from the surface communicating with the vein by sinking a pit or shaft; and it often happens that shafts are sunk at various distances along the adit of a vein for a considerable length.

But when the vein is not visible at the surface of the earth, and the metallic treasure is supposed to be underneath, from various indications known to the miner, a mine is opened by sinking a shaft from the top, which commences much in the manner of digging a common well. At the depth of 10 or 12 feet, the vegetable mould and loam being passed, the workmen come to the hard rock, and then the work becomes slower and more difficult, and the pick, and gad, and borer, and mallet are put in requisition, and the aid of the mighty agent, gunpowder, is called in to blast the rock from time to time. To get rid of the matter broken up in the shaft,

a windlass is erected over the top of it, and the rubbish is drawn up in baskets called kibbles. The sides of the shaft are supported by a frame-work of timber, to prevent them from falling in upon the workmen, and so the process continues till the vein of ore is reached.

Trials are now made upon the vein, by cutting small horizontal passages in it called levels, and while this operation is going on the shaft is gradually sunk deeper, and when it arrives at a certain depth below the first level, generally about 10 or 12 fathoms, a short passage or cross-cut is driven into the vein, and a second level commenced in the same manner. In this way the shaft continues to be sunk deeper, and new cross-cuts and levels to be driven, one below the other, at stated intervals, each level, of course, laying open and exploring the portion of the vein through which it passes.

When the ventilation becomes imperfect, owing to there being but one communication with the external air, a small pit called a winze is sunk from the upper level to the end of the one below, and this communication having been made, a free current of air is at once established. Sometimes, after cutting a vein shafts are sunk upon it in an inclined position, so as to avoid the necessity of cross-cuts.

The operation just described constitute what is called tut-work, and is paid for at so much per fathom, forming one of the heaviest expenses of a mine; but when the vein has been thus laid open, the reward of the miner begins. The workmen called tributers generally begin working at the bottom of the mass, attacking the vein on the richest points only; by working from beneath, the ore, when detached from the vein, falls down at once on the level below, and is easily removed. The tools used in the working are generally the pick and bar, but recourse is frequently had to blasting, when great

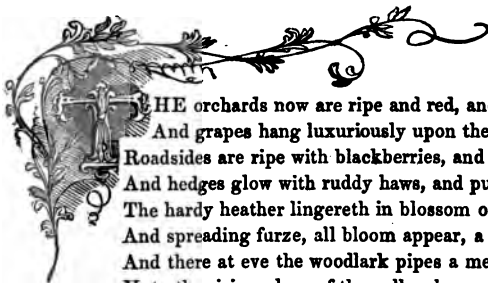
masses of the vein fall down at once upon the level, from which it is removed by handbarrows, and raised to the top by the whim.

The supports of a mine, when the ore has been excavated, are sometimes pillars left of the solid rock or vein, or at others, strong pieces of timber, which prevent the subjacent rock from falling upon the heads of the miners.





## Something about the Month of October.



THE orchards now are ripe and red, and golden runnets shine,  
And grapes hang luxuriously upon the crimson-tinted vine ;  
Roadsides are ripe with blackberries, and hips of the wild rose,  
And hedges glow with ruddy haws, and purple-cheeked sloes ;  
The hardy heather lingereth in blossom o'er the wold,  
And spreading furze, all bloom appear, a sea of molten gold :  
And there at eve the woodlark pipes a melancholy tune,  
Unto the rising glory of the yellow harvest moon.

The woods their thousand gorgeous tints of fading beauty show,  
And hazel filberts, heart to heart, like loving brothers grow ;  
Beneath the shade the harebells ring, a faint and fairy chime,  
Unto the wearied honey bee, that murmurs through the thyme ;

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The fern is fading in the dell, and mushrooms here and there  
 Perk up their bald-head scalps upon the meadows brown and bare,  
 The curlew flaps his flagging wing across the watery lea,  
 And shattered nests stand peering out upon the leafless tree.

*From the INTELLECTUAL READING BOOK.*

OCTOBER is to Peter Parley the most touching of all the months of the year. It engenders in his mind a pleasing sadness and melancholy not unholy. The year has reached its grand climacteric, and is *fast falling* "into the sere." Every hour the sun looks more and more askance upon it; and the winds, those summer flatterers, come to it less fawningly; and October is beautiful, not so much from what it gives as from what it takes away, or rather for what it gives in the very act of taking away.



Look abroad, my young foresters—go to the woods, to the heaths, to the sea side. The whole year cannot produce a sight wrought with more rich or harmonious beauty than that which the woods and groves, and sea cliffs present in this month. Colours and tints

are seen which Pyne and Wilson dare not paint for fear of being thought unnatural. The planes and the sycamores present every variety of tinge from bright yellow to brilliant red; the elms being for the most part of a rich, sunny amber, varying according to the age of the tree and the circumstances of the soil. The oaks vary from a dull dusky green to a deep russet, according to their ages; and the Spanish chestnuts, with their noble embowering heads, glowing like clouds of gold.



As for the hedge-rows, though they have nearly lost all their flowers, the various fruits that are spread out upon them for the winter food of the birds, make them little less gay than they were in spring and summer. The most conspicuous of these are the red hips of the wild rose, the dark purple bunches of the luxurious blackberry, the brilliant scarlet and green berries of the nightshade, the wintry-looking fruit of the hawthorn, the blue sloes covered with their soft,

tempting-looking bloom, the dull branches of the woodbine, and the sparkling holly berries of Holly Lodge, that peep into Peter Parley's window, and bid him think of merry Christmas a long time before he appears.

Walk among the dells and dingles, my friends, and you will still find, by seeking for them, a few flowers scattered about upon the



dry banks that skirt the woods, and even in the woods themselves, looking up meekly from among the crowd of newly-fallen leaves. The prettiest of these is the primrose, which now blows a second time. But two or three of the *periscarea* tribe are still in flower, and also some of the goosefools, or, as I think the plant is called, *flora bushnellinsis*; and even the elegant and fragrant heathbell or harebell has not yet quite disappeared, while some of the ground

flowers that have passed away, have left in their place strange evidences of their late presence; in particular the singular flower (if it can be called one) of the *ceranis*, or lords and ladies, has changed into an upright bunch or long cluster of red berries, standing up from out of the ground on a single stiff stem, and looking almost like the flower of a hyacinth.



The open fields during this month though they are bereaved of much of their actual beauty and variety, present sights that are as agreeable to the eye, and even more stirring to the imagination than those that have passed away. The husbandman is now ploughing up the arable land and putting into it the seeds that are to produce the next year's crops, and there are not among rural occupations two

more pleasant things to look on than these; the colour in particular is one that while it gives perfect satisfaction to the eye as a mere picture, awakens and fills the imagination with the prospective views that it opens.

One of the most striking and curious events of October is the migration of birds. The swallow tribe now all quit us. The swift disappeared nearly a month ago, and now the house swallow, the house martin, and bank, or sand martin, after congregating for awhile in



vast flocks about the banks of rivers and other waters, are seen no more as general frequenters of the air. If one or two are seen during the warm days that sometimes occur for the next two or three weeks, they are to be looked upon as strangers and wanderers, and the sight of them which has hitherto been so pleasant, becomes altogether different in its effect; it gives one a feeling of desolation,

such as we experience at meeting a poor, shivering sailor in our streets. In exchange for this tribe of long summer visitors, we have now great flocks of the fieldfares and redwings come back to us, and also woodpigeons, snipes, woodcocks, and several of the numerous tribes of water fowl. Now, too, the beautiful pheasant falls by the cruel gun.



Now occasionally we may observe the singular effects of a mist, coming gradually on and wrapping in its dusky cloak a whole landscape that was the moment before clear and bright as in a spring morning. The vapour rises visibly from the face of a distant river, perhaps, like steam from a boiling cauldron, and climbing up into the blue air as it advances, rolls wreath over wreath till it reaches the spot on which you are standing, and then seeming to hurry past you, its edges, which have hitherto been distinctly defined, become no longer visible, and the whole scene of beauty which a few

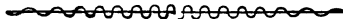
moments before surrounded you is as it were wrapped from your sight like an unreal vision of the air, and you seem, and in fact are, transferred out of the bosom of a cloud, but are not quite so enthralled as the lad seen in the cut.

Such, my young friends, are some of the things to be looked after in October, and I would still advise you to walk with your eyes open—with your legs active—with your hearts grateful, and your minds holy.





## The Boy King.



O show my young friends that even boys may do a great deal of good, I wish to say a few words respecting one of the most interesting of our English sovereigns, of a youth who was taken from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown at an early age, but not without giving evidence of his wisdom, piety, and goodness.

Edward VI., only son and successor of Henry VIII., was but nine years and three months old when he ascended the throne by the death of his father; and although the acts of his reign, especially in the first part of it, were not so much his as those of his ministers, yet his bearing and conduct had a very great influence upon the times in which he lived, and do even now exert some effect upon those of the present day.

A very pompous funeral was made for King Henry VIII., who was buried at Windsor, and that ceremony being over, Edward's coronation was solemnized on the 20th of February. The Lord Russell



acted as steward, and on the coronation a general pardon was granted to all persons not actually implicated in treasonable practices. On the sixth of February the Lord Protector, the Earl of Hertford, knighted the King, being authorized thereunto by letters patent. Thus, it seems, that the laws of chivalry required that the king should receive knighthood from the hands of some other knight, before he could enjoy the rank.

Henry the VIII., the King's father, after his quarrel with the Pope, in which he threw off the Papal yoke, steered a kind of middle course in regard to religion, he reformed many things in our Church but left many others untouched ; and, in regard to the exercise of his authority, as head of the Church, he determined that his will should be law and that none should have a will but himself. Every body was under a kind of constraint, and hardly anybody knew the opinions they might hold safely, till they understood what were those of the king. But, when Henry was dead, many people began to speak more freely about religious matters, and hoped that all rigorous laws might be abolished. Others wished to have the Pope's authority restored, and wished to see the old laws against heretics revive.

The reformers in religion built their hopes upon Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Earl of Hertford, Lord Protector ; and they ventured to declare their sentiments and to preach them publicly, and their party was so strong that it was very difficult for their enemies to oppose them. The King himself, young as he was, had the wisdom and courage to put himself at their head, although he was at an age when persons can scarcely be said to make much use of their reason. But being favoured by Divine Grace through the study of the "BIBLE," he entered fully into the perils of the

times, and by his influence added great strength to the cause of those who wished to see a pure religion established in England.

One of Edward's first acts was to appoint a commission who were empowered to visit all churches in the kingdom and to abolish all gross abuses, particularly the worship of images. And all the bishops of the diocese complied with their orders, except Bonner, of London, and Gardner, of Winchester, while the Princess Mary wrote to the Protector expressing her dislike to the changes contemplated, to which the Protector replied as laconically as Lord John Russell does to similar addresses at the present day, that he did not think himself obliged to conform to her sentiments.

In the beginning of the year 1548, the council made several alterations with regard to religion, such as forbidding the carrying of candles on Candlemas-day, of ashes on Ash Wednesday, or palm on Palm Sunday, and certain ridiculous rules used on Good Friday and Easter-day. Moreover, it was left to the people's choice to go to confession or to neglect it as they thought fit. By an act made in the same year priests were allowed to marry; a new liturgy was prepared which is nearly the same as that used in the present day. The difference is, that in the liturgy of King Edward's reign there was no confession nor absolution, the office beginning with the Lord's Prayer. In the Communion Service the Ten Commandments were not said as now, but in other things it was much the same as that at present used. In baptism there was, besides the forms we still retain, an adjuration of Satan to go out of the infant and come at him no more.

And here I cannot help relating what is true, as it shows to what length otherwise good men may be led by the spirit of bigotry and persecution. Some German Anabaptists having reached England,

Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, issued orders to search out and try the poor creatures for heresy, and several of them were burnt for the crime of saying that baptism was of no efficacy to infants. An unfortunate Englishwoman, also, named Joan Bocher, commonly called Joan of Kent, was pronounced a heretic, and sentenced to be burnt; but when the good young King was moved to sign the warrant for her execution, he could not be prevailed upon to do it. He thought the sentence very unjust and cruel. Archbishop Cranmer, who had great influence over him, was employed by the Privy Council to persuade him to sign it, and at length silenced rather than convinced by Cranmer's reasons, he set his hand to the warrant, but with tears in his eyes, telling the cruel prelate that if he did wrong, since it was in submission to his authority, *he* should answer for it to God. This act stains with infamy the otherwise fair name of Cranmer, and shames the promoters of the Reformation.

The country was now in a great ferment, principally arising from the lack of employment among the commonality. The priests and the serfmen and monks took occasion to influence the general discontent. After the suppression of the abbeys, there were vast numbers of monks, friars, and others, who were obliged to work for their living, which also made labour more plentiful, and thus reduced its price. One great cause of grievance was the enclosure of the lands and commons by the gentlemen and lords of the different manors, which was, virtually, a robbery of the poor, and insurrections took place in a great many English counties. The Protector took up the cause of the people, and published a proclamation against enclosures, but this not having its desired effect, insurrections became again very prevalent, and in Devonshire the rebels were more

than ten thousand strong, principally consisting of Roman Catholics, who demanded the restoration of the Papal system. They besieged Exeter, which was reduced to great extremities, but Lords Russell and Grey having proceeded to its relief the rebels were speedily dispersed.

Not long after these commotions the Protector, now Duke of Somerset, was accused by his council of tyrannical conduct and high treason. They laid upon him the onus of all the rebellions that had taken place, and charged him with keeping the King in bondage, and in usurping authority. The council addressed the King and declared the Protector unworthy his high office, and, coming to Windsor with a sufficient force, he was placed under arrest and committed to the Tower.

The enemies of the Reformation gloried in the Protector's fall. A bill of attainder had been preferred against him, but upon his being brought to trial he could be proved only guilty of an undue exercise of authority, and was accordingly fined by Parliament in two thousand pounds a year, of land, and the loss of all his places, and then set at liberty.

During the remainder of the year 1551, exactly 300 years ago, chosen commissioners were busied in preparing a Confession of Faith, which are the Thirty-nine Articles of the Prayer Book. It is not known exactly who were the compilers of these Articles, but it is supposed that they were framed by Cranmer and Ridley. Some places of the new liturgy were also corrected at the same time. The General Confession and Absolution were adopted; the use of the sign of the Cross, in consecration; the water mixed with the wine for the Lord's Supper was laid aside, and prayers for the dead were forbidden.

In October of the same year the ruin of the Duke of Somerset was determined, and on the 17th he was apprehended and sent to the Tower, and his pretended crimes spread abroad among the people. He was charged with treasonable practices against the King, and with secretly determining the death of the Duke of Northumberland and others by poison or violence. Upon his trial he was acquitted of the *treason* against the King, but found guilty of the felony against the lord, and upon this sentenced to death; and on the 22nd of January, 1552, was brought to the scaffold, from which he made a calm and undisturbed speech to the people, declaring his integrity and loyalty, to which the people responded with tears in their eyes. He then prayed for the King, asked the forgiveness of all his enemies without exception, and desired the people to bear witness that he died in the faith of Jesus Christ, and in the principles of the Reformation; after which he laid his head on the block to receive the fatal blow. The people, who are seldom very wrong in their estimate of great men, were so generally persuaded of his innocence, that many dipped their handkerchiefs in his blood, to be kept as a relic of his innocence.

In 1553, the young King, whose health had been always delicate, was seized with a severe cold, and for some weeks was exceedingly ill. This did not, however, prevent him from giving his attention to the business of the State, which he carried on with great vigour; but as he soon became convinced of the approach of death, he grew exceedingly anxious about the succession to the throne; and the Duke of Northumberland, the principal councillor, persuaded him to settle it on Jane Grey, eldest daughter of the Duke of Suffolk, by Frances Brandon, who was, by Henry the Eighth's will,

the next in succession after the Princess Elizabeth; and the three Judges of the realm were sent for, and required to draw an assignment of the crown to Jane, but this they refused to do. The Duke thereupon called a council, and by threats, and by bribery, prevailed upon all present, except Hales, to set their hands to an instrument for this purpose.

The King's complaint now grew towards a crisis. The council dismissed the physicians, and put the King into the hands of a "skilful woman," who took upon her to cure him, but who speedily brought his life to a close on the 6th of July, and his body was buried on the 8th of August, in the Church of St. Peter, Westminster, close to the body of Henry VII., his grandfather. He died in the arms of Sir Henry Sidney.

In person, Edward was of a sweet aspect, and especially in his eyes, which seemed to have a starry lustre in them. He kept a journal, in which he wrote the characters of all the chief men of the nation, such as judges, sheriffs, lord lieutenants, and noting their way of living and zeal for religion. He understood the nature of commerce and exchange. He knew a great deal concerning the harbours of the kingdom and of fortification. He had attained great knowledge of foreign affairs, was a fine musician, geometrician, and linguist. He was the great and earnest patron of Protestant education, and founded that most excellent institution called "Christ's Hospital," to which he gave his royal charter, as represented in the Engraving. And when we behold the young people belonging to this hospital, and we see them in the very dress of the times in which the Boy King lived, we ought to indulge pleasing remembrances of him and his good and pious reign. The young King took

notes of every thing he heard or saw, which he first wrote in Greek characters, and afterwards copied out into a fair journal. This journal, written with his own hand, is still preserved in the Cottonian library in the British Museum, and is published in Bishop Burnet's second volume of the "History of the Reformation;" and in it, says the learned prelate, the most considerable transactions in this reign are perhaps as well registered by the young King himself as by any other historian.

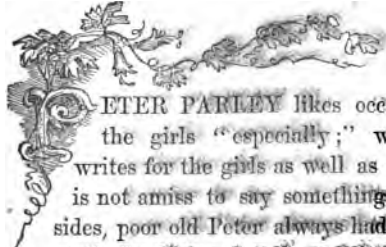
The story of the Boy King is written with a view to direct my young readers to the study of history, and to show them an example. Let them emulate young Edward in their studies, and, like him, exercise their powers of observation and reflection. Though they may never be kings according to regal title, they may, nevertheless, be kings in knowledge and wisdom; and, by their just, generous, and dutiful conduct, be no less celebrated among their friends, relations, and fellow-citizens, which is, indeed, a distinction much to be coveted.





## Something for the Girls.

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PETER PARLEY likes occasionally to say something to the girls "especially;" when he writes, he generally writes for the girls as well as the boys, but now and then it is not amiss to say something especially to the former; besides, poor old Peter always had, and always hopes to have, a particular liking for all good little girls; and he would like to see "girls" receive a much more intellectual education than they generally do, for he does not see why the mind of a girl should not be quite as capable of great things as the mind of a boy. Girls only require to be better taught than they are, and to have more sterling education than they generally do. If some of the time now given in schools to fancy work, flower painting, and music—aye, music—much as Peter Parley loves it to cheer his heart when he is sad—if



the same time often given to music; the practising six hours a-day, for instance, was to be given to sound instruction in history, in philosophy, in a knowledge of principles, and in "self-knowledge," we should, I have no doubt, very much improve our girls and our women, too, and their influence would be felt in every department of the body politic—better wives, better mothers, better nurses, better friends



and neighbours. But I am not going to preach a sermon, my object is even rather to "paint a moral and adorn a tale."

Of course, Peter Parley goes a good deal about. He very often has invitations to people's houses, and he learns a great deal from

what he sees in families, and although he ever considers the household hearth sacred, he cannot refrain from sometimes giving his friends the benefit of what he learns, and he fancies that by so doing he very often improves and enlightens.



The other day, being in the county of Suffolk, he called on some dear old friends whom he had not seen for some years. Ten years ago these friends had two lovely daughters, "twins," and at that time they were about four years old. Each had soft and curling locks, bright blue eyes, rosy cheeks, and double chins. In short, they were as pretty a pair of little doves as could be, and seemed

"Like two sweet flowers blooming on one stem."

And even now they seem only altered for the better in their looks—they are as they were then, fair and blooming, and one is playful and sprightly as ever. So much are they still alike in personal appearance that it is scarcely possible to tell one from the other, but somehow or other they have grown up vastly different in disposition, and are,

“Like the Poles, asunder”

in their habits and conduct. Their names are Juliet and Rosalind. Juliet is full of sentiment and tenderness—Rosalind is as full of fun and frolic. Juliet is so soft-hearted that she would not kill a spider or a reptile for the world, although they were ever so dangerous. She feels intensely the distresses of her poorer neighbours, and if a poor cottager happens to be sick, she will try to alleviate her sorrows and read good books to her. She will sit and work all day long to make little dresses for babies and give them away in charity. She is very fond of reading sentimental and affecting books, and will weep over imaginary woes as much as real ones.

Do not think, my little readers, that I am finding fault with Juliet. It is a holy and pious work to do good to those who need it, to sympathise with affliction, to offer balm to the wounded heart, to feed the poor and relieve the sick. I pity very much the hard, insensible creature, who has no regard for any living thing but its dear self. At the same time I like to see the same thing done at home which people sometimes take so much pains to do abroad, and this is just the fault of Juliet. Although she is very kind, and full of feeling, and assiduously affectionate for insects, worms, animals, and for the poor and wretched abroad, she does not seem to feel much affection to her father and mother, her sister and brother, or her poor old grand-

mother, who lives a little way from her in a humble cottage at **Haaketon**.

When her father comes home in the evening from his counting-house she never runs to welcome him with a kiss and a smile, she never thinks of getting his slippers for him, or of drawing the easy



chair to its proper place, or of anticipating any of his little wants. When her mamma happens to be a little poorly she often leaves her entirely to herself, or to other attendance, while she goes to visit the "cottages;" and as to her poor old grandmother, she very seldom

calls on her, although she is eighty years old and cannot get about owing to the rheumatism. When, indeed, she does condescend to call on the poor old creature, she seldom stays long, and perhaps without even sitting down for a moment runs off, saying—"I have got to visit a poor old woman down the next lane." And on one occasion, when



the poor old lady was very ill for nearly a month, she never took the trouble to call on her once, and the excuse she made, when called to account by her mother for this sad and unfeeling conduct, was that she was busy making "crochet" anti-macassars for the fancy fair in aid of the "Colonies Mission."

Now Rosalind is a very different kind of girl to Juliet, she is full of fun, too full of it sometimes, and she is now and then inclined to what I must call mischief. One day, for instance, she put the kitten

on the top of her uncle's head, and when the little squalling thing put out her claws in trying to save herself, off came her uncle's wig, leaving him perfectly bald. When the old gentleman remonstrated with her for such a liberty, and complained that Miss Pussey had stuck her claws into his head, she told him not to mind, for that he had got "a natural scratch" as well as a wig. Rosalind is also very fond of climbing, romping, swinging, and other hoydenish games, and she likes to read books of travels, exploits, cooking, housewifery, and to look after the poultry.



When she sees other people sorrowful she does not seem sad or sorrowful herself, but looks bright and cheerful, and tells them "never mind," and says, "clouds to-day, sun to-morrow;" or that it is all for the best and no use of complaining. Should her little brother

have a fall she runs and picks him up directly, and instead of whining over him, or scolding him, cries, "upside-downs," "ride a black horse to Banbury Cross," and sings a merry song to him to make him laugh, and little "Bobby" may often be seen, like Garrick, between tragedy and comedy, with a tear rolling out of one eye and a laugh sparkling in the other.



She often goes down to her old grandmother, and reads the dear old creature the newspaper, especially the drolleries and varieties,

and she never goes without a pot of jam, or a bunch of flowers, or a cake of her own making. The old lady as I said before is sadly troubled with the "rheumatism;" and it is really quite refreshing to see Rosalind rubbing and rubbing her legs, which she sometimes will do by the hour together, saying all the time such odd, droll things as to make the good dame laugh again and again in spite of her pains. And so she goes on rubbing and chattering all the time like a young magpie. When she has done rubbing she often treats the patient with a bit of a song, which she carols sadly out of tune, and "granny" cries, "Rosa, Rosa, you make my head ache, but never mind, you will never make my heart ache." At home, Rosalind watches for her father coming in and helps him to pull off his boots, gets his slippers ready, and thinks of many little things he is likely to want, while she assists her mother in the "pastry work," "darns the stockings," and helps in the plain needlework.

Rosa, Rosa, you romping, rollicking hoyden. You careless, laughing, and often thoughtless girl. Old Peter Parley would sooner dance with you than he would sigh with your sister, and yet I should like to see you in some respects like her. Charity should indeed begin at home. It not only ought to begin there, but to take up its quarters there as a regular fixture belonging to the tenement; but still it ought to go abroad and diffuse itself from a household to a neighbourhood, from a neighbourhood to a town, from a town to a city, from a city to a country, and from a country to the whole human race. But our first duties are to our fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, grandfathers and grandmothers, and when those are forgotten, our other kindnesses are likely to proceed from very inferior motives compared with those that brought us to our household duties.



As for Juliet and Rosalind, they may mutually learn from each other. Juliet may learn of Rosalind by being more attentive to her own family than she now is, and Rosalind may learn from Juliet to be more staid in her demeanour, and to think a little more seriously; and if they will sincerely set about emulating each other's virtues and shunning each other's errors, I feel convinced that the love of their family will be increased towards them, and that God will bless and assist them in their endeavours.









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## A Visit to the Wax-Work.



**W**HEN Peter Parley was a boy there used to be periodical visits of wax-work people to the town in which he resided, who brought wax heads and hands in boxes, which were placed on the proper posts of "dummies stuffed with straw," and arranged in various attitudes, "offensive and defensive," "active, passive, and neuter;" in the imperative or the indicative or potential moods, and in the masculine and feminine gender. There was one noun substantive I very well remember, the renowned Daniel Lambert, the fat man of Leicester, who weighed fifty stone; and a wax-work figure of O'Brien, the Irish giant, whose skeleton now stands in the museum of the College of Physicians. There were also Mrs. Siddons and Tim Bobbin, the laughing philosopher; besides which, were Mother Shipton, the



famous old prophetess; Jane Shore, the beautiful *wife* of Edward VI., being somehow a misprint; Othello, Moor of Venice, "who brutally smothered his wife with a pillow." These, and several other notables, were mixed up with a cat with three heads, a calf with two, a sheep with four tails, a real and beautiful mermaid, a learned pig, named Toby, the swinish philosopher; together with a view through a peep-hole, of the visit of Queen Sheba to King Solomon on the throne; Daniel in the den of lions; the tower of Babel, and the other six wonders of the world.

The great wonder of the world, "in the wax-work line," is now, without question, Madame Tussaud's Exhibition, which seems to have thrown completely into the shade, or, perhaps, to speak more scientifically, "melted the wax" of all other waxen exhibitions in the kingdom. And I look upon this in some degree as an advance in the right direction, for now persons of an intellectual turn of mind may visit "wax-work" without disgust, and persons who love grandeur and show, and the appearance of great folks, will be gratified to the fullest of their anticipation, while those who wish to have their "feelings harrowed up" may luxuriate in the "Chamber of Horrors," and, if they like, sup full of them.

Peter Parley having hobbled up Baker Street, soon found himself in the "Great Wax Exhibition," and in the midst of the most distinguished characters, almost as distinguished as himself, and all a vast deal more harmless. Here were kings and queens and emperors and grand field marshals. Here were stupid kings and mad kings, bad kings and good kings, archbishops and bishops, dukes, prime ministers, play-actors, fiddlers, dancers, cardinals, cut-throats.

It made one laugh to see all these personages so quiet and pleasing



to look upon. There was the Emperor Napoleon as quiet as a lamb; Mehemet Ali as meek as a pigeon; Lord Brougham positively silent; Nelson at a "stand still;" and Lord John Russell in a "fix." In short, there were more than a hundred celebrated characters of all sorts and sizes, of all ranks and conditions, of all ages and complexions—but the greatest man of the whole was absent, namely, the "Duke." It was like the play of Hamlet, with the character of Hamlet omitted by "particular desire." To leave out the Duke of Wellington, the greatest man of our age, in an assemblage of notables, is to Peter Parley an affront which he wont look over in a hurry, depend upon it.

But, however, to say something about the sight. There is indeed a deal worthy of inspection in Madame Tussaud's Exhibition. The pomp and glory of the great stand forth in glowing habiliments:—Wolsey in the dress of a cardinal; Mehemet Ali in a Turkish costume; Richard III. in a magnificent suit of armour; Henry IV. of France, Joan of Arc, Queen Elizabeth, King Henry VIII., Francis I., Charles I., in the costumes of the several periods; and St. Louis in the costume of the Saint Esprit, bring before us the glory of bygone days, and excite historical recollections of great and never-failing interest. One group, called "The Eighth," represent the members of the House of Brunswick from the time of George I. to the present period; and this group presents the most complete view of the four national orders—Garter, Bath, Thistle, and St. Patrick. There is the "first gentleman in Europe," George IV., and the most unfortunate and ill-used of queens, Caroline; the noble Duke of York; the popular Duke of Sussex; the stern Duke of Kent, with "Farmer George" and his good wife, Queen Charlotte. In the same group we

have the "cunning" King of the French, and Sir Charles Napier, cousin to Rear Admiral Sir Charles Napier, K.C.B., who will be member for the Borough of Ipswich in the next Parliament, and it is quite refreshing to look upon the good-tempered face of William IV., the sailor king.

In another group we find the Royal Family at home; and here we have the "gem of all gems," the Koh-i-noor of women, the flower of all flowers, the lovely "rose of England," our beloved Queen, not however looking half so lovely as she really is; Prince Albert—all bright as his name signifies, like his own Crystal Palace—his eyes beaming with goodness and intelligence; and, lastly, the "Royal Children," for whom Peter Parley has an especial affection, as he understands from pretty good authority, that they are loving and obedient, docile and manageable, as children ought to be; and that they do not take upon themselves because of their "high birth" any of those ridiculous airs and graces which some children are very prone to.

Besides these "royal gems" we have other "pieces of pomp" arrayed in what is called the "Golden Chamber," containing the relics of that "king of the cut-throats," Napoleon. There stands the carriage of the "Emperor," taken at Waterloo; the celebrated camp-bed used by the "Emperor" at St. Helena; the flag of Elba; the cradle of the son of Napoleon, and what is termed the most extraordinary and curious relic in existence, the counterpane used on the bed on which the Emperor died, "marked with his blood!" but not so deeply as the earth was marked by the blood of all the nations of the earth during the "war period" through his mad ambition. There are numerous other relics of a certain kind of interest to some

people, such as the spoon and tooth-brush and razor used by the "Emperor," and among the miscellaneous relics, the coat and waist-coat of the Emperor's conqueror, "Wellington."

Then comes the Chamber of Horrors—over which Peter Parley draws a veil; but he cannot help advising his young friends to visit this "wax-work," as it really includes such an extraordinary number of extraordinary things, that it may be looked upon as one of the "Great Teachers" of the Metropolis, preaching "sermons" to the multitude, full of interesting truth, and adding not a little to the delight of thousands.





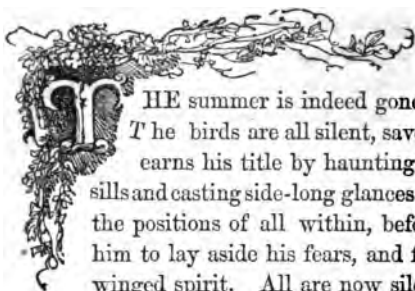
## Something about the Month of November.



**"The flowers are dying one by one, the leaves are falling fast,  
Oak, elm, and beech trees howl aloud amid the sobbing blast,  
And every bronzed thicket copse in its expiring dyes—  
Stirred by the wailing winds, gives out a requiem of sighs ;  
The maple hath the hectic flush of some consumptive thing,  
That looketh ever beautiful amid its withering ;  
The wrecks of all that once was fair are strewn on every side,  
And withered bloom and shrivelled leaf are scattered far and wide."**

**MARTIN.—INTELLECTUAL READING BOOK.**

**Y**



THE summer is indeed gone—the autumn is failing fast. The birds are all silent, save the “household bird,” who earns his title by haunting the thresholds and window sills and casting side-long glances in at doors, as if to reconnoitre the positions of all within, before the pinching frost force him to lay aside his fears, and flit in and out silently like a winged spirit. All are now silent except him, but he, as he sits on the painted railings beside the doorway, or on the topmost twig of the little blackthorn that has been left growing in the otherwise closely-clipped hedge, pipes plaintive ditties with a low inward voice—like that of a melancholy maiden, as she sits apart from her companions, and sings soft melodies to herself almost without knowing it.



Some of the other small birds that winter with us, but have hitherto kept aloof from our dwellings now approach them, and mope about among the house sparrows on the bare branches, wondering what has

become of all the spare leaves, and not knowing one tree from another. Of these the chief are the hedge sparrow, the blue titmouse, and the linnæus. These, also, with the goldfinch, thrush, blackbird, &c., may be still rifling the high and low-grown hedges of their scanty fruit. Almost all, however, even of those singing birds that do not migrate, except the redbreast, wren, hedge sparrow, and



titmouse disappear shortly after the commencement of this month, and go no one knows whither. But the pert house sparrow keeps possession of the garden and court-yard all the winter; and the different species of wagtails may be seen busily haunting the clear, cold, spring heads, and wading into the unfrozen water in search of their delicate food, consisting of insects in their aurelia state.

Now the farmer finishes all his out-of-door work before the frost sets in, and lays by his implements till the awakening of spring calls him to hard labour again.

Now, the sheep, all their other more natural food failing, begin to be penned on patches of the turnip fields, where they first devour the green tops joyfully, and then gradually hollow out the juicy root,



holding it firm with their feet till nothing is left but the dry brown husk.

Now, the herds stand all day long, hanging their disconsolate heads beside the leafless hedges, and waiting as anxiously, but as patiently too, to be called home to the hay-fed stall as they do in summer to be driven to a field.

Now, cold rains come deluging down, till the drenching ground,

the dripping leaves, and the torn, ragged-skirted clouds, seemingly dragged down slantways by the threads of dusky rain that descended from them, are all mingled together in blind confusion, while the



few cattle that are left in the open pastures, forgetful of their, till now, interminable business of feeding, turn their backs upon the besieging storm and hanging down their heads till their noses almost



touch the ground, stand out in the middle of the fields motionless like dead images.



Now, too, for the dwellers in rustic situations, a furious rain storm such as I have spoken of breaks up all the paths and ways at once, and makes home no longer home to those who are not obliged to leave it, while it becomes doubly endeared to those that are.

Now the felling of wood for the winter store commences and on a mild, still day the measured stroke of the woodman's axe heard far away in the thick forest brings with the sound an associated feeling similar to that produced by a wreath of smoke rising from out of the same scene, and puts us in mind of the woodman himself, his cottage, and his happy, quiet life. Here is a little poem about the woodman.

“ Far removed from noise and smoke,  
Hark ; I hear the woodman's stroke,  
Who dreams not as he fells the oak  
What mischief dire he brews.

Now art may shake the falling trees  
In aid of luxuries and ease—  
He weighs not matters such as these,  
But sings, and hacks, and hews.

Perhaps now fel'd by his hard knocks,  
It makes oak posts or barber's blocks ;  
Perhaps the pulpit or the stocks,  
Whence priests or sinners teach.

The gibbet on which hangs the thief,  
The seat where sits the grave lord chief,  
The schoolboy's desk of many a grief,  
The throne, the cobbler's stall.

Thou pamperest life in every stage,  
Makest follies, whims, prides, equipage,  
For children's toys—crutches for age—  
And coffins for us all.”

London is very different from the country at this season of the year. The first great event is the publication of Peter Parley's Annual; then

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comes Lord Mayor's Show. The Londoners crowd in thousands on the 9th of this month to see the procession of the Lord Mayor from Guildhall to Westminster and back. His way is partly by water and partly by land; and it is a fine sight to see his bargemen in their picturesque coats, plying their oars with so much regularity.



The state barge is a very handsome boat. By land the show is also very splendid. There are men in armour and feathers, horses prancing and curvetting, military and other bands of music giving

forth their inspiring sounds; elegantly dressed ladies at every window in the line of route, and the whole scene is one of glitter and excitement. Then in the evening, at Guildhall, there is such a gorgeous banquet, at which Her Majesty's ministers, the foreign ambassadors, and the eminent and distinguished men of the time, come to welcome the new Lord Mayor into his office, and to partake of the magnificent hospitalities of the great city of London.

Now and then Royalty itself honours the city with its visits, and on these occasions the Queen bestows upon the Lord Mayor the dignity of a baronetage, and on the two Sheriffs that of knighthood.

Soon after this great event the shops begin to shine out with their new winter wares, the theatres make preparations for the grand pantomime, and the fat citizens, the Aldermen Gobbles, begin to dream of turtle. Now, all the little boys give thanks in their secret hearts to Guido Faux for having attempted to burn the Parliament, or the "gunpowder treason and plot," since the said attempt gives them occasion to burn everything they can lay their hands on—their own fingers included, as Peter Parley once did, and singed off his eyebrows and eyelashes into the bargain. But a bon-fire—every English schoolboy considers it the beautiful and sublime of human life; and an old Guy, the glory and majesty, the light of perfection, the envy, and admiration of all boykind. But, although I hate all usurpation of spiritual power in those who profess to be ministers of religion, I am, by no means, disposed to be intolerant: and when I think of the great and glorious benefits I enjoy in this free and happy country, and of the comfort of my household hearth, and of the roast beef, and the plum pudding, and other good things of this life; and, above all, when I think of our

excellent Queen, who is the model wife, model mother, and model monarch for all nations, and behold her doing everything to make her people happy, I feel so cheerful and happy myself, and so full of gratitude to the Giver of all Good, that I really believe that if the Pope himself was to tumble up to the arm-pits in the mud I should try to help him out with a hearty good will, although I might laugh all the time, and be wicked enough to enjoy the fun. And as for those whom the Pope calls his sheep, there is not one of them that I would not rise up at midnight to help—whether they were black sheep, or white sheep, long horns, or crooked horns, fat tails, or spindlings; and if I am caught smiling at Guys, or bonfires, or fireworks, and happen to give a hurrah! I do it in a kindly spirit, and would sing remember the Fifth of November after the following fashion:—

“ Good gentlefolks, pray  
 Remember the day  
 Of gunpowder treason and plot.  
 I don't see the reason  
 Why gunpowder treason  
 Should ever be forgot.

But let us remember  
 To be gentle and tender,  
 And don't let us scorn, taunt, and jeer.  
 And as for the Pope,  
 Let us live in the hope  
 That Faith, Truth, and Love  
 Will give strength from above  
 And we shall have nothing to fear.

Then halloo! boys, halloo! shout and hurray!  
Halloo! boys, halloo! boys, throughout the day;  
Halloo! boys, halloo! boys, let the bells ring,  
While 'God save the Queen' we all merrily sing.

Let's make an old Guy  
Of each 'error' we spy  
By the aid of Intelligence bright.  
Let's have a bonfire,  
Blazing higher and higher,  
To burn all our hatred and spite,  
And let Charity's ray  
Warm our hearts day by day,  
And our wrongs will all fade in the light.

Then halloo! boys, halloo! boys, shout and hurray!  
Halloo! boys, halloo! boys, throughout the day;  
Halloo! boys, halloo! boys, let the bells ring,  
While 'God save the Queen' we merrily sing."





## A Vision of War.



**S**N one of my rambles the other day through the town of the Deben, I observed a crowd collected on the Market Hill. Like all crowds, this contained a variety of lookers-on; rustics, tradespeople, and gentleman farmers, were intent upon an affray going on in the centre of the group. Some were shouting, some clapping their hands; one cried "Well done, Tawney!" another, "Hit him again, little one!" a third, "Go well into him!" and a fourth, "Keep up your pluck, Simon!"—the mob all the time laughing, shouting, jeering and swearing.

When I came so close to the crowd as to be able to see what was going on more particularly, I soon found that the uproar proceeded from a difference of opinion between two poor lads, each the owner of a jackass. They had by some accident come into collision in the public streets. It was Simon Tailor and Joe Willan, both quiet, honest fellows in their way. The former was the proprietor of a

crockery-ware waggon; and the latter of a perambulating fruit stall, each made locomotive by the sinews of a substantial jackass;



and it appeared, as I heard by inquiry amongst the bystanders, that Simon and Joe were coming along the same street at the same time, but in opposite directions—that when the asses approached each other, they first gave a loud bray of recognition, then another of defiance, and lastly one of “war.” The owners, to teach them pacific principles, had applied to both the argument of physical force at the same moment, by means of a stout cudgel with which each was



provided, which application seemed to have had quite a contrary effect upon the animals, to that intended by their respective masters, as it rendered them much more restive ; so that when the vehicles to which the animals were respectively attached, ought to have passed clear of each other, according to established custom, they came into violent contact ; the crockery-ware cart was overturned on one side of the road, and the vegetable machine on the other, while the intermediate space was strewed with an odd mixture of cups and saucers, apples, cabbages, dishes, onions, delft ware, and potatoes, all in the most incongruous confusion.

In this unfortunate occurrence two dogs, one of which was fastened under each cart, fell foul of each other, so far as their strings would allow them ; and, while war was fiercely raging between the two quadrupeds, the two bipeds had thrown down the gauntlet to each other, and had just commenced a gladiatorial display. When I got to the spot, the two dogs and the two lads were fighting furiously, and the bystanders loudly applauding. The idle boys were having a scramble for the plums, apples, and other descriptions of fruit, and the donkeys trampling among the crockery, and kicking mightily. It was some little time before I could gather all the particulars related above ; but when I understood the thing, I went to the head of one of the donkeys, and getting some of the crowd to help up the cart to which he was harnessed, drew him quietly out of the way, and I then endeavoured to put a stop to the furious contest going on between the young men.

As soon, however, as I attempted to interfere, I was set upon with the most discordant yells, and rudely pushed on one side ; but,

being a peaceable man, and feeling it to be my duty to prevent fighting, I persevered; but in a moment I found myself in utter darkness, by having my hat forced down over my eyes, at the same time somebody took hold of my leg, and I fell sprawling in the kennel, while a loud burst of laughter heralded my descent; somebody, also, more spiteful I think than playful, put a handful of dirt into my mouth, which nearly choked me; and feeling this rough usage to be more than my poor worn-out frame could stand, I crawled away on my hands and knees, faintly repeating, "He that meddleth with strife that belongeth not to him is like one that taketh a dog by the ears."

I had not been many seconds out of the crowd in a retired position before I noticed a tall gentleman in black approaching the spot where the tumult was so rife. He called out, in a peremptory tone of voice, "Stand on one side! Make way! I command you to desist! Leave off fighting, I say! In the"—Queen's name I think he would have said, but just at that moment a dead cat struck him plump upon the mouth, and some wag knocked his hat over his eyes as mine had been, and the poor clergyman had the mortification to be thrown down and even trampled upon, receiving more injury in his fall than I had done.

The fight still went on, and, from the encouragement given to the combatants by the crowd, lasted for some time without much chance of a termination; but, while the combat was at its greatest fury, and the excitement of the mob at its zenith, an itinerant mountebank with a raree-show, a monkey ludicrously dressed, a long pole bearing bolls, and a couple of dancing dogs, made his appearance. He strode boldly among the crowd, gave a flourish with

his bells, a roo-te-too-te-too-te-too with his Punch-call, and a capering grimace which set every one a-laughing, while his man behind placed the race-show box in the middle of the circle, and, without heeding the combat in the least, drew up his curtain, and obtruded Punch and his staff before the company. Mr. Punch making a very fine bow, giving a tremendous rattle with his quarter staff on the frame of the machine, and ended with a scream which pierced the ears, and awakened the attention of every one present; another flourish, another roo-te-too-te-too-te-too, and the appearance of Punch's wife, called forth a loud burst of laughter, and the country bumpkins and the townfolk stood entranced.

The combatants, too, seemed brought to a stand-still, and, finding their backers amused in another way, did not seem to care about prolonging the combat, and, after a brief pause, began to disperse themselves in opposite ways; one or two of the more contentions among them did say, "Don't give it up—see which is master;" but the grimaces and drolleries of Punch, the noise of the base drum and mouth organ, and the tricks of Toby, so diverted the attention of the former aiders and abettors of the fight, that the animosity seemed to subside suddenly, as the furious billows are said to do when oil is poured upon the waters.

At the same moment an elderly man approached the spot, dressed in a plain suit, with a broad-brimmed hat, very much like that worn by Peter Parley, and, before Simon and Joe could well recover themselves, took each by the arm, and walked them quietly into a small house close by, and in a few minutes after, I saw the same Quaker come out again and superintend the picking up of the broken crockery and bruised fruit and vegetables, setting the over-

turned cart on its wheels and the asses upon their legs again, while Punch and his vagaries proceeded, to the infinite delight of the lookers-on.

All this seemed a vision to the eyes of Peter Parley. To see a fight which raged so furiously, and which he and the clergyman of the parish could not allay, suddenly put a stop to by the music of a catcall and grinding organ, pan pipes, and a stick of bells, was indeed surprising; but, after all, when I learned the particulars not at all so very wonderful, it seemed, indeed, like conjuring or magic; but, like conjuring or magic, appeared very simple when the trick was explained. It seems that Ephraim Homespun, the Quaker, had beheld the affray from one of the upper windows of his house on the other side of the market place, and that, while the contest was going on, the mountebank presented himself before his door. Not wanting any nonsense of the kind, and being desirous, if possible, to turn the circumstance to good, Ephraim called to the man, and told him, if he could go and amuse the people fighting on the other side of the hill, so as to turn them from their wickedness, he would give him half-a-crown; upon this hint the showman acted as has been described, and the result was a speedy pacific movement, a cessation of hostilities, and a sudden break up of the war.

Would to goodness, all wars, fightings, and contentions could be broken up by similar means. I do not exactly mean by foolery and buffoonery, as this street affair was; but still I think the good old Quaker was right in principle, when he directed the minds of the combatants and spectators into other channels. As the body rarely feels two pains at one time, and is rarely excited by two ideas at the same moment, it is philosophical to divert the attention. When the

child cries, we give it a rattle, a toy, or show it some pretty thing; and all men are babies of a larger growth. It is for us to divert attention from the wicked and detestable game of war by the pursuits of commerce, art, science, and industry. And the good old Quaker setting up one excitement against another in a street fight is not less noble in his way than Prince Albert by his Great Exhibition diverting attention from the horrors of war to the glories of peace.

The world is supposed to be nearly six thousand years old, and one might think, that during this long period, it ought not to be so very deficient in experience, nor is it in a great number of matters. Inventions have arisen from one age to another to supply our necessities; the sciences of agriculture and navigation, the first two pioneers to civilization, have become more and more perfect; mechanical inventions, the arts of life, all have become more and more complete; and at the present moment we English people perhaps enjoy the comforts, conveniences, and luxuries of life as much as we ought reasonably to expect, and a vast deal more than we deserve.

But there is one small matter which we seem to have overlooked in our struggle after this world's good; and, while tolerably polished in our manners, we are in this respect very little better than "wild savages" or "wild beasts;" nay, instead of being a very little better, I fancy we are a great deal worse. The small matter to which I would allude, is the great subject of Peace. Dogs fight, cats fight, lions, bears, and tigers, have many a set-to with each other, and savages raise the "war whoop," and kill, burn, and destroy; and wild beasts and savages having nothing but the

“candle light” of nature to guide them, are in some degree excusable. The most extraordinary thing is, that nations, calling themselves civilised states and kingdoms, heralding the Cross of Christ on their banners, do exactly what the dogs, cats, lions, tigers, and savages do, with this difference only, that they make the principle of fighting a matter of science, a thing of trade, a system of national glory, and slaughter by wholesale, a mercantile necessity, just as if Christ had never come into the world to teach men to “love one another,” and to establish peace on earth and good will towards man.



But let us have our Gurneys, our Frys, and our Brewsters—let us have members of the Peace Militant, as I call the Society of Friends, boldly active with the olive branch, as our Nelsons, our Wellingtons, and our Napiers have been with the sword, and we shall reap such a harvest of good as the world never saw. And that

time must come, for the Word of God has declared it, the "Prince of Peace" has determined it, and the Divine Spirit will hasten it. Little children, lend your aid in the good work. Peter Parley would like nothing better than to see a Children's Peace Society established, through which the principle of love, kindness, and forbearance, might grow with their growth, strengthen with their strength, and expand with their manhood, into the richness and perfection of the ripest fruit.





## Disagreeable Young Gentlemen.

— 838 —



PETER PARLEY has seen a vast number of young gentlemen in his time—boys as they used to be called—boys between the ages of seven and fourteen. In many cases he has seen much to admire in them, in others he has observed much worthy of censure.

There is a great deal of beauty in this beautiful world. The sun is beautiful in its morning and evening glory, the sky is beautiful, the sea is beautiful, the earth and its lap full of flowers is beautiful, but one of the most beautiful things to the heart and to the eye of old Peter Parley is a well-behaved child.

Some young gentlemen, as they are called for the sake of euphony I suppose, are anything but pleasing in Peter Parley's sight. The description of young gentlemen to which I allude is that modern species of them which put on the airs of men before they are well



out of pinafores and corduroys, and who swagger about in all the importance of juvenile impudence.

Yes, impudence—sheer, downright, positive, unmistakable impudence—assurance double-milled, they walk into the parlour with a bound and bluster, paying no respect to persons, and walk out again with a whiff, a twist, and a whistle.



Such young gentlemen have a superlative delight in calling their fathers "Governors," and their mothers, the "Old Woman." They are also excessively redolent in bawling about the house for anything they may happen to want, and especially imperative in their commands to domestics.

They are also by no means wanting in impertinance to strangers. A civil question is seldom deemed worthy of a civil answer, and they exhibit a vast deal of *nonchalance* in all their replies, as if the trouble of conversation was too much for them, and the "desire of pleasing" had evaporated in ill-behaviour.



Such young gentlemen are, however, very eloquent when it suits them, upon the qualities of their pony or their exploits with the gun. They know how to brag of their high deeds of sporting in a fair, or racing on a common, and can talk of the relative degrees of excellence in percussion caps and wadding with a gusto truly wonderful.

They are not by any means backward in giving opinions upon all things in general, and everything in particular—they know everything of course. It does not matter to them what may be the topic they can meet it, or what may be the question, they can solve it; and this is done with a certain confident air, which adds great weight to their opinions.



If the disagreeable young gentleman is disagreeable at home he is ten times more so at school. He is not loved either by his schoolmaster or his playmates. He plagues the former by general inattention to his lessons, and the latter by not playing fairly at his sports. He generally tries to get others into a scrape and himself out. All that he does either in school or out of school is to please himself, to study no one's interest but his own, and to do as he likes.

Young gentlemen of this kind are very much in the opinion that the world was made for them, and that they are to do really what they

like in it. They feel that the sun and the moon and the stars are creatures for their especial use; and seem to know as by instinct that mankind have been created for their exclusive service, and that father and mother, brothers and sisters, and playmates, are to be their slaves.

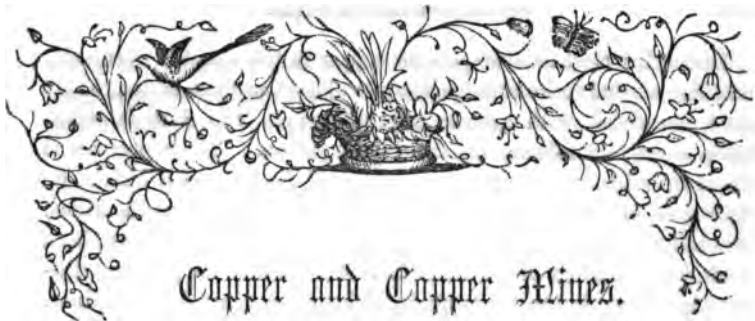
Sometimes the disagreeable young gentleman falls sick, and then he is not only disagreeable but a perfect nuisance. He can't eat and



he won't drink; he can't stand and he won't lie; he can't take physic and he won't get well. The whole house is too small to attend upon him. No one can please him—he hates the nurse, he won't hear the doctor. He kicks, and bellows, and groans, and whines, and threatens his mamma if she don't get him everything that is nice that he will try and catch the measles or the hooping cough, when he gets well, and give her as much trouble as he possibly can.

In short, the disagreeable young gentleman wears the ass's ears from day to day—every one hates him, shuns him, and despises him, and he grows up into manhood linked to folly and vice, and at last comes to the end of fools.





## Copper and Copper Mines.

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**C**OPPER is one of the earliest metals with which man became acquainted. Its use is most extensive. It is found in a state of purity, and is then called native copper, but more frequently in combination with other mineral substances. More than nine-tenths of the copper ore of commerce is obtained from these ores, in which the metal is combined with sulphur and iron, and the yellow copper ore is the most abundant of these, and is commonly called copper pyrites. A considerable quantity of copper is obtained from springs, containing sulphate of copper (blue vitriol), in solution, which are frequent in copper mines. In this state the copper is obtained by immersing plates of old iron in the fluid; and the process may be easily understood by dissolving a little blue vitriol in water, and dipping the blade of a knife in it, which will be instantly covered with copper. Another variety of copper is that seen in the malachite, which is a green carbonate, and is used by mineralogists and jewellers for ornamental purposes.

One of the most famous spots for copper in the world is Cornwall ; and here we find rocks of the primary or oldest transition series, chiefly slate, associated with granite and porphyry. The slate is called killas among the miners and the granite gossan. The copper ore is found in veins, composed of a mixture of the ore with quartz, or fluor spar, or both, which occur for the most part among the killas, generally a greenish, argillaceous slate ; and veins which have been worked in the killas have been often followed into the granite without any change in their magnitude, richness, or general composition.

Copper ore is also found in the carboniferous or mountain limestone, as in Staffordshire, but very sparingly considering the great extent of their formation. In England, none of the superior strata contain more than occasional traces of copper ore ; but in Germany there are beds of what is there termed kupferschiefer, or copper slate, from which a considerable quantity of copper is obtained.

The county of Cornwall, as we heretofore hinted, produces vast quantities of copper, indeed more than all the other copper districts of Europe put together. It is not certain when the mines were first worked ; there does not appear to be any remains of the operations of the Romans in the copper mines of Cornwall and it was not till the latter end of the seventeenth century that they were set to work ; since which time they have been carried on with great enterprise and successful skill.

The greatest proportion of the Cornish mines lie between the town of Truro and the Land's End. They are not widely scattered, but accumulated in groups on a small number of points. The most important are in the neighbourhood of Redruth. There are, altogether, from eighty to ninety copper mines worked in the county, some of them are of great depth ; that called Dolcoath has workings

1,368 feet below the surface, but the Consolidated mines are the most extensive. They are situated in the parish of Gwennap, about three miles east of Redruth, along the brow of a range of steep hills, and occupy an area of about 800 acres. The site is about 500 feet above the level of the sea, and the bottom of the deepest shaft is 1,340 feet below the level of the sea, and 1,652 from the surface. The principal lodes are from two to eight feet wide, with branches from them varying from twelve to eighteen inches in width; there are vertical shafts sunk upon the different lodes, which, in the aggregate, exceed twenty miles of perpendicular excavations over the whole area; and the aggregate extent of the levels, or ways, driven in all directions from these shafts, is about forty-seven miles.

The enormous machinery employed in these mines form an unparalleled example of mechanical skill and ingenuity, as applied to mining on its most extensive scale. This machinery consists of ten very large steam engines, employed in pumping, their dimensions varying from ninety to sixty five-inch cylinders; a smaller one, of thirty-inch cylinder, used for the same purpose; eight steam engines, of about twenty-inch cylinders, employed in drawing ore and vein stuff; being, altogether, nineteen engines, of which four are the largest ever erected. There is also a water wheel, forty-two feet in diameter, employed in pumping; another thirty feet in diameter, employed in driving machinery, and four smaller ones for stamping and other purposes; altogether, six in number. Several horse whims are also employed.

If we calculate the force constantly exerted by this stupendous accumulation of mechanical power, when working at a moderate rate, it may be stated as equivalent to the work of from 900 to 1,000 horses, which is, however, by no means the extent of its



power; and it would, perhaps, be not too much to consider, that the engine power employed in these mines is nearly, if not quite equal, to the work of 4,000 horses; and, were it exerted to its full extent, to that of from 7,000 to 8,000 horses. The amount of human labour is proportionate to the power of the machinery; the number of persons being usually employed are about 2,500. The ore raised is chiefly that already alluded to as being the most numerous, viz., the yellow copper ore; and the average quantity of refined copper usually produced annually, is equal to 2,000 tons.

Several of the Cornish mines are worked under the sea, as in the parish of St. Just, where the entrance to them is almost on the very edge of the precipitous termination of the land, and the workings extend from the vertical shaft far under the bed of the ocean.

The quantity and value of the contents of a mine are, in all cases, extremely doubtful; frequently entailing, for months together, a constant loss upon the owners; and at other times, as in the following instance, richly rewards them for their enterprise. Huel Virgin mine, in the parish of Gwennap, in July and August, 1757, in the first fortnightly workings produced copper which sold for £5,700; and in the next three weeks and two days as much as sold for £9,600. To raise the first quantity it cost the adventurers no more than £100, and the latter only a trifle more.

### Smelting of Copper Ore.

The ore, when brought to the surface by the means already described in the chapter on working within mines, is first separated into different lumps according to its richness, and then the lumps of pure ore are broken into fragments about the size of a hazel nut;

and that which is mixed with other substances is broken still smaller, and thrown into sieves, which are shaken under the surface of water, whereby the lighter impurities are washed away, and the heavier ore remains. This operation of preparing the ore for the furnace is, however, modified in many ways, according to the nature of the ore. The ore so prepared is sold to the various copper companies, by whom it is smelted, and is conveyed from Cornwall to Wales for that purpose, on account of the abundant supply and cheapness of coal there.

The processes of smelting are conducted as follows:—1st., the ores are calcined, or burnt; 2nd., the calcined ore is melted; 3rd., the metallic mixture from No. 2 is calcined; 4th., the calcined coarse metal from process 3 is melted; 5th., the purer metal from process 4 is calcined; 6th., the metal calcined from process 5 melted; 7th., the copper from process 6 roasted; 8th., coarse, or blistered copper refined. In the first process, and, indeed, in all the calcining processes, the sulphur is expelled and the iron oxidised. In the melting processes, the metallic oxides and earthy matter are skimmed off the top as slop.

The melted matter is let off, at a hole opening from the side of the furnace, into an adjoining pit filled with water, where it becomes granulated. This granulated matter is subjected to calcination, and passes, as already described, until it comes to the seventh process, or roasting, and it afterwards runs off into moulds formed in beds of sand; and, when cooled, is seen in the state of copper, being covered with black blisters, and is then called blistered copper. These are next put into the refining furnace, and gradually melted, the surface of the metal being covered with charcoal during the process. When properly refined, this melted copper is taken out in iron

ladels coated with clay, and poured into moulds, forming cakes 12 inches by 18, the form required by the manufacturer.

### Uses and Applications of Copper.

The uses of copper are so numerous that it would be a waste of time to enumerate the whole of them. Some of the most important are connected with the sheeting of ships, to protect the timber from the worms, and to diminish friction in the water. Large boilers for brewing, sugar works, &c., are made of copper, as well as a great variety of domestic utensils. Another most important use to which it is applied, is the preparation of plates for the engraver, who cuts it with his tools, or etches it with nitric acid.

Copper forms with its alloy of tin and other metals, bronze and bell metal, medals, cymbals, gongs, the mirrors of reflecting telescopes, various tools; German silver, copper, and arsenic, forms a white coloured alloy, sometimes used for the scales of thermometers and barometers, the dials of clocks, for candlesticks, and other articles, especially the common coin of the realm.

### Statistics of Copper.

In 1840, the total quantity of *ore* sold in Cornwall was about 150,000 tons of 21 cwts., yielding an average produce of eight per cent, and the whole value of which was about a million sterling. The total produce of pure metal from all the copper mines of the United Kingdom was, at the same period, about 15,000 tons. The copper annually exported averages about 8,000 tons.

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## The Month of December.



“ Now ships are toss'd upon the angry main,  
And the high winds all uncontrol'd reign ;  
For now the fiery horses of the sun  
Through the twelve signs their rapid course have run ;  
And storm and tempest give their loud hurrahs !  
And greet with maniac shouts the dismal winter days.”



**D**INTER has now fairly come upon us. He comes blustering and surly, sweeps off the few remaining leaves from the trees, and the woods are naked and bare. My young friends who can read Horace, may recollect how he alludes to December robbing the woods of their leafy honours, and my classical friend Collet will bear with me if I add the words,—

—— “ December,  
Sylvis honorem decutit.”

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But still the violence of winter and his denuding hand has goodness in them; he throws over all plants the blanket of somnolency, and breathes forth that self-compelling sleep which is to wrap all in a temporary oblivion; but this is no less essential to their healthful existence than is the active vitality which it for a while supersedes.

However, all is not gloomy. Among the general appearances of Nature there are still many lovely spots and cheering aspects. The furze flings out its bright yellow flowers upon the otherwise bare common like little gleams of sunshine. I think I stretch my eyes over the broad expanse of Sutton walk which looks like another California, a golden district, and many little flowers are lingering in quiet nooks making much of the short days of sunshine.



As regards the feathered creation, the green plover now "whistles o'er the lea," and the snipes haunt the marshy grounds, and the wagtails twinkle about near the spring heads, and the larks get

together in companies and talk to each other instead of singing to themselves; and the thrush occasionally puts forth a plaintive note, as if half afraid of the sound of its own voice, and the hedge sparrow and titmouse try to sing; and the robin does still sing, even more delightfully than he has done all the rest of the year, because it now seems as if he sang for us rather than himself, or rather to us, for it is still for his supper that he sings and therefore for himself.

As the cold increases we have much variety. The vapourish and cloudy atmosphere wraps us about with dimness and chilliness; the reptiles and other creatures, that sleep or hide during the cold weather, have all retired to their winter quarters; the farmer does little or nothing out of doors; the fields are too damp and miry to pass, except in sudden frosts, which begin to occur at the end of the month, and the trees look like skeletons of what they were:—

‘ Bare, ruined choirs in which the sweet birds sang.’

The evergreen firs with their beautiful cones, such as firs and cedars, are now particularly observed and valued. In warmer countries, where shade is more desirable, their worth and beauty is more regularly appreciated. Virgil talks of the pine as being handsomest in the garden; and it is a great favourite with Theocritus, as it is with my excellent friend Mitford, who luxuriates at Benhall, in all that is beautiful, among shrubs, and, under his Oriental plane trees, sits in his classical glory like a literary Xerxes. To him evergreens and flowers are like winter friends, who, whatever be their peculiar dispositions—whether serious or gay—will never cut us.

Yet dark days come upon us—the dark days before Christmas, as they are called—when the heavens\* are leaden, the earth iron, the fields clay and mud; and after these comes the glorious advent of light, of truth, of goodness, and of joy. The festival in memory of that great birthday, which was proclaimed “with glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men;” and for this men ought to rejoice with exceeding joy, and they do rejoice.

As to our ancestors, they kept it with such a round of merriment as would startle us in these sober days. They not only ran Christmas Day, Twelfth Day, and New Year's Day, all into one, but kept the wassail-bowl floating the whole while, and earned their right to enjoy it by all sorts of active pastimes. The wassail-bowl is a composition of spiced wine and ale, with roasted apples sometimes put into it, and sometimes eggs. They also adorned their houses with green boughs; box succeeding at Candlemas to the holly bay misletoe of Christmas. The whole nation were in as happy a ferment at Christmas, with the warmth of exercise and their firesides, as they were in May with the new sunshine. The peasants wrestled and sported on the town green and told tales of an evening; the gentry feasted then, or had music and other elegant pastimes; the Court had the poetical and princely entertainment of masques; and all sang, danced, revelled, and enjoyed themselves, and so welcomed the new year like happy and grateful subjects of Nature.

Oh! the comforts of Christmas; Peter Parley delights to think of them. Picture to yourselves, my youngsters, one of those blustering nights, when a tremendous gale from the south-west, with rattling rain, threatened almost the demolition of everything in its way; but add to the scene the inside of a snug and secure cottage in the

country; the door closed, the fire made up and blazing, the curtains drawn over a barricading of window shutters which defy the penetration of *Aeolus* and all his execrated host, the table set for tea, and the hissing urn or kettle scarce heard among the fierce whistling, howling, and roaring, produced alternately, or together, by almost every species of sound that the wind can produce in the chimnies and door crannies of the house. There is a feeling of comfort and a sensibility to the blessings of a good roof over one's head and a warm and comfortable hearth, while all is tempest without, that produces a cheerful but real source of pleasure. A cheerful but quiet party adds in no small degree to this pleasure; and the company of "Sir John," the true type of an old English gentleman, or of "Mr. S.," the personification of English liberty, who has been called the Hampden of Hammersmith, will make old Peter Parley feel young again. And we can sit up over a good fire to a late hour and interchange our thoughts on a thousand subjects of mystery; the stories of ghosts and the tales of olden times beguile the stormy hours with more satisfaction than they could on a midsummer evening, under the shade of the roses and lillies, willows and sumach trees, in the paradise of College House. And then when we retire into our snug beds, with the curtains of the windows (not of the beds, mind) closely drawn, how sweet a lullaby is the piping of the gale down the flues and the peppering of the rain on the tiles and windows, while we are now and then rocked in the house as in a cradle.

Christmas is the time, also, when in many parts of the "Country of England," a person of great note, formerly in every populous place, was accustomed to make frequent nocturnal rambles, and to



proclaim all tidings which it seemed fitting to him that people should be awakened out of their sleep to hearken to. This was the bellman, who very properly reminds us of the season, of our obligations to it, and especially of our obligations to himself. Poor old Peter Parley would now do the same, and here publishes a copy of Christmas verses to let all his young friends know that he has published an Intellectual Reading Book, and hopes they will "remember" him.

### OLD CHRISTMAS.

OLD Christmas is a "wight of worth," a "ryhte goode" hearted fellow,  
 Full of quaint sports, of playful pranks, and feelings ripe and mellow;  
 For when the days are dark and dim, and all things dull and drear,  
 He cometh, like some faithful friend, to bring us happy cheer.

He looketh hale in his green age, hath sunshine in his smile,  
 With rosy dimples in his cheeks, and heart devoid of guile;  
 His merry wrinkles twinkling out, all hearts are sure to win,  
 And young and old rush to the door, and joy to let him in.

With holly boughs and berries red he gladdeneth our eyes,  
 And gladdeneth our stomachs, too, with puddings and mince pies;  
 With *Baron Beef* and brave *Sirloin*, with turkey, goose, and chine,  
 With good old ale, old customs, too, old friendships, and old wine.

And now he sits him down in state within his old arm chair,  
 While children and grandchildren all will cluster round him there;  
 He piles the huge "*yule log*" on high, and makes a blazing fire,  
 And cries, "*Good cheer and welcome all*," like an old English squire.

He playeth with the children, too, and joineth "*Blindman's buff*,"  
 And rompeth like a boy again, and getteth many a cuff;  
 Before the crackling log he sits and roasts the *chestnuts brown*,  
 And scrambles up the *snap-dragons*, and sups the "*lamb's-wool*" down.

He mindeth not a peppering of "snowballs" in the cold,  
Nor yet a bump upon the ice, although he may be old;  
And though "*Jack Frost*" in spiteful sport may take him by the nose  
He still laughs right good-humouredly at pinchings, bumps, and blows.

And he can sing a good *old song* of battle-axe and lance,  
Can tell a good *old story*, too, and dance a good *old dance*;  
And while around in merry mood the "*Wassail bowl*" doth go  
He never fails to steal a kiss beneath the "*Mistletoe*."

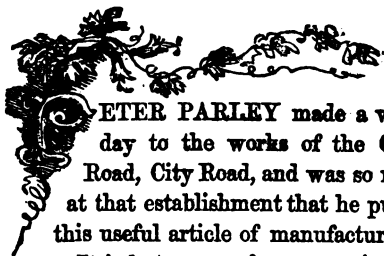
Sometimes he buttons up his coat, and, when the snow lies high  
And wintry winds blow savagely from out a stormy sky,  
He takes his walk of *Charity* and goes from door to door,  
And, good old *Christian* as he is, *Remembereth the Poor*.

For oh! he never can forget, in all his gayest mirth,  
The Lord who brought "good-will to man" and gave him *peace on earth*;  
And while the gladsome song of joy his cheerful heart doth raise,  
With gratitude for blessings past, he giveth God the praise.

Then joy to merry CHRISTMAS! and many may we spend,  
Surrounded still by kith and kin, by neighbour and by friend;  
Let us sing a song of FAITH and HOPE, nor thanklessly repine  
While one above can turn in love life's waters into wine.



## Gutta Percha.



**PETER PARLEY** made a very interesting visit the other day to the works of the Gutta Percha Company, Wharf Road, City Road, and was so much pleased with what he saw at that establishment that he purposes to say a few words upon this useful article of manufacture.

It is but a very few years since gutta percha was discovered, yet in an exceedingly short space of time this extraordinary article has come into such a variety of uses as to make the history of its manufacture and of its applications rank among the marvellous. It is now applied extensively in a great many departments of trade, and is rapidly coming into domestic use; and as time proceeds it will doubtless be applied to purposes of comfort and convenience of which we have now not the slightest idea.

Gutta Percha seems to have had two discoverers about the same time. The one was Mr. Thomas Lobb, an agent of the well-known flerists, Messrs. Veitch, of Exeter; and the other, Dr. Montgomerie, assistant-surgeon to the residency of Singapore, on the Malay peninsula. He observed one day in the hand of a native woodman, a parang, or wood-chopper, the handle of which was composed of a singular-looking substance. This excited his curiosity. "I questioned the workman," says the Doctor, "in whose possession I saw it, and heard that the material of which it was framed could be moulded into any form by dipping it into boiling water till it was heated through, when it became plastic as clay, regaining when cold its original hardness and rigidity." Dr. Montgomerie further ascertained that the substance, like caoutchouc, exuded from a forest tree; and having procured specimens in various states of preparation, transmitted them to the Society of Arts in London, who conferred upon him the gold medal.

I may mention to my young friends that percha, the *ca* being pronounced soft, is the Malay name for the tree gutta, for the derived substance. Our young schoolboy friends who do not study my "Intellectual Expositor," will perhaps suggest, that gutta in Latin signifies "drop," and conclude that the word was therefore adopted by our learned men to denote the droppings of the tree. This is a mistake which the "Intellectual Expositor" would have corrected. The likeness to the Latin word was only a coincidence, one of those strange ones that bother etymologists amazingly. Gutta, like percha, is purely Malay.

We can scarcely tell the range of the percha tree. It is known to abound not only in the Malay peninsula, but in the neighbouring islands of Singapore, in Borneo, and in many of the islands of the

vast Oriental Archipelago, and it is probable that the tree is scattered over half a million of square miles of territory. The tree is ranked by botanists among the sapotaceous plants, *i.e.* those that exude a milky sap. The fruit appears to yield a kind of milky oil, used by the natives for food, and a kind of ardent spirit is distilled from it. The sap, or gutta, circulates between the bark and the bud of the tree in regularly disposed sap vessels, and the milky fluid flows from notches cut in the trunk, and is received in vessels where it immediately coagulates.

The coagulated masses are wrought up into thick oblong blocks, and are sold to the purchasers by weight. This fact calls out the cunning of the Malay men, and some of the lowest tricks of trade, equal to our tea, sugar, milk, spice, and other adulterations, are practised against the purchasers. Some of the masses of gutta percha in the works were pointed out to me by the excellent and intelligent secretary, which contained, imbedded in the mass, blocks of wood, stone, or clay, placed there by the natives for increasing the weight of the article. This petty cunning we hope the Malays did not learn from Englishmen.

The process of the manufacture of gutta percha is very ingenious. First of all the blocks are taken to the *cutting machine*, a large, solid disc of iron, revolving vertically at the rate of 200 turns a minute against the extremity of a sloping iron table. Three sharp knives, projecting somewhat like the knives of a carpenter's plane, are set upon its surface. The block of gutta percha placed upon the table slides down to the disc and is sliced into shavings by the revolving wheel which is set in motion by steam.

It is next necessary to separate the pure material from the dirt and

other extraneous matters with which it is compounded. The slices are therefore next thrown into great tanks, to which the waste steam of the engine is conveyed for the purpose of boiling. This process softens the whole into one mass and separates the more considerable impurities which are left at the bottom of the vats. It is next thrown into a large circular box, containing a cylinder, or drum, set all over with rows of bent, jagged teeth, which is made to revolve at the rate of from 600 to 800 turns in a minute, and of course tears the material all to shreds. These fall into a vat of water underneath, where the gutta percha, being lighter than water, floats upon the surface, while the dirt and other matters by their greater gravity fall to the bottom.

The material is again boiled, and this process converts it into a warm, soft mass, which is handed over to the "kneaders," thick, strong, iron boxes, about three feet long, and a foot and a half deep. The warm, ductile mass placed inside the box is received by a revolving drum kept hot by steam, with a cogged surface, by which it is carried round and squeezed up very forcibly against the side of the box. This operation thoroughly expels every air bubble, and reduces the article to a uniform consistency.

This kneaded mass is now carried to the rolling machine, and being placed on bundles of felt, is passed between large steel cylinders, distant from each other according to the thickness required, and after a long forcing up and down, over and under, in the course of which it gradually cools and hardens, appears at the other end a smooth, flat sheet, and is wound upon a drum till the requisite length has been worked off. Any thickness can by this means be attained down to the extreme tenuity of the gutta percha tissue, which is not much

thicker than goldbeater's skin, and is successfully used for such purposes as hydropathic bandages.

The substance being thus prepared in large broad sheets, is lastly cut into longitudinal strips by means of a long range of knives; set upright in a frame edge foremost, distant from each other by the breadth wanted.

The sheeting thus prepared is susceptible of almost every diversity of treatment, and can be moulded into every variety of form. One of the most important articles of manufacture is the shoe sole. They are cut out by a machine with wonderful rapidity, while buckets, bowls, bottles, sou'-westers, and cabmen's hats, rings, whips, cricket balls, cord, and thread, are prepared in a variety of ways; with school ink-stands, bread trays, baskets, mouldings, and tubing. The manufacture of tubing occupies a department by itself, and the process is so simple and ingenious that I cannot refrain from attempting to detail it.

A mass of the softer material is forced by a piston through a steel cylinder, terminating in a mould that consists of a solid circular piece of metal set within an iron tube, the space between the two being the thickness required. The gutta percha thus plainly leaves the mould in a tubular shape, but would as evidently collapse at once unless subject, as it cools to an equal pressure within and without. To accomplish this, it is received from the mould into a canal of water about 50 feet in length, along which it travels, being wound off at the other end. The water filling up the interior and pressing equally upon the exterior, preserves the tube in perfect shape, and cools it into hardness.

The uses of gutta percha are so numerous that it would be very

difficult to enumerate them. For the soles of shoes it is invaluable, and annually prevents many thousands of deaths or diseases. For tubing, it is also of the greatest importance, and even for domestic purposes in hospitals, schools, and workhouses, is invaluable. For bands, ligatures, funnels, syphons, life buoys, boats, conversation tubes, ear trumpets, it is in common use; and in the preparation of the rope for electrical communication of the utmost importance. In the preparation of that long submarine cable which now connects the empires of England and France together (we hope as a bond of amity) it was absolutely indispensable. The machinery employed in the preparation of the covered telegraph is highly ingenious. Two pair of heated polished iron flattening rollers, one vertically above another, are fed with soft gutta percha cylinders, which they deliver on the other side as flattened sheets. These are made to travel onwards, and in the interval between them there also travels a row of copper wires. These, then, *i.e.* the parallel sheets of gutta percha, and the intervening wires, all meet together between a pair of grooved cutting rollers not quite close together. The grooves are of course of the size of the required gutta percha casing, and each wire precisely hits the centre of a groove. The whole therefore appears on the other side as a band of covered wires, which may be either left together as in the telegraph for railway tunnels, or pulled apart for single wires. The Gutta Percha Company has discovered a mode of *double covering* which secures the perfect insulation. This mode has been adopted with the submarine cable. Four of these covered wires are twisted together and protected by galvanized iron wires.

Let us hope that the invention will answer the expectations entertained of it, as no doubt it will, and the bond of peace will be



realised ; a message may be sent about the world in forty minutes, and may this message be one of love, of charity, and of peace, and old Peter Parley sincerely joins in the noble desires of Festus, and prays

“ That all mankind may make one brotherhood,  
And love and serve each other ; that all wars  
And feuds die out of nations, whether those  
Whom the sun’s hot light darkens, or ourselves  
Whom he treats fairly, or the northern tribes  
Whom ceaseless snows and starry winters bleach.  
Savage, or civilised, let every race,  
Red, black, or white, olive or tawny skinned,  
Settle in peace, and swell the gathering hosts  
Of the great PRINCE OF PEACE. Then all shall be  
One land, one home, one faith, one friend, one law,  
Its ruler God, its practice Righteousness,  
Its spirit Love !”









## The Elephant and its Calf.



NE of the great wonders of the animal world, as I have often informed my young readers, is the elephant, and if they look over the "Parley's Annual" of the last twelve years, they will find many notices of that animal, giving an account of its mode of life, habits, and uses; but as it is a somewhat unusual thing for elephants to have young ones in this country I must say a few words about the elephant and its calf.

Why the young of an elephant should be called a calf I cannot tell; certainly there is nothing very calfish about it, for it is very intelligent, and had it not been for the Great Exhibition, which swallowed up all other subjects of interest, I should have had a great deal more to say of the little "pooty baby;" but just as the calf elephant put out the nose of the hippopotamus, so did the Great Exhibition put "the nose out" of the young elephant.

The young elephant came into this world of sorrows in the beginning of the present year under circumstances very extraordinary, and from the first became an object of unusual interest, from the circumstance of its being the first elephant calved in this country, and also from the wonderful natural affection displayed by its mamma, as well as from the love to its mamma shown by the young animal.

It began to walk and run at a very early age, and to feed itself by means of its trunk and mouth from the parent breast in a manner highly interesting. It soon also became susceptible of physical, intellectual, and even moral training; grew attached to its attendant, and has by him been taught a great number of interesting tricks. I was indeed surprised at its docility and sagacity, and above all with the love and attachment it displayed towards those that were kind to it.

And this brings me to a matter, to me and all my young readers of great interest, and that is the universal love displayed by all animals towards their young. Nothing is more interesting, nothing more instructive to contemplate than this instinct, which is, doubtless, implanted in all by the Almighty Designer of all Good for the best of purposes in the conservation of the animal creation.

Who has not beheld the love displayed by the hen for its chickens, of birds for their young, and not noticed what dangers they will brave for their sakes? Who has not seen occasionally in the streets a calf in a cart and the old cow following after it with the strongest emotions of affection; who that has seen the cat with its kitten, the dog with its pup, the sheep with its lamb, but has not been charmed with the affectionate regard displayed by all of them. Peter Parley has seen more than this. He has seen the affection of snakes and reptiles

for their young, and he has seen what may seem strange to many of his readers, snakes open their mouths that their young when pursued by danger might take refuge in their stomachs.

It is a beautiful instinct—but great as it is in the lower creation, as we sometimes call it—it is greater still in the love of a mother for her child. There the intelligence and the instinct goes hand in hand. The mother's is a thinking love—but oh, how ardent, how constant, how sincere, how deathless.

Little children, do not slight the love of your mothers. The love of men or of women for each other, the love of friends, acquaintances, brothers, sisters, relations, all are but poor in comparison with the love of mothers for their children. Other love may be born of earth, may have its root in self-love and in interest—but the love of mothers springs from a pure and heavenly source—decays not with the weight of years, and burns brighter and brighter to the last.

Scorn not this love then, my little ones; respond to it with devotion and obedience; value it as the most sacred of all affections, and do not despise a lesson on it from the elephant and its calf.





## Steel Pens.

— 633 —



R. GILLOTT is said to be the wickedest man in the world. Why so? I think I hear my young friends inquire. Aye, why?—that is the question; will you give it up? “Because he makes the public steel (steel) pens, and then persuades them that they do right (write)!!!”

So much by the way of introduction; but it may be interesting to many, who are daily using this useful article, to know something of the process of its manufacture, and of the various stages it passes through in its transformation from a ribbon of steel to a finished pen.

The name of Gillott is as strikingly identified with the manufacture of steel pens as that of Mordan is with pencil cases. If not the inventor, he was the first to establish a manufacture of that useful article upon a scale of any magnitude. Before this ingenious manufacturer applied his industry to the fabrication of a metal pen, the quill was in universal requisition; but now, a little bit of steel, going through a series of transformations by the cunning device of machinery, has become the recorder of our thoughts, and the

ready transmitter of our desires. And this may be cited as another striking illustration of the mastery of mind over the material properties of nature, and how the intelligence of man may be exercised in the development of her social and moral progress.

The progress of the manufacture of a steel pen is in brief as follows:—After the steel has been prepared, and rolled and flattened by enormous rollers moved by steam, the metal is cut into strips by machinery, put into cast iron boxes, and placed in a “muffle,” where they are annealed, or softened, by a certain process of heat. These strips are now fit to be rolled into the thickness necessary for the pen. The rollers consist of metal cylinders revolving on each other. A man and boy attend at each; the first introduces the strip of steel between the opposing surfaces, and the boy on the opposite side pulls it out considerably lengthened. In this state it is ready to be cut into pens by means of a press, in which are fitted the proper tools for cutting out the “blank.” The use of the press is to give a regulated amount of pressure to the tools fitted to it.

These presses are worked by women, who are so dexterous that the average product of a good hand is 200 gross, or 28,000 per day of ten hours. Two pens are cut out the width of the steel, the broad part to form the tube, and the points are cut to such a nicety, that there is but little waste. The “blanks” are now taken to be pierced, and here the little central hole and the side slits are cut by another press. These semi-pens are now placed in a heating oven to make them softer, after which they are “marked,” by the aid of a die worked by the foot, which stamps the name of the maker on the back; the half-finished little instrument is then placed in a grove, and by a machine converted from a flat into a cylindrical form. This is called “raising” the metal.



The pens are again placed in the "muffle," packed in small iron boxes with lids, and heated to a white heat. They are then withdrawn and suddenly thrown into a large vessel of oil, where they acquire a brittleness that makes them almost crumble at the touch. The next process is "cleaning," then "tempering," which restores the pens to the required elasticity, by placing them in a large tin cylinder, open at one end, and turned over a fire in the same manner that coffee is roasted. The heat changes the colour of the pens, first grey, then straw colour, next to a brown or bronze, and lastly to a blue.

Still there is a roughness to be removed from the surface, which requires the pens to be placed in large tin cans, with a small quantity of sawdust. These cans are horizontally placed in a frame and made to revolve by steam, the pens rubbing against each other, by which means they are cleaned. After the "scouring" process they are taken to the "grinding-room," where each individual pen is ground at the back in two ways, at right angles to each other, or rather over each other, the quality of the pen very much depending upon this operation.

By the aid of a pair of nippers the girl takes up the pen, holds it for a moment or so on a revolving "bob," and the grinding is over. Now follow the pen to the "slitting-room," where it is placed in press, where the process is instantly effected. The pens are next examined, and sorted according to their qualities; after which they are varnished with a solution of gum, when they are considered ready for sale.

Such, my young friends, is a brief description of "steel pen-making." The article itself is a provocation to diligence; for now that we are not called upon to give up our time to mend our pens we shall have the more on hand to mend ourselves.







THE A. B. C. OF THE ART.

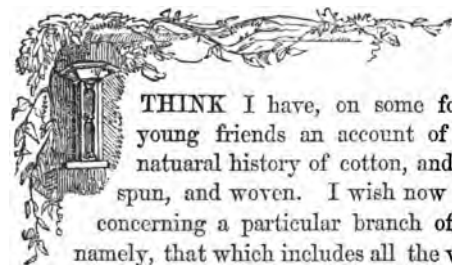
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## Cotton and its Manufacture.



THINK I have, on some former occasion, given my young friends an account of the cotton tree and the natural history of cotton, and how it is grown, carded, spun, and woven. I wish now to say a few words to you concerning a particular branch of the cotton manufacture, namely, that which includes all the various kinds of cotton and thread brought into use of late years, for knitting, crotchet, and point lace, as well as the best kinds used in sewing. And I particularly address myself to Peter Parley's feminine readers.

The various processes connected with the manufacturing of this kind of article are conducted at the village and factories of Darley Abbey, and situate about a mile north of Derby, on the river Derwent,

and belong to Messrs. Walter Evans, and Co., known to ladies as the manufacturers of the Boar's Head Cotton. The superintendent of the works, who has been forty-nine years in the employ of the firm, conducted me into the first room, called the mixing room; the name seemed to me a misnomer, since the cotton which is brought their in bales from the ship is separated and piled in compartments according to its quality. Here were divisions extending from the floor to the ceiling, and each description marked. All these are of different qualities and used for distinct purposes, the best quality being manufactured into Boar's Head and the new tating cotton. From this place the cotton wool is taken to a room where it is placed in the opening machine (set with iron teeth), revolving many hundred times a minute, which receives and opens the wool, impelling it upwards by its draught to the other end of the machine, in the course of which journey it loses much of the seed and other extraneous matter with which it arrives in England; already it begins to appear softer and more fleecy, when it is put into another machine which still further opens and purifies it.

The wool having passed through this machine is placed on another, where it is pressed and rolled into a mass, something like a sheet of wadding; it is in this state taken to another machine, which forms the sheet into the first roving, every process making it softer and more fleecy. The rovings are afterwards placed together and formed into another roller, or sheet, and passed to the second carding engine, which forms a roving softer and more fleecy than before. It next undergoes drawing by various ways and principles of machinery, and is passed to the jack frames, which forms the cotton wool into a finer roving.

The spinning then begins, which converts the still soft cotton into thread of different kinds, knitting cotton, tatting cotton, and reel cotton (sewing); it is first spun into a single thread, then united, and finally, six threads are spun into one, for the kind called Boar's Head Cotton. When spun into the knitting cotton, known to ladies as the Boar's Head Knitting Cotton, it is made up into hanks, the qualities being distinguished by the colour of the thread used for tying them, thus pink tie, blue tie, mark distinctive qualities of the cotton. The sewing and tatting cotton are also made into hanks for bleaching, after which the curl is taken out by machinery for that purpose.

The next room was to me one of the most interesting, from the great number of young women, at least one hundred, employed in winding the boar's head and the tatting cotton on the spools; for in order to preserve the full strength and softness of these articles the hand wheel is employed,—it is on this account that the appearance of the boar's head differs from that of sewing cotton which is wound by power, the spools being run on a spindle and turned by machinery; each of these also requires the attention of a woman, by whose side is a sort of dial or clock which indicates the length of cotton on the reel. In this room were at least one hundred of the power-winding machines, and at the extremity some young lads were employed punching out of sheets of stamped paper the boar's head and other labels; a long counter in the same room was occupied by young women making up the cotton in parcels, or dozens and guesses. In another, young girls and boys were busily reeling bobbin, or small cord, into the small skeins or knots in which we purchase it; here, as in some other departments, they work at piece-work, each thus having earnings proportioned to his industry.



I will now add a few words respecting the village of Darley Abbey, in which Messrs. Evans' mills are situated, well known to ladies as the manufacturers of the boar's head cotton. The church stands on rising ground and is a neat specimen of workmanship, under which is the family vault, and was understood to be built in the year 1818, and liberally endowed by the last generation of the family; there are also five schools for the education of children in reading, writing, and arithmetic, in one of which girls are also taught sewing. A considerable part of the cost is defrayed by money left for that purpose by the same party.





## Clock and Watch-making.



H! my young friends, I fancy I see your eyes glisten at the sight of the splendid watches in Mr. Bennett's shop-window, and you are eager for the time when you, like papa, may wear in your waistcoat pockets one of those beautiful time-pieces. Well, well, Peter Parley himself, when a boy, was very proud indeed when he first carried a watch, and if anybody would only ask him what o'clock it was, he was delighted beyond measure to answer the inquiry.

I should now like to tell you something about clock and watch-making, one of those arts in which the utmost ingenuity of man has been put forth. I have taken the principal facts from Knight's excellent "National Cyclopædia," article "Horology."

### Description of an Eight-day Clock.

"The woodcuts employed to illustrate clock and watch-work are so very embarrassing to non-technical readers, that we will endeavour to give a slight description of an eight-day clock, in words only. There are two barrels containing springs, one to give motion to the

train of wheels called the 'going' train, and the other to the 'striking' train. The first of these springs gives motion to a wheel called the main-wheel, which, in its turn, acts upon several other wheels, the time of rotation of which corresponds with that of the minute and hour-hand. The last wheel of this system acts upon two little levers or pallets, which give an alternating motion to the pendulum of a clock. A *fusee*, which is a kind of a spiral system of grooves, is fitted to the main-wheel, and enables the main-wheel to maintain an equable motion during the varying pulling force of the spring. All the above-named wheels belong to the *going* train. There is a somewhat similar train belonging to the striking action; but the teeth of the wheels, instead of being so cut as to facilitate the movement of the two index hands, act upon certain pins and levers which move the hammer belonging to the bell: this part of the mechanism is exceedingly beautiful, especially when the clock strikes the quarters.

“The action of such a clock, then, is this. Once in eight days the clock is 'wound up,' which consists in coiling up the going spring very tightly in its barrel. In its efforts to uncoil itself, the spring forcibly pulls round the main-wheel, with which it is placed in connection, and the fusee causes this motion to go on pretty steadily and equably. As the main-wheel cannot rotate without moving the train of wheels to which it is connected, all these latter also rotate, with a velocity depending on the number of teeth which act on each other. In two of the wheels these numbers are so regulated that the wheels revolve in one hour and twelve hours respectively, and the axes of these wheels serve as axes for the minute and hour hands. Meanwhile the second spring gives motion to the second train of wheels, which are so connected with the going wheels as to

enable the bell-hammer to be moved at the proper time. One of the many kinds of pendulum concealed behind or within the clock, is set in motion by one of the wheels, and by its isochronous, or 'equal-timed,' vibrations, tend to give regularity to the movements of the wheels generally."

### Large Pendulum Clocks.

"Turret clocks differ from other machines employed for measuring time not only in their greatly superior size, but because such a clock is frequently required to indicate the time upon as many as four different dials, on the four external faces of the tower in which it is mounted. This is accomplished by placing the clock near the centre of an apartment, and causing the motion of the axis which, under ordinary circumstances, would carry the minute hand (which revolves once in an hour) to be transmitted by bevel gear to a vertical rod, the opposite end of which carries a horizontal bevel wheel nearly on a level with, and situated centrically with reference to the four external dials. The motion of this central wheel is communicated by four vertical bevel wheels of the same size and number of teeth, ranged round in circumference to four horizontal rods, the opposite ends of which, passing through the several dials, carry the four minute hands. At the back of each dial is a series of wheels and pinions, by which motion is imparted to the hour-hands, which revolves once in twelve hours. In a turret clock, the moving power is supplied by the descent of a weight, regulated in the case of the movement, or going train, by the oscillations of a large pendulum, and in that of the striking train by the resistance of the air to the rapid revolutions of a fly, or fan, set in motion by the wheel-work. Owing to the necessity for using a very heavy hammer to

strike the blows in a church clock, the power required for working the striking train considerably exceeds that of the going train.

“Musical chimes require the addition of another train of mechanism, somewhat like that which constitutes the striking train. The mechanism of the chimes very nearly resembles, on a large scale, that of a musical snuffbox; levers connected with hammers which strike upon a series of bells being substituted for the springs, which in the musical snuffbox are caused to vibrate by the projecting springs upon the revolving barrel.

“In the new Royal Exchange clock, made by Mr. Dent, many improvements have been introduced. There is a simple but strong cast-iron framing, which enables the several parts of the clock to be put together with less strain than usual. The wheels of the striking train are made of cast-iron, more durable and less costly than the usual gun metal wheels. The wheels of the going train, smaller and requiring to be more nicely adjusted than those of the striking train, are made of hammered brass. Hollow iron drums are used instead of wooden cylinders for the driving barrels, and wire instead of hemp or ropes for suspending the weights. It was required by the terms of contract that this most admirable clock should have a compensation pendulum, and that it should be so constructed as not only to show perfectly correct time upon the dials, but also to tell it with accuracy by making the first stroke of the hour upon the bell time to a second. This object is attained by a beautiful arrangement of mechanism. In this clock has also been introduced a beautiful contrivance for maintaining the motion of the wheels during the time of winding up, which was invented a few years since by Professor Airy for the clock-work of the great Northumberland telescope at the University of Cambridge.”

### Mechanism of a Watch.

“ A pocket watch is very similar in principle to a good clock, except that the regulation of the former is by a balance and spring, and that of the latter by a pendulum. It would be a matter of difficulty to determine what artist first reduced the portable spring-clock to the dimensions of a watch to be worn in the pocket. The small clocks, prior to the time of Huyghens and Hooke, were very imperfect machines; they did not even profess to subdivide the hours into minutes and seconds, until the invention of the balance-spring, which is to the balance what gravity is to the pendulum; and its introduction has contributed as much to the improvement of watches as did that of the pendulum to clocks. The honour of this invention was warmly contested by the last-named individuals previous to 1658; but, so far as priority of publication is concerned, the honour is due to Hooke.

“ When clocks and watches had acquired a certain degree of accuracy in their performance, the time lost in winding up (especially when it had to be done every twenty-four hours) became a matter of importance, and there have been several inventions to remedy this evil. By Huyghens the clock was kept going while winding up, by means of an endless cord. The forcing spring gives another plan, in which a lever is so adjusted as to allow the wheels free movement, while the spring-barrel is being acted on by the key. But Harrison's contrivance for the same purpose is the one now in general use, both in clocks and watches, and is admirably adapted to the purpose, as it requires no attention from the person who has to wind up the machine, but is always in its place, and is ready for action the

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 called minute-repeaters,



moment the operation of winding is commenced. It is generally called the *going fusee*, but a better name for it is the *maintaining power*. The principle of its action depends on the mode in which the fusee is fixed into a socket connected with the main-wheel, so as to allow the wheel and the fusee to rotate independently of each other when required.

“ The word *escapement* is a term applied to a combination of parts in a clock or watch, which has for its object the conversion of the circular motion of the wheels into a vibratory motion, as exhibited in the pendulum. The component parts include the scape-wheel, together with all those parts lying between it and the balance, and which are concerned in converting the circular motion of the wheels into the alternating one of the balance. The pallets act upon it between the pointed teeth of the scape-wheel by a reciprocal or oscillatory motion.

“ In a common vertical watch, the barrel containing the spring is near one edge, and next to it is the fusee. The spring within the barrel, formed by a narrow strip of highly-tempered steel, is fastened at one end to the interior of the barrel, and at the other to the axis or the arbour of the barrel. A fine steel chain runs from the exterior of the barrel to the exterior of the fusee, and when the watch is wound up, by the application of the watch-key to the arbour of the fusee, the chain is drawn from off the cylindrical surface of the barrel, and wound on the groved surface of the fusee. In this process the spring within the barrel becomes coiled round very tightly, and it is the recoil, or resistance of the spring, which slowly pulls the chain back again to the barrel, and causes the fusee to rotate. The fusee is concentric with a toothed wheel, whose teeth

act upon a second wheel, and those upon a third, and so on throughout the delicate machine, one wheel rotating with such a velocity as to enable an index-hand upon its axis to mark hours, another minutes, another (in a seconds' watch) seconds, and another to act upon the regulating or pendulum apparatus.

“ One of the chief distinctive features in watches, and the one by which the name or designation is often determined, is the nature of the escapement. The *duplex* escapement, so named from a French watchmaker, is much more intricate than the escapement of a common vertical watch. A *vertical watch* has the escapement perpendicular to the face of the watch, while a *horizontal watch* has the escapement so formed parallel to the face of the watch. A *lever watch* has an escapement differing from all the others, which is preferred to those of either the vertical or horizontal watch. Earnshaw's *detached escapement*, intended chiefly for chronometers, is considered to excel all others for the accuracy of its performance.

“ The term *repeater*, or *repeating watch*, is applied to those watches which, in addition to showing the time upon the dial, are supplied with mechanism for giving audible indication of the time when required. In an eight-day spring-clock, the number of blows given by the hammer to the bell corresponds with the hour denoted by the hand of the clock; and there is an arrangement by which the pulling of a string may be made to denote the hour which was *last* struck. But, from the peculiar mechanism involved, there are about ten minutes in every hour during which this repeating cannot be produced. The filling up of this deficiency is an object in a repeating watch or clock. Some of these watches strike only the hours and quarters, while others, called minute-repeaters, strike the

minutes also. In a common watch the wheels and pinions which are placed between the frame-plates constitute the *going train*, while the wheels and pinions placed between the uppermost frame-plate and the dial, serving to communicate the motion from the centre wheel to the index-hands, constitute the *motion-work*, but in addition to these, a repeating watch has another system of mechanism, called the *repeating train*, for the purpose of transmitting the movement from the motion-work to the hammers which are to strike the hours and quarters."

The object of a watch or a clock is to measure the progress of time ; and the contemplation of these instruments, and of the wonderful skill employed in their construction, should suggest to us the vast importance of time, and the necessity of making the most of the opportunities for improvement that it affords, before the golden hours have passed away and are forgotten. Now that you have youth, activity, and strength, my dear young friends, it may seem unnecessary to think of the future ; but Peter Parley has once been young, and he can tell you that the peace of mind and the happiness with which God has now blessed him are principally due to his having in youth been taught by tender and wise parents to improve the days as they swiftly rolled by, and to omit no opportunity of gaining knowledge and instruction. O treasure the moments now ; and then, when the pleasures of childhood fail, you will enjoy solid comfort and mental equanimity as long as you live, whatever may be the afflictions or trials that await you !

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facturer, thus "GILOTT," spelled with one L, and in other instances with the final  
letter T omitted, thus "GILLOT," so as to retain the sound. There have also been  
recently pushed into the home and foreign markets counterfeit articles under Joseph  
Gillett's style and character of labels, the SAME NUMBERS, NAMES, and DESCRIPTIONS  
adopted that designate the Pens of his make, and by which the Genuine are so well  
known; he therefore deems it incumbent on him to CAUTION his Friends and the  
Public by this General Notice, to protect them and himself from the equivocal arts of  
such Pretenders, who are seeking to impose on buyers spurious articles, by deceptive  
appearances, for the True Pens, and thus insidiously usurp sales for their base imitations  
on the fame of the *originator's most popular patterns*. All the Genuine Pens are marked  
in full "JOSEPH GILLOTT," and every Box bears a *fac-simile* of his SIGNATURE.

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TO LADIES.

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MRS. PULLAN (AIGUILLETTE),

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The stock consists of Sewing Cottons of every description; White and Coloured Boar's Head Cottons, for crochet and sewing; Knitting Cottons; White and Ingrain Red Embroidery ditto; Mecklenburgh Thread, for Flanders Lace, &c.; Tatting Cottons—the only article manufactured expressly for *Frivolité*, combining all the requisite strength with great softness and pliability; Evans' Point Lace Cottons, prepared and arranged in elegant boxes, which contain all the sizes requisite for working Modern Point Lace.

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